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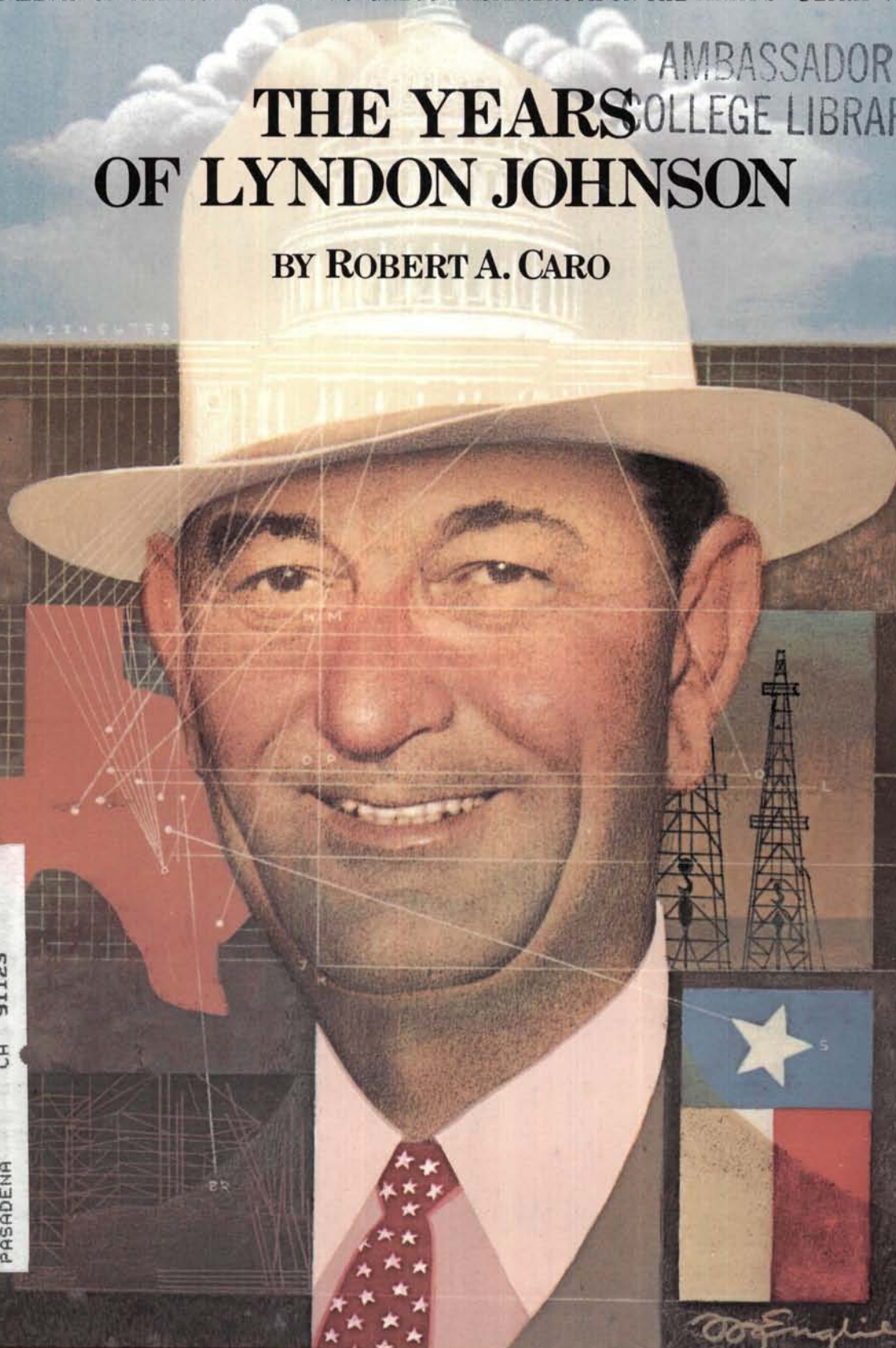
THE Atlantic

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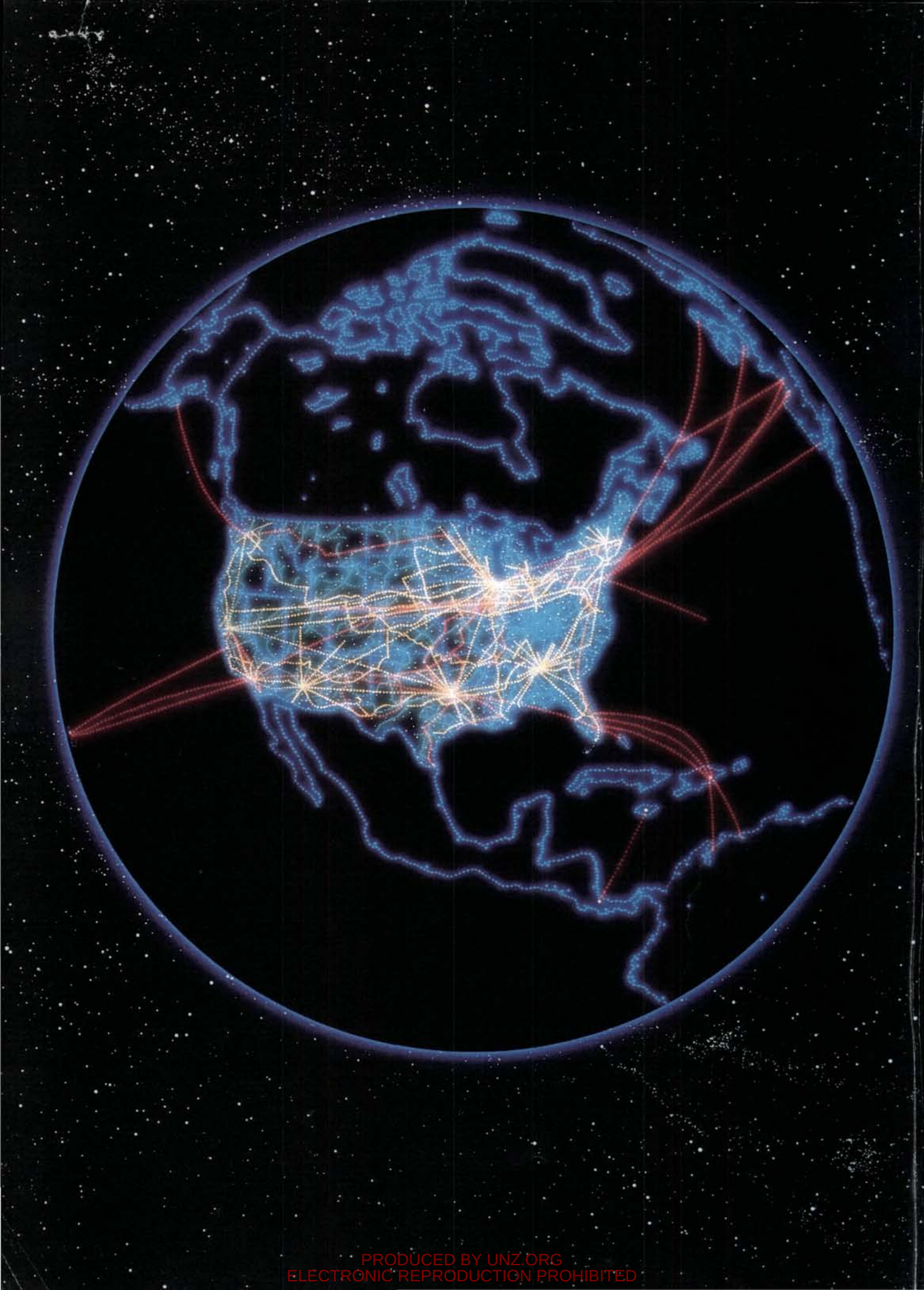
BERNARD LEVIN ON THE ROYAL FAMILY / GREGG EASTERBROOK ON THE ARMY'S "ULTRA" WEAPON

THE YEARS OF LYNDON JOHNSON

BY ROBERT A. CARO



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE IQ CONTROVERSY

Congratulations to *The Atlantic* for publishing Professor R. J. Herrnstein's article "IQ Testing and the Media" (August). His specifics on press coverage of IQ testing and his account of the Richard Heber project were interesting. But:

(1) There is no enormous "bias against testing in the national press" unless he means only IQ testing, which is but one small part of the testing field. Witness, for example, the tremendous coverage given by the national press to the decline of SAT scores, almost all of which implied the significance of the decline and the validity of the tests.

(2) Herrnstein's contention that routine public school intelligence testing helped the education of children from "poor and deprived backgrounds" is incorrect. For every young child helped, many were unfairly stigmatized and their academic progress retarded. To the extent that these group IQ tests have been eliminated from the schools, progress has been made, but the concept and practice are still widely used via tests now purporting to measure "aptitude" or "potential."

(3) Herrnstein's contention that the close correlation between SAT scores and intelligence-test scores somehow buttresses the heritability of tested IQ is incorrect. Obviously, high scores on the SAT require considerable academic achievement, which may or may not be available to a person of high basic intelligence.

(4) It is incorrect to say that educators "deny significant individual differences in test scores if they are correlated with race or class." These correlations are widely reported and acknowledged, for example in the reports of the National Assessment of Educational Progress. Educators do not deny these correlations; they do argue about their causes, which brings us back to the controversy about the degree to which variations in intelligence and therefore academic achievement are genetically determined.

GEORGE WEBER
Alexandria, Va.

R. J. Herrnstein replies:

George Weber would apparently like to put some distance between the IQ and the SAT and academic achievement. After what the media have done to the reputation of intelligence testing, the impulse is neither surprising nor unfamiliar. Unfortunately, it cannot be done honestly. The correlations that tie test scores and academic performance together are facts we must live with. Schools may be prohibited from administering intelligence tests, but the differences they measure will be there anyway. To ban objective testing in schools in the vain hope that children will then be more nearly alike is to turn the clock back on education. Teaching will suffer, and the least able will probably pay the largest price.

As for Mr. Weber's impression that there is no media bias against testing, I wish he were right, but I have had ten years to discover how wrong he is.

Despite Herrnstein's convincing argument to the contrary, journalists are not biased against IQ tests. It is the bad news (lower IQs for some U.S. minorities) that tests bring that editors and journalists abhor.

A case in point: a two-page paper by Richard Lynn in *Nature* for May 20, 1982, reported a disparity in IQs above the U.S. norms on the very same test Herrnstein reported to be banned by law in many U.S. schools. All wire services carried the story, including *The New York Times* and other papers, large and small. Some editorialized about the welcome news. Thus press acceptance of the Lynn study, and others named by Herrnstein yielding similar results, demonstrate convincingly that anti-testing bias holds only if U.S.-majority test performance is greater than that of other racial groups.

R. TRAVIS OSBORNE
Athens, Ga.

Thank you for the courage and foresight in publishing R. J. Herrnstein's article "I.Q. Testing and the Media" in the August issue.

PAUL H. BUCKLEY
Boston, Mass.

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INEVITABLE REVOLUTIONS

In his article "Inevitable Revolutions" (June *Atlantic*), Walter LaFeber links the aggressive Reagan military-aid program in Central America with U.S. policy originating with President John F. Kennedy's Alliance for Progress. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Kennedy and Reagan approaches are diametrically opposed one to the other.

As part of the Kennedy "Alianza," I was a member of a resource-development team under contract to the Department of Defense and the Agency for International Development (AID). For more than four and a half years we covered the length and breadth of Central America identifying regional development areas for the rural program. Our instructions were to collaborate with the professional elite in institutional as well as agricultural settings. Kennedy's Alianza was aware that almost all of the governments were military dictatorships, and the President made clear that he had no use for them. Our attention was focused on economic growth but, for the most part, on social and political development. The Alianza was a worldwide approach to meeting the social and political as well as the economic needs of Latin America, and LaFeber should have been aware that its interest was not simply in economic growth "for the benefit of the oligarchs."

By contrast, Reagan seeks to drop agrarian and rural development and emphasize instead a military solution. LaFeber, strangely enough, fails to mention that U.S. economic policy, aimed at realizing agrarian reform, persisted over several decades in spite of changing U.S. administrations. Then, just as it was about to be implemented under Carter and Duarte, it was deliberately sabotaged by the ruling Salvador clique's private and public armies, at which time thousands of *campesinos* were massacred. Carter, in the meantime, had ordered a halt to military aid. After he left office, his ambassador, Robert White, continued to insist that the Carter policy in support of reform be maintained. For his courageous stand, White was fired by the new administration. Once again, these facts do not jibe with LaFeber's assertion that Reagan simply continues to follow the policy Kennedy initiated.

LaFeber suggests, as a solution, allowing "the revolutions to work themselves out"—a cynical, vicious remark if

ever there was one. He would also offer "generous economic help to *any* [my emphasis] regime that wants such aid" and "is willing to use it to improve the lives of all its people." There is no such regime and LaFeber knows it.

LEON LAITMAN
Youngstown, Ohio

Walter LaFeber replies:

Mr. Laitman makes two points. First, he believes that Kennedy greatly favored economic development over military aid and training. Second, he sees my essay as an apology for the Reagan Administration. He is especially troubled by my proposal at the end of the essay—which, of course, directly contradicts Reagan's policies, although Mr. Laitman manages to miss the contradiction.

On point one, he confuses original intent with final results. I know of no one who argues that the Alliance's economic policies succeeded. Mr. Laitman carefully does not claim they succeeded. He only believes they were studded with good intentions. I argued that their failure led to the militarization of the Alliance. Kennedy perhaps disliked the Somozas, but he accelerated the training and equipping of their armies, and he recognized regimes created by military coups in Honduras, El Salvador, and Guatemala between 1960 and 1963. As for "civic action," the authoritative Barber and Ronning account of U.S. counterinsurgency training has demonstrated the grave political effects of civic action, not least the involvement of Central American military in political and economic areas that had been wholly civilian.

As for the second point, suffice it to say that of the many letters and calls received about the essay, this is the only one that thought it was a defense of Reagan's policies. The essay argues that Reagan is carrying on the failed policies of Kennedy. It also argues that we should quit trying to create Central America in our image. Mr. Laitman wants to go back and try again. He reminds me of a remark a disillusioned Progressive once made about Woodrow Wilson: "He'll do anything for you except get off your back."

FALKLANDS AND COLONIALISM

The article "The Falklands and Colonialism" by J. M. Taylor was a re-

freshing change from the overwhelmingly Anglophile commentary on the Falklands conflict in the American media. During that war we got much news about Argentina's "dictators" and about "disappeareds," but nothing but glowing comment on the sterling qualities of the British troops. The fact that the Falklands have been more and more dependent on Argentina in recent years for everything from hospital visits to markets for the islanders' goods went unmentioned during the conflict.

FRANK W. GOHEEN
Camas, Wash.

J. M. Taylor distorts history in implying that Argentina has had at any time a better claim than Britain to the Falkland Islands, from the time of their discovery by John Davis on HMS *Desire* in 1592. Temporary abandonment of the Port Egmont settlement in 1744 [sic], partly due to the credit crisis and increasing problems with the more vital North American colonies, was not renunciation of sovereignty. Control was resumed in 1833.

ANDREW F. FITZHUGH
Longmeadow, Mass.

J. M. Taylor replies:

Because a short reply cannot take into account the complexities of both events and international law concerning the Malvinas/Falklands, I must rely on the work of Julius Goebel, an American scholar, who wrote the only detailed study on the subject, The Struggle for the Falkland Islands: A Study in Legal and Diplomatic History, first published by Yale University Press in 1927. The records are especially murky with regard to both discovery and possession. Of the two, only possession determines sovereignty, but it should be noted in passing that neither English nor Spanish ships' logs prove that one or the other nation discovered the archipelago. Although John Strong made the first English landing on the islands in 1690 without either taking possession or occupying them, it was John Byron who claimed the islands in 1765 for England and established a settlement at Port Egmont in 1766. Byron planted a vegetable garden on his first voyage, a fact on which the English based later claims of possession. But France had claimed the islands and settled them in 1764. They ceded their colony to the Spaniards, who had protested the French settlement on

Looking Back at Watergate

Ten years ago, strange phrases began creeping into our national vocabulary: stonewalling, deep six, limited hangout, the Big Enchilada. These phrases and others, like expletive deleted and smoking gun, came to be covered by the umbrella term of Watergate.

We look at Watergate now that ten years have passed partly because we believe with Aeschylus that time teaches many lessons, and partly because we recall Santayana's dictum that those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it. Yet Santayana was only half right. Remembering what happened is not enough. We also need to know *why*.

In this tenth anniversary year of Watergate many people remember that the system worked the way the founding fathers intended. But we knew that at the time. Indeed, right after one president resigned, the new president announced: "Our long national nightmare is over. Our Constitution works."

Yes, it worked. But why?

Certainly the courts, the congressional committees, and the special prosecutor were important. But none of them would have been effective if they were not supported by the people.

When the Supreme Court ruled in favor of turning over Oval Office tape recordings, the President was forced to comply because the people demanded it. Another president, Andrew Jackson, successfully ignored a Supreme Court decision against his plan to move American Indians west of the Mississippi. "Justice Marshall made his decision," Jackson thundered. "Now let him enforce

it." Jackson succeeded because he had public backing. During Watergate the people backed the courts.

The people supported gavel-to-gavel TV coverage of the Senate Watergate hearings because of their desire to know for themselves what happened. Support was so great that the hearings received better ratings than the soap operas they pushed off the air.

The House impeachment committee announced it would not go to court to enforce its subpoena of Watergate tapes. The subpoena could have been ignored. It wasn't because the people supported the committee.

When the Watergate special prosecutor was fired and his office abolished, it was public protest that forced the office to be reopened and a new special prosecutor appointed. The new prosecutor had no statutory tenure. He could have been fired as well. He wasn't because the people would not have stood for it.

Had the people viewed the actions of the courts, Congress, or the special prosecutor as unfair or unwise, the President could have ignored those actions. The people would have supported him. The people judged otherwise and the system worked.

A decade's passage of time has prompted many to write where-are-they-now stories about those who took part in the Watergate drama. But Watergate a decade later is not about them. It's about all of us as Americans. And what we learn from Watergate tells us more about ourselves than about our system. Watergate teaches us that only an informed, interested citizenry can ensure that the system works. It's a lesson we never can learn too well.



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the basis of previous agreements, including the Treaty of Utrecht, and now obtained derivative sovereignty dating from the beginning of the French presence on the island.

In 1770 a new agreement avoided war between England and Spain over the islands, but ensured future confusion over the issue by granting control over the islands to the Spaniards while allowing the English to maintain their fort on the condition that they abandon it in the near future. The legal status of the problem of evacuation and of the subsequent abandonment are difficult to determine, but British claims to the Malvinas after abandonment depend on the validity of their claims to Port Egmont in the first place. The English withdrew from Port Egmont in 1774, leaving a plaque claiming British dominion—a gesture that, like their vegetable garden, had no legal purport.

Finally, a definitive step to confirm recognition of Spanish sovereignty in the Malvinas was taken in the Convention of Nootka Sound of 1790, where England and Spain pledged not to establish new colonies in the South Pacific and South Atlantic. What was already occupied, and that presumably included the Malvinas with no Englishmen on them, was to remain in statu quo.

However, the point is that what other cultures believe about law or history is at least as important as legal and historical "facts." What people believe is a paramount political resource of leaders who use crises such as the recent South Atlantic war. What they believe is the force that impels people to act, rather than "what actually happened"—could that ever be established, as most historians believe it cannot.

A QUESTION OF MEGATONS

Most of the real questions about defense are glossed over or ignored in "The Nuclear Debate" (July Atlantic). The article on Soviet and American intentions, by Fred Kaplan, focuses primarily on military manuals. That both nations publish manuals on how to use nuclear weapons with victory rather than defeat as the object should not be a surprise to anyone. What has been totally overlooked is other clues to intentions, such as Soviet actions (deploying SS-20s in Europe, invading Afghanistan) and the increasing share of the Soviet

gross national product that has been devoted to weapons during the period of "detente."

Regarding Soviet and American capabilities, Jerome B. Wiesner envisions prodigious technical difficulties in executing a first strike but none in retaliating. He believes we could endure the worst imaginable attack and still be able to destroy "several Soviet Unions." Is his assertion plausible? If 438 megaton bombs would be needed to reduce the city of Los Angeles to rubble, our starting arsenal of 4,894 equivalent megatons could pulverize eleven times that area. Even if Daniel O. Graham's calculation is off by a factor of ten, the area of the Soviet Union is considerably greater than 110 or even 1,100 times that of Los Angeles. Would the damage be "unacceptable"? The opinion of the Soviet leadership would be more pertinent than that of Dr. Wiesner or Robert McNamara.

Dr. Wiesner is highly optimistic when he states that the 11 percent of the military budget earmarked for strategic nuclear arms could begin to repair the deficiencies in our conventional forces (covered by the other 89 percent of the budget), in addition to righting the economy and solving civilian problems. On the other hand, he is so pessimistic about the possibility of defending ourselves from annihilation that he dismisses the subject altogether. Deterrence is the best answer he can suggest. Surely it is time to re-evaluate our reliance on this PLO tactic of holding hostages.

JANE M. ORIENT
Tucson, Ariz.

Jerome B. Wiesner replies:

Jane Orient's discussion of first strike and deterrence shows that I failed to convince her on my most important point—that it is ever so much harder (I think impossible) to launch a first strike that doesn't leave the initiator exposed to unacceptable damage for the certain retaliatory strike.

Orient seems to imply that I said it would take 438 one-megaton weapons to destroy Los Angeles. I certainly didn't say that. A half-dozen would more than do it in. Four hundred and thirty-eight one-megaton weapons are more than enough to devastate either the U.S. or the USSR.

Orient should close her eyes and imagine fifty one-megaton bombs exploding on the fifty largest American cities and try to visualize how the United

States would continue to function after that.

part of the vestments—or so says my husband, an Episcopal priest.

consign it to the “crackpot cult” category.

CHARLES E. GORDON
Burlington, Vt.

PRIESTLY GARB

Concerning the short story “Love and Other Lessons” (August *Atlantic*) by Janet Beeler Shaw, please note that Fr. Alexander could not have slipped off his cassock because at the moment he was wearing an alb and cincture.

Cassocks are almost always black (unless you’re the pope, or get a special papal dispensation to wear one for tropical climes). Albs are white vestments (sometimes, but only by “high churchmen,” worn over the cassock). Cinctures are tassled ropes that hold the alb in place.

REV. FR. JOHN H. ZOPPI
Archbald, Pa.

Janet Beeler Shaw replies:

There is a cassock there under the alb. When Father Alexander says that he’ll take off the hot cassock, he has already removed the alb and cincture as he talked. The cassock is really the hottest

ADVICE & CONSENT

I can’t remember being quite so pleased or touched by a work of contemporary short fiction as I was by “The Famous Poll at Jody’s Bar,” which appeared in your August issue. Author Ellen Gilchrist is a wonderfully authentic and imaginative storyteller.

ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL
Cambridge, Mass.

About the story “Some in Their Body’s Force” by Nicholas Delbanco, in your July issue: I think it sorry that a persistent rumor about the Christian Science Church has once again surfaced in your otherwise superb magazine.

Mary Baker Eddy’s grave does not, and has never, contained a telephone. This rumor has been abroad ever since Mrs. Eddy’s death, and it is precisely information of this nature that causes people unfamiliar with Christian Science to

Re your review of my book *The Shabunin Affair* (August *Atlantic*):

“Windy”? The book was only 177 pages long, not counting preface, author’s notes, reference notes, bibliography, and index.

“Outrageously speculative”? But I drew on contemporary accounts and Tolstoy’s own recollection of the affair.

“Scholarship turned melodrama”? But there was something melodramatic about this enemy of the death penalty who failed to save the life of a soldier who faced death by firing squad.

The urge to shout foul rose within me—and died almost as quickly, as I recalled Tolstoy’s story about a preacher whose sermon was interrupted by a round of applause. His composure disturbed, the preacher looked around his congregation, hesitated, and then asked: “Did I say something stupid?”

WALTER KERR
Santa Fe, N.M.



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REPORTS & COMMENT

LONDON GOD SAVE THE MONARCH

The king-and-queen profession continues to decline in the modern world, but the House of Windsor is as strong as ever



"IN A FEW years," the late King Farouk remarked in exile after his overthrow, "there will be only five kings in the world—the king of England and the four kings in a pack of cards."

As it has turned out, Farouk may have been unduly pessimistic. All three Scandinavian monarchies seem set fair, as do the grand duchy of Luxembourg and the principalities of Monaco and Liechtenstein, however hard the last two may be to find on the map. The Belgian monarchy is a less safe bet, and the throne of the Netherlands has been rocked by the appalling scandal that resulted in the

condemnation of Prince Bernhard for financial improprieties. True, since Farouk spoke, Greece and Iran have ceased to be monarchies, and so has Cambodia, though the durable Prince Sihanouk is still scuttling about offering to sit on anything he can plausibly call a throne; next door, the Thai monarchy is beset by enemies. We should not forget the brief reign of the emperor Bokassa, who, though his attempts to restore cannibalism to fashion were unavailing, did at any rate demonstrate that diamonds are a man's best friend.

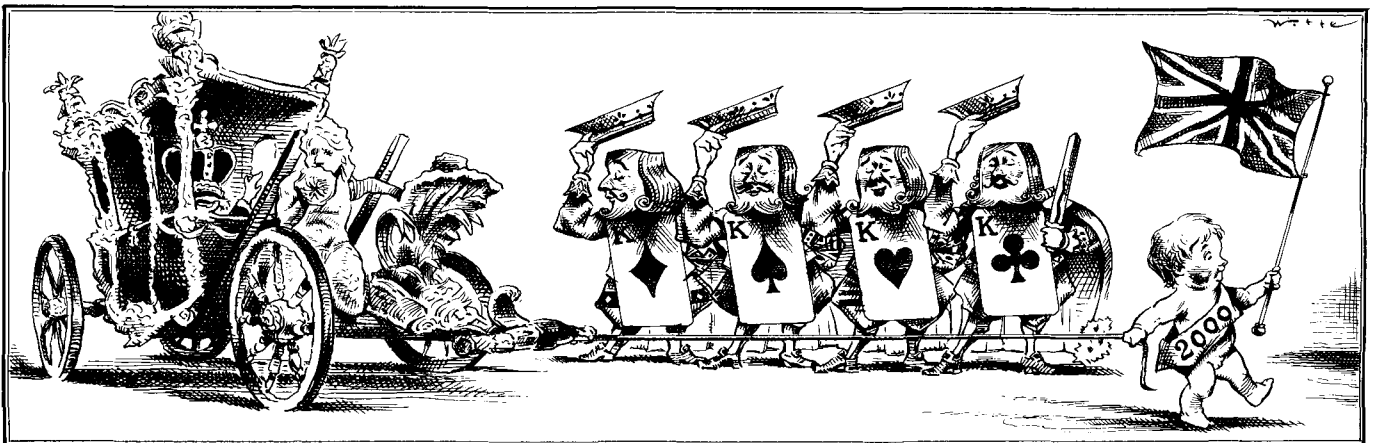
Whatever the future may hold for some or all of these royal lands, nobody doubts that Farouk was right about the House of Windsor. In the year 2000, we may still be living in the reign of Elizabeth the Second, or we may be enjoying that of Charles the Third, or it is just possible that the newborn heir to the Prince of Wales will be on the throne as William the Fifth. That the United Kingdom will still be a monarchy cannot be doubted. Why not?

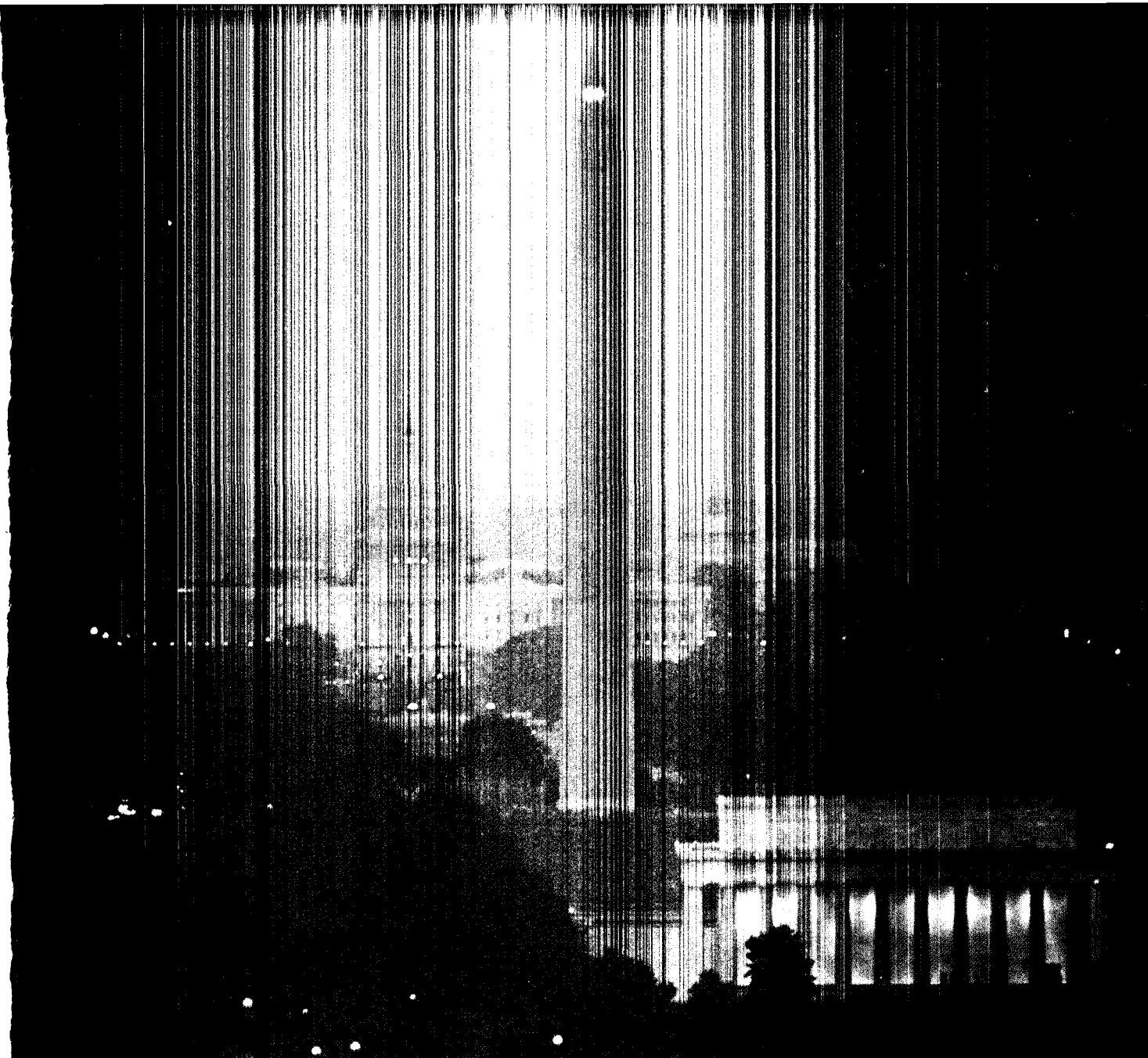
It is not enough to say that there is no serious republican movement in Britain,

though indeed there is not, and has not been since the reign of Queen Victoria (a radical newspaper headlined the birth of one of her children "Another pup for the royal litter"), which is when the British monarch ceased to have, or to claim, any political power. (The correct constitutional formulation is "The Queen rules, but does not govern.") Almost alone among the remaining monarchies, the British one seems to attract from its subjects not just acceptance but a positive approval.

Throughout all the royal excitements of the recent past, beginning with the marriage of the Prince of Wales and culminating a year later in the amazing events at Buckingham Palace (what do you suppose she actually *said* when she woke up and found the dilapidated Mr. Fagan dripping blood onto the bedspread?), the three constituent elements in the enduring strength of the British monarchy have been clearly seen.

FIRST, THE GLAMOUR. Now, we have not, as a matter of fact, had a glamorous monarch since Charles the Second,





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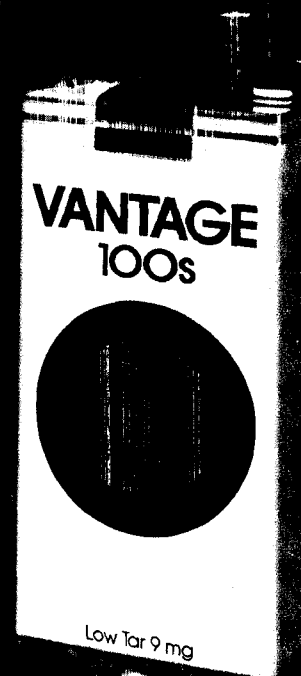
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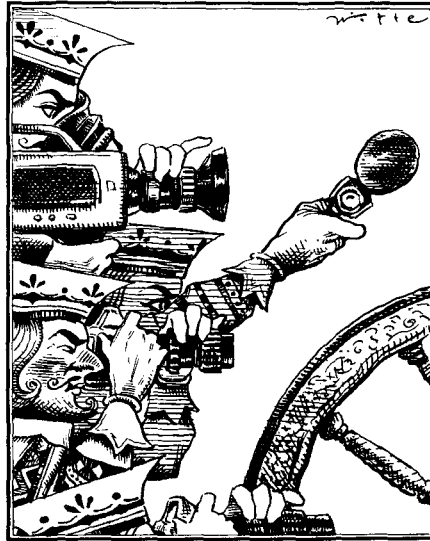
more than three centuries ago, and he was also the last one to say anything either interesting or witty. But the glamour of the pageantry with which the monarchy is presented is so magnificent, so dignified, and so moving that the ordinary mortal at the center of it takes on a personal significance that he or she could never hope to command by personality alone. The kings and queens of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have long prided themselves on their homely ways, such as their habit of going about in public on bicycles, which is supposed to endear them to their peoples by demonstrating that monarch and subject share a common humanity. I daresay it does just that; but in doing so, it robs the monarchy of any serious purpose it may have—and the purpose of a monarchy is very serious indeed, for it is to serve as a focus for a nation's sense of identity and cohesion, two qualities impossible to derive from the political process alone.

It is for this purpose that on royal occasions—the opening of Parliament, the reception of a visiting head of state, a royal wedding, coronation, or funeral—the carriages of gold and crystal, drawn by perfectly matched thoroughbred horses, are pressed into service, along with the gorgeous robes, crowns, and scepters that have been part of the royal regalia in Britain for nearly a thousand years, and with the beautiful, ancient, and sonorous language in which such ceremonies are conducted. The result is that the glamour with which such occasions are invested acts as a burning glass for national feelings (we can get the same effect with a war, of course, as the Falklands affair demonstrated, but that way is much more expensive); the feelings are both concentrated and intensified, and since the feelings are of pride in our country and its institutions, that is perhaps no bad thing.

But there is a price to pay, which the royal family (with the possible exception of Princess Anne, the only member who is ever rude to anybody in public) seems to pay willingly, even if not gladly. The price is the second element of the monarchy's strength. Because the royals symbolize the national identity, the nation, not surprisingly, identifies with them to a very considerable, indeed an obsessive, extent, and demands to know about its monarchs and their families things no one would dream of expecting to learn about his neighbors. One of the revela-

tions to emerge from the Buckingham Palace break-in was that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have separate bedrooms, and a couple of days later, the mass-circulation papers were asking the royal pair, in the largest headline type, such questions as "How important is a good-night cuddle?" Because the royal family is treated as an object—a gorgeously caparisoned, hardworking, even noble object, but an object nonetheless—people feel about it as people feel about any object: they think they own it.

In a sense, of course, they do; they own the *idea* of monarchy. But the hunger for possession goes much further than that, and is catered to not only by the regular, ritual presentations of the royals to the people but by a tide, a tor-



rent, a stupendous and unquenchable Niagara of gossip about them. At least forty books about the Prince and/or Princess of Wales have been published in Britain since the engagement was announced, and the first biography of the infant Prince William hit the streets when he was ten days old.

This sounds like a contradiction. On the one hand, the glamour and mystique of royalty, the pomp and ceremony that serve to raise the royals above the ordinary run of mankind; on the other, the concentration on even the most obscure minutiae of royal life and behavior, and an amazing eagerness to read about and discuss not only Princess Margaret's love affairs and the Duchess of Kent's miscarriage but the Queen's favorite dishes and whether the Duke of Edinburgh prefers gin to scotch. (These things can matter. Shortly after the Buckingham Palace

shenanigans, the family of the intruder was busy selling all the newspapers, or at least the most gullible ones, accounts of his maternal conversation with the Queen. Two, and only two, of the "facts" to emerge from the colorful imagination of the family Fagan stung the palace into an official disclaimer: Her Majesty, an official said icily, does *not* wear a shortie nightdress, and does *not* go to bed with her hair in curlers.)

It is out of the contradictions between majesty and intimacy, awe and inquisitiveness, that there emerges the third, and strongest, of the props that support the monarchy in Britain and ensure that it will outlast the century, and perhaps many centuries to come. From the union of worship and prurience is born a deep and lasting affection; it is not too much to say love.

This is easy to see in the case of Diana, Princess of Wales. All the world loves a fairy tale, and one with a beautiful princess in it cannot fail. It is also easy to see in the case of the Queen Mother, and the feeling for her is even easier to explain. In the first place, she is over eighty, and the British automatically canonize any public figure who reaches such an age. In the second place, the Queen Mother is something of a character, even a card; it is well known, for instance, that she likes a flutter on the races, and she not only smiles all the time but wears hats capable of provoking comment among bystanders, which is more than can be said for the Queen.

Yet the Queen, though she has little—in public, at least—of her mother's character, not only inspires love but does so through her own qualities, not those of her august office. When the news of the invasion of her bedroom broke, you could hear people saying that they were not in the least surprised at her coolness and common sense in the face of what could have been hideous danger. Elizabeth the Second's opportunities for displaying ingenuity, courage, and determination are considerably less than those of Elizabeth the First, who would probably have picked up a jeweled poniard from the bedside table and stabbed Mr. Fagan to death with it. But her steadfastness, her unwearying attention to her royal duties (which must result in her having to put up with the conversation of more bores in a month than most of us meet in a lifetime—and she's not allowed to yawn at them), and the obvious warmth of her personality combine

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"Absorbing....As Wills tells it, even Jack would have had his hands full living up to his own legend as it accelerated posthumously....An important book if we are ever to understand what hit us during these last strange 20 years."

—*Wilfred Sheed,*
Book-of-the-Month Club News

"Garry Wills deftly exposes the influence that certain notions of 'toughness,' 'masculinity,' and 'success' have had on the public careers of the Kennedy family and on the history of the last twenty-five years."

—*James Fallows*

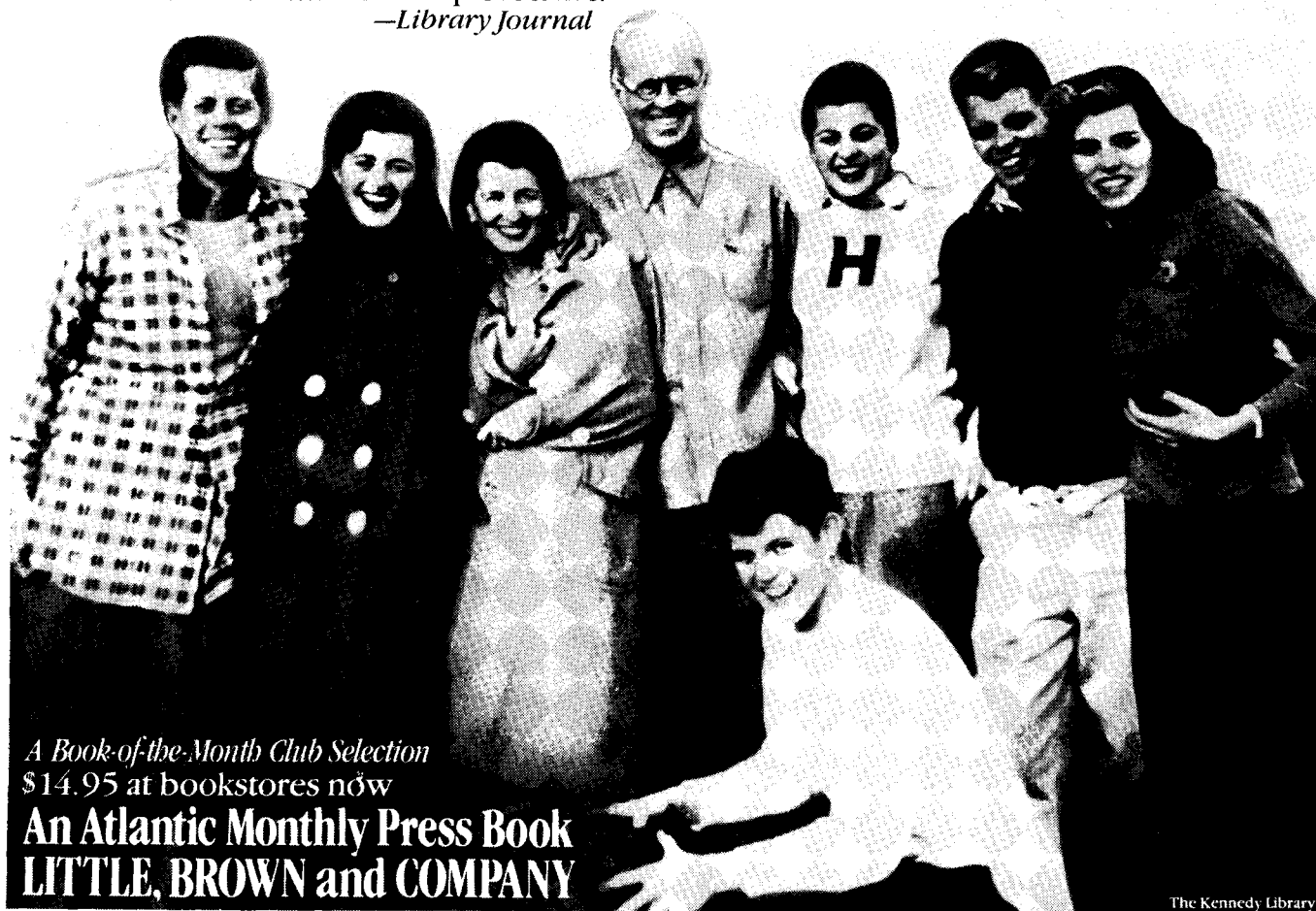
"Wills offers a devastating critique of the Kennedy legend. He argues that the family personality was determined by father Joseph Kennedy, who set a pattern of compulsive womanizing....The rule of charisma seen in the Kennedy presidency deemphasized institutions, subverted the intellectuals, and rendered praiseworthy irresponsible demonstrations of power in the world arena....Lucid and provocative."

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to inspire in the British people a feeling of devotion that goes far beyond a recognition of her place in the constitutional system or a respect for the hard work she does.

THERE ARE occasional voices to be heard complaining. John Osborne, at the height of his overnight *réclame* as the author of *Look Back in Anger*, called the monarchy "the gold filling in a mouth of decay," but he was criticizing the decay, not the gold filling. Malcolm Muggeridge got into frightful trouble some years ago for writing, in an American magazine, some mild criticisms of the idea of monarchy. And one member of Parliament, William Hamilton, has specialized for some time in criticizing the cost of the royal family, and has even directly attacked some members of it for their conduct or remarks; but he is not taken seriously, and he shows no great sign of taking seriously his own campaign.

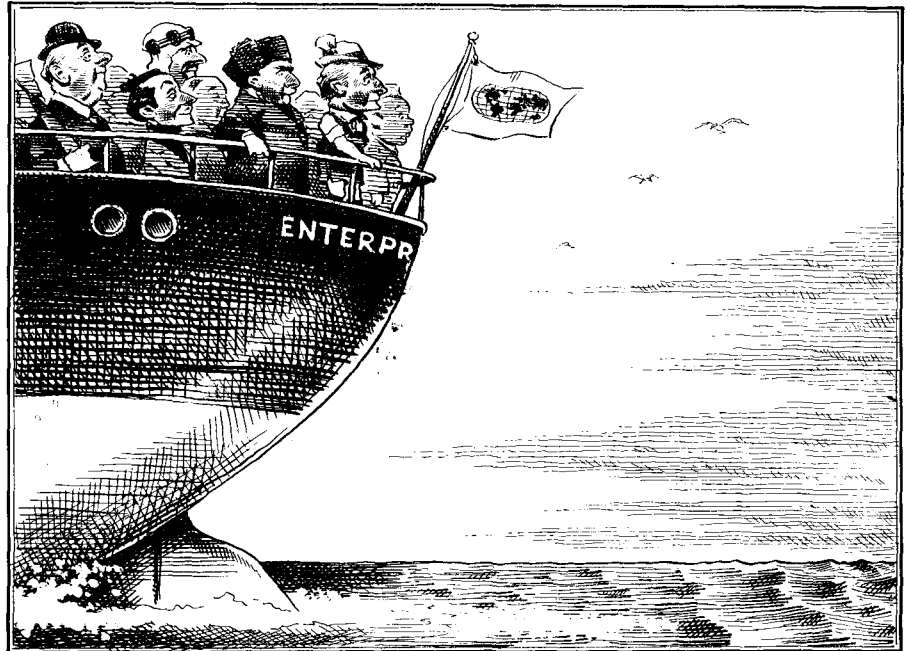
There is rather more widespread criticism of the people surrounding the court, and with rather more justice; in the light of events at Buckingham Palace, it would seem that most of them would be stretched beyond their intelligence and energy if they were put in charge of a cigarette-vending machine. But the ancient constitutional principle that "the Queen can do no wrong" is taken with astounding literalness by many of her subjects, and although most of them would be hard put to articulate their feelings on the idea of monarchy, they show no embarrassment in declaring their feelings for the monarchy.

The words of Britain's national anthem are probably the world's silliest. (The tune is no great shakes, either.) But silly or not, there is nothing in it about Britain (we leave that to "Rule Britannia"). The whole song is about the monarch; it is the monarch whom the anthem calls upon God to save, and the monarch's enemies whose knavish tricks God is likewise implored to frustrate. It seems likely that God will continue to oblige for the foreseeable future, as he has obliged for so many years past.

As far as the throne of Britain is concerned, Farouk was right. Whether he was also right about the deck of cards, only time will show.

—Bernard Levin

Bernard Levin is a British author and critic.



WASHINGTON

OUTSIDE THE MAINSTREAM

Reagan's refusal to sign the Law of the Sea Treaty may make vital navigation rights hard to obtain in the future



A NEW MUTATION OF American isolationism has prevented this country from joining a major international organization we helped to create. President Reagan's announcement, in July, that the United States would not sign the Law of the Sea Treaty seems an extravagant expenditure of U.S. political capital. Viewing the treaty's system for mining the seabed as a form of supranational socialism, the Reagan Administration rejected negotiation in favor of an adamant assertion of free-enterprise rights. As a consequence, all U.S.-based corporations have effectively been excluded from seabed mining. Moreover, if the United States persists in its refusal to sign, the world's largest maritime power may also find its navigation rights repeatedly challenged.

Simply put, the Law of the Sea Treaty, negotiated over fifteen years by 154 nations, sets forth a constitution for the oceans. Its more than 300 provisions cover all presently conceivable peaceful uses of the seas, including fishing, navi-

gation, scientific research, and deep-sea mining.

In essence, the treaty seeks to balance a vast array of interests through two major compromises. It sanctions enlarged national control over coastal waters while also protecting the rights of those passing through these waters. On the question of seabed mining, the treaty attempts to accommodate both Third World hopes for a lien on international resources and Western resistance to multinational codes limiting private enterprise.

Territorial waters for coastal states will now be extended from three to twelve miles, and these states will be assured of title to all fish and mineral resources in a 200-mile "exclusive economic zone." At the same time, a new right of "transit passage," allowing free movement of submerged submarines and overflight of aircraft, assures unimpeded navigation by other states. This is important for maintaining passage through straits less than twenty-four miles wide, such as Gibraltar, Hormuz, Malacca, and even Dover.

Because both the United States and the Soviet Union viewed freedom of the seas as primary, the conference hammered out the compromises on navigation early—by 1976. On seabed mining, however, negotiations were more protracted. For the West and the Third World, the stakes were as much political as economic. Most of the ocean's riches, including virtually all accessible petroleum reserves and up to about 90 percent

of fish stocks, have now been appropriated in the 200-mile zones.

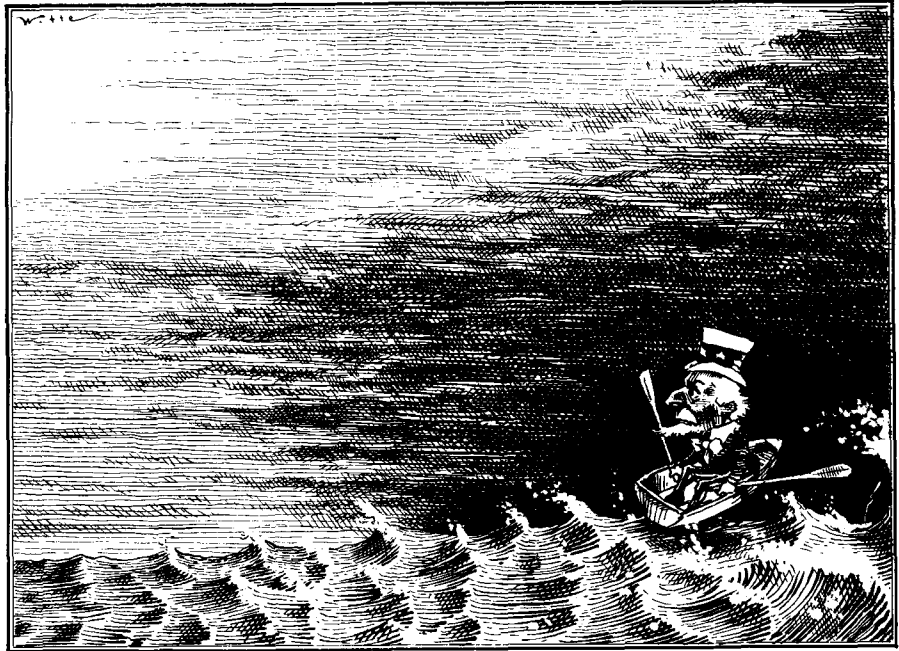
Beyond the 200-mile limits, and miles beneath the ocean's surface, lie dense beds of potato-sized metal nodules, the residue of volcanic eruptions millions of years in the past. While these nodules of manganese, cobalt, copper, and nickel may eventually be worth hundreds of millions of dollars, Commerce Department and industry sources estimate that the market value of manganese, cobalt, copper, and nickel will not justify, until the 1990s or later, the \$1.5 to \$1.8 billion investment required for each mining site.

The industrialized countries and the Third World, nonetheless, differed pointedly on the issue of control: who will mine the seabed? While Western economics ministries wanted an agency that would merely sort out conflicting claims and issue mining licenses, the developing countries demanded an international Seabed Authority with full power to exploit the seabed.

The compromise embodied in the treaty does not perfectly serve U.S. interests. Proposed in outline by Henry Kissinger in 1976, the seabed-mining system shares access to seabed mine sites between individual operators and an internationally run company called the Enterprise. The seabed regime will limit production and the Third World will exercise a good deal of control over it. Neither the United States nor its allies would have been likely to endorse such an arrangement had it not been part of a package deal including navigation. As everyone involved in the negotiations for any length of time agrees, however, without such a seabed regime no treaty could have won acceptance by the Third World.

THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION took office just before the scheduled final session of the conference believing it could prevent a Third World sea grab. Though mandated by the 1980 Republican platform to toughen up the U.S. negotiating position, Reagan appointees were uncertain whether the treaty could be improved, and some thought it should be scrapped, on grounds that it would inevitably compromise American principles.

Among those who favored improving the treaty were, reportedly, Secretary of State Alexander Haig and officials of the Departments of Transportation and



Commerce. Because the Law of the Sea negotiations never ranked as a "front-burner" problem, however, a handful of committed ideologues among the middle-level bureaucrats, enthusiastically supported by presidential counselor Edwin Meese, were permitted to run with the issue. Theodore G. Kronmiller, the deputy assistant secretary of state for oceans and fisheries affairs, led the anti-treaty phalanx. Kronmiller's appointment fits this administration's pattern of sending the fox to tend the chicken coop. Kronmiller had argued in 1980 in a two-volume study of the legality of deep-sea mining that "an impasse of a profoundly ideological nature appears likely to preclude the successful conclusion of a widely acceptable treaty establishing a new regime for the deep seabed."

At the Defense Department, the new civilian appointees, led by John Lehman, the secretary of the Navy, and Fred Iklé, the undersecretary of defense for policy, executed a 180° turn in the department's position, downplaying its previous strong endorsement of the navigation provisions as essential to U.S. security, and giving priority instead to "strategically essential" seabed minerals.

Before and during the conference, infighting between opponents and proponents produced some confusion concerning the U.S. position. Debate on the level of U.S. interests—involving production limits, technology transfer, U.S. leverage in decision-making—often masked frankly ideological opposition.

Secretary Lehman expressed the ad-

ministration's impatience when he declared, prior to the session, that "perhaps the American people have tired of their long years of sacrificing U.S. national goals and interests for the greater supranational interests of the world's community of nations." President Reagan reiterated his administration's commitment to free enterprise just before the summit meeting on Third World development held at Cancún a year ago. He explained that "free people build free markets that ignite dynamic development for everyone. And that's the key. . . it's a question of freedom versus compulsion, of what works versus what doesn't work, of sense versus nonsense."

Many observers doubted, as the 1982 session approached, that the Americans would return to the conference, and, according to an official of the State Department's Office of Ocean Law and Policy, the same doubt reigned within the administration. At almost the eleventh hour, however, treaty proponents won the first round. And just one month before the start of the preliminary negotiations, President Reagan announced that the United States would return to negotiate on six pragmatic-sounding objectives.

ARRIVING AT THE Law of the Sea Conference, the Reagan appointees faced serious obstacles. Many of the LOS delegates had been laboring together over the treaty for years, falling in and out of a variety of coalitions, as col-



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leagues and friendly adversaries, members of a select group of cognoscenti on a very arcane subject indeed.

Old conference hands saw the treaty as the result of a historical process, as the product of remembered tradeoffs, pressures, gains, and losses. While the Americans came determined to resist Third World encroachment, many in the Third World caucus, the Group of 77, described the conference as nine years of U.S. pressure during which the Group moved back, inch by inch, until the Americans achieved almost all they were out to get. Ambassador Hasjim Djalal of Indonesia points out that his country (like most of the other Third World states) compromised a firm initial commitment to an international seabed monopoly. But then the Americans wanted more. "Every year," he says, "we came to the conference wondering what new changes the United States wanted and which ones they would insist on."

Given the treaty's evolution—in accretions of oral history, written down, revised again through protracted ongoing conversations, and again recorded—the Reagan approach struck many as an attempt to turn the clock back to 1973, nullifying the prodigious expenditure of effort and ingenuity that had produced what many regarded as a nearly finished product by the end of 1980. At the beginning of the 1981 session of the conference, when the administration asked for a postponement in order to conduct a total review of the treaty, many delegates expressed disbelief and sharp frustration.

As the delegates returned to the conference last February, they labored under considerable confusion about U.S. intentions. Apparently, a similar uncertainty afflicted the American delegation. Leigh S. Ratiner, former deputy chairman of the U.S. delegation to the 1982 session, reported in this summer's issue of *Foreign Affairs* that the U.S. delegation did not receive detailed instructions on the President's objectives until the opening day, March 8, long after preliminary negotiations had begun, and less than two months before the scheduled end of the nine-year conference. Moreover, the instructions, negotiated exhaustively among various factions, held the delegation to a considerably more restrictive interpretation of the objectives than seemed implied in the President's statement of them.

In the bureaucratic tug-of-war, Wash-

ington-based opponents easily outmaneuvered the proponents, many of whom were in New York trying to get a handle on what to negotiate. Robert Keating, a Defense Department consultant, reportedly added to the confusion in New York when he doubled as U.S. delegate and anti-treaty lobbyist. According to *Baron's* magazine, Keating took time off in mid-April to organize a seabed-miners' march on the White House. The miners sought and obtained from Edwin Meese reassurance that the U.S. would not compromise.

In preparation for a complicated negotiation that would end April 30, the U.S. delegation on February 24 circulated a long paper sketching all the U.S. problems and suggesting a wide variety of solutions. Pressed to put their proposals in specific treaty language, on March 19, the U.S. delegation produced a sixty-eight-page booklet with a splendid green cover which proposed amendments to more than half the seabed provisions. As a negotiating tool, the "green book" bombed. "Nobody took it seriously," according to Dennis Francis, a Jamaican delegate, who observed that "the problem with the Americans was they were never in a position to reveal their bottom line." Finally, on April 13, a streamlined twenty-four-page set of formal amendments emerged. By that time the negotiating was effectively over.

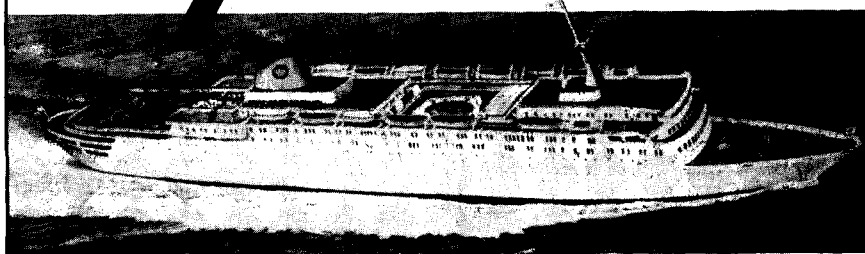
STRANGELY ENOUGH, BEFORE this session no one seems to have seriously considered the possibility of a Law of the Sea regime that did not include the United States. Throughout the long years of negotiating, the deepest fear of sea-law advocates was that no treaty would ever emerge. The treaty's staunch opponents in the administration, on the other hand, apparently assumed that America's European allies would not join the regime without the U.S. Arguing that seabed mining should be considered one of the traditional freedoms of the sea, they counted on the Europeans' joining a "mini-regime" for seabed mining.

Before the conference, Reagan officials campaigned actively to draw the British, the Germans, and the French into a compact to organize seabed mining outside the Law of the Sea Treaty. By the end of February, the U.S. and its three principal European allies had virtually completed negotiations for a Reciprocating States Agreement. None

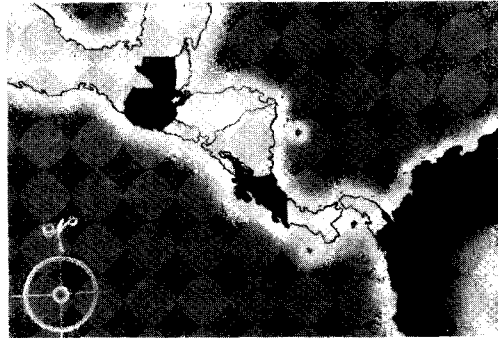
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wished to sign during the conference, though. And now that the treaty has been put in approved form and will almost surely be adopted, they cannot sign such an agreement without forfeiting their rights under the treaty. That U.S. alternative appears closed.

If key administration policy-makers had wanted an improved treaty, and had mounted their campaign with the finesse of Henry Kissinger, what could they have achieved? According to a variety of Third World, Western, and UN sources, a more flexible U.S. position might have permitted treaty provisions more favorable to American interests in the areas of decision-making, technology transfer, and accountability for the seabed regime. Knowledgeable observers speculate, however, that hard-liners in the administration didn't want the concessions that the Third World was willing to give, because each improvement would strengthen the treaty's attractions for the Europeans.

In sum, U.S. negotiators failed to achieve any of the President's objectives, and may have lost a lot more. While showing the world that the United States will not be pushed around, we have also lost direct access to the "strategic minerals" of the seabed and we may have consigned our sailing ships to a complicated limbo outside the internationally accepted legal framework.

The costs of rejecting the treaty lie somewhere down the road. Although they have effectively been cut out, most U.S. seabed-mining companies continue to endorse the administration's decision. In fact, they have lost nothing. If the potential for profits begins to escalate, they can always get back into seabed-mining through foreign subsidiaries.

What has been lost is one of the administration's main objectives—securing U.S. access to the ocean's minerals. Of the four principal mineral deposits, however, copper and nickel are available from many other sources; cobalt, though mainly supplied by a politically shaky Zaïre, can be extracted elsewhere, at a higher price. Without the seabed resources, our greatest long-run concern is the supply of manganese, because the Soviet Union and South Africa hold the major reserves.

The United States can expect to buy manganese and the other three minerals from any of the seabed miners (including companies based in Western Europe and

in Japan) when increased demand makes mining them profitable. Friends and neighbors such as the Canadians and the Australians, sitting on large reserves of nickel, question whether the U.S. should be so anxious about access to seabed minerals.

WHAT, THEN, ARE the truly vital U.S. stakes in the treaty, and how will our decision not to sign affect them? Assured navigation rights are and always have been the primary U.S. interest. Regarding the minerals themselves, and the precedents embodied in the Seabed Authority, the United States did wage a continuing struggle from the outset of the negotiations to guard its own and Western interests—and thus improve prospects for Senate ratification. The Carter delegation, under Ambassador Elliot Richardson, even inserted a virtual mining code into the seabed text to secure fair terms of access for mining enterprises.

The administration's main objections to the treaty were to provisions concerning production limitations, technology transfer, and majority-rule decision-making (especially in the amending process).

On many of these issues Richardson won technical concessions that protect real U.S. interests. On technology, for example, the treaty stipulates that contractors shall make technology available to the authority "on fair and reasonable commercial terms" for the first ten years of the Enterprise—but only if the same or equally useful equipment cannot be obtained on the open market. Since, according to studies conducted for the U.S. Interior Department, the seabed technology is now or will be available on the open market, this provision will have little impact on U.S. technology sources.

As for production limitations, proponents' fears of cartels and escalating prices should be assuaged by the fact that the limits, set on the basis of complex formulas developed largely by American economists, float way above plausible projections of future seabed production.

Given the disproportion between political power and population size, decision-making disputes will continue to vex seabed politics. While the treaty defines the Seabed Authority's one-nation/one-vote assembly as "the supreme organ," the authority's thirty-six-member council (on which the United States

holds a guaranteed seat if it signs the treaty) is given explicit responsibility for business on a day-to-day basis, and virtually all important issues, the treaty stipulates, must be decided unanimously by the council.

However, the process for amending seabed provisions—a review conference may re-examine the treaty fifteen years after the start of seabed mining, and amendments may be approved by a three-fourths-majority vote five years later if no consensus can be reached—rightly irritates U.S. policy-makers. Apart from the question of whether the United States would be bound by an amendment before the Senate had ratified it, the review conference could also restructure the relationship between private enterprise and the international authority, changing the ground rules upon which the present bargain has been struck. Thus the United States could be forced, some years down the road, either to accept a revised treaty or to drop out altogether.

However, in the opinion of Bernard Oxman, an international lawyer and former vice chairman of the U.S. delegation, radical changes would call into question the workability of the whole seabed compact, and therefore they are unlikely to happen. In the future, as now, U.S. leverage will depend on how cohesively this country works with its allies. If a Third World cabal tries to impose an international monopoly several decades hence, the United States and the other seabed miners can resist if they work together.

In aggregate, the seabed-mining provisions do raise the costs for private enterprise. However, the treaty's terms for mining are no more severe than those currently imposed by many Third World countries, where U.S. companies agree to transfer technology, build infrastructure, and pay whatever licensing fees are required.

If the U.S. stays out of the treaty, on the other hand, all these calculations become moot: U.S. corporations will lose their options to mine the seabed, because they will lack the secure legal claim they need to raise capital. The same legal uncertainties seem likely to discourage America's European allies from contemplating a mini-treaty.

Beyond the seabed, the costs of U.S. opposition are less easy to define, and more serious. Many experts dispute the administration's contention that we can

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reject the seabed regime but navigate freely through the straits under "customary law."

Reportedly, all the European delegates to a July NATO meeting on the Law of the Sea expressed real doubts that the U.S.—as a non-signatory—could rely on customary law. On this point, Alan Beesley, head of the Canadian delegation, warned in a speech before the UN in April that the new definitions of navigation rights must now be regarded as subject to the law of treaties rather than to customary law. Moreover, Spain, which overlooks the Strait of Gibraltar, emphasized when voting for the convention that it did not view the treaty as merely confirming customary law.

Since coastal states are enthusiastic about the twelve-mile territorial sea and the 200-mile economic zone, the treaty's extensions of jurisdiction may qualify as customary law; transit rights through straits, however, were negotiated into the treaty through hard-fought trade-offs. Thus they cannot be considered as separate from the package deal. Nor can agreements governing marine scientific research, management of fisheries and protection of the marine environment, or limitations on a coastal state's interference with shipping to protect its environment.

IN FACT, U.S. non-participation in the treaty will undoubtedly work against the evolution of the treaty into customary law. In the first place, the United States, throughout its history, has been noted for extensions of its jurisdiction over resources and navigation in its coastal waters. For example, during Prohibition, the U.S. declared its right to search all vessels for rum smugglers in a fifty-mile zone; we enforced a 200-mile sanitary zone in the years immediately prior to our entry into World War II; and President Truman proclaimed U.S. rights to mine the continental shelf in 1945, years before any other coastal state moved even tentatively in that direction. Thus, the U.S. Congress, not bound by the treaty, may well fall into the historical pattern and itself add to restrictions on navigation in the 200-mile zone.

Second, other nations may challenge U.S. navigation rights in their coastal waters and straits. Department of Defense spokesmen assert that U.S. power and influence will make such challenges unlikely, inducing "rational behavior" in

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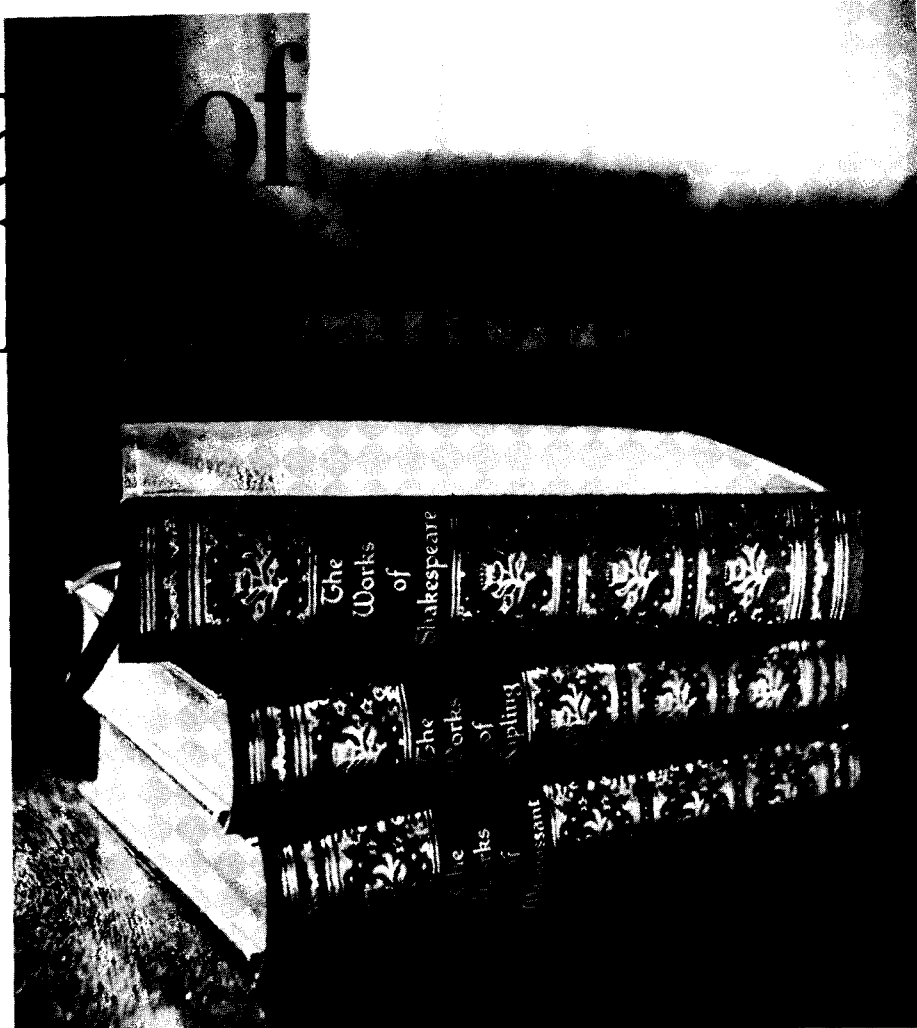
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other coastal states, who know our bottom line: we can always "shoot our way through."

Problems for U.S. navigation are, however, likely to take more subtle forms. States that control straits, such as Spain and Indonesia, could use U.S. non-participation in the Law of the Sea Treaty as a pretext for exacting a higher price during negotiations for, say, base rights, reciprocal taxation, or consular agreements. Eventually, U.S. commercial ships might be forced to pay large tolls to navigate other states' coastal waters. Thus, the United States eventually might have to buy treaty rights in a series of bilateral deals.

Somewhat different dilemmas could bedevil U.S. military planners during a crisis. Although coastal states are unlikely to stop U.S. military vessels, the possibility injects an ambiguity into planning that might inhibit military actions. In a Middle East conflict, for example, U.S. reluctance to violate rights asserted by states in the area would greatly complicate resupply of Israel. Again, the price tag for secure U.S. expectations could escalate. (We could end up paying Spain alone more than the value of the deep-sea nodules.) The search for a way to avoid this sort of ad hoc bartering about jurisdiction is what impelled us to seek a treaty in the first place.

Similar motives will likely lead our allies to endorse the treaty now. The treaty-making process itself puts pressure on them to sign the convention soon. A plenary session was held in New York this September, and the signing ceremony will draw the delegates together again in December. Only those who sign the convention have the right to vote in the next phase of negotiations, the seabed Preparatory Commission, which will draw up the rules and regulations for the seabed regime. The commission may, for example, decide whether or not the PLO will share in seabed benefits; it will lay down detailed guidelines on access to seabed mining; and it will set the budget for the regime. Thus possible participants in the regime—and particularly potential miners—ought to keep a hand in until the last "t" is crossed.

THE JAPANESE HAVE already voted in favor of the treaty, and their interest in straits navigation, secure access to seabed minerals, and amicable relations with their Third World neighbors makes

them unlikely to change their minds. The French, who also voted in favor, seem likely to sign early: the Mitterrand government has made North-South relations a priority, and treaty provisions give France—with its island possessions—the third largest economic zone in the world.

The United States has reportedly put a lot of pressure on the Thatcher government not to sign. However, Great Britain can best safeguard its main interests—navigation and the oil of its vast continental shelf—from within the treaty. Moreover, according to a British source, British industry (particularly the oil companies) solidly backs the treaty, and the British public, reflecting a national disposition favoring international law, supports treaties just as a matter of course.

In Germany, on the other hand, ideological opposition to the seabed regime most closely approximating that in the United States has shown itself—chiefly in parliamentary speeches by the CDU-CSU opposition. Almost entirely deprived of coastal resources, the Germans place comparatively more importance on seabed mining than do their French and British partners in the European Community. On the other hand, Germans come under a particular pressure to sign. The conference selected Germany as the site for the treaty's dispute-settlement tribunal—the first time since World War II that Germany has attained this form of international acceptance.

Although the allies do not wish to confront the United States over the treaty, in a sense this country has already confronted them. Reportedly, the precipitate U.S. declaration in July that we would not sign the convention, largely taken without allied consultation, incensed the Europeans. In addition, the overt U.S.-European conflict about the Soviet natural-gas pipeline seems to have broken down some of the conventions of inter-alliance civility and cooperation that might ordinarily foster U.S.-European solidarity.

In all likelihood, the Europeans will make up their minds more or less in concert with each other, and will, for the most part, sign the convention in time to vote in the Preparatory Commission at an early stage. Ratification need not follow for several years (while the commission completes its work), but in none of these countries would the treaty face anything like the U.S. senatorial hur-

dles, and basic interests and attitudes will probably remain pretty much the same during that period.

For the next several years, America's new international isolation may seem hardly to affect us. As Secretary Lehman sees it, "We will remain what we have always been—the primary guarantor of freedom in the world." Others see us differently, however. Ambassador Djalal characterized the U.S. position as one of "total isolation in the world community of nations."

Perhaps the most serious consequence may stem from the U.S. rejection of commonly accepted international law—or rather our attempt to rely on the parts of it we like while discarding the rest. As a nation we have, for good reason, preached the gospel of international law. Our far-flung political and economic interests can best thrive in an orderly world, and our democratic impediments to distant military adventures dictate a commitment to the peaceful settlement of disputes. In time, U.S. maneuverings outside treaty law will serve to weaken American credibility in denouncing terrorist violence, the illegal seizure of American embassies, and the unlawful use of force by the Soviet Union or by its proxies.

As time goes on, challenges to the United States will further erode the U.S. position as Western leader. In whatever way it meets them, the United States will lose face every time that it reaffirms its position as international maverick.

If its opposition to the treaty places the United States in an untenable position, what can be done about it? According to Ratiner and others, a few discreet amendments that would help ease the treaty through Senate ratification could be obtained between now and December. Since the President has firmly rejected the idea of such changes, however, another, more favorably disposed administration will have to take the treaty as is. In the future, neither Senate ratification nor treaty amendment will be easy to obtain. Although the costs of non-participation plainly will not permit the United States to remain outside the treaty indefinitely, the new American unilateralists may have ensured that outcome for some time to come.

—Jennifer Seymour Whitaker

Jennifer Seymour Whitaker is the associate editor of Foreign Affairs.

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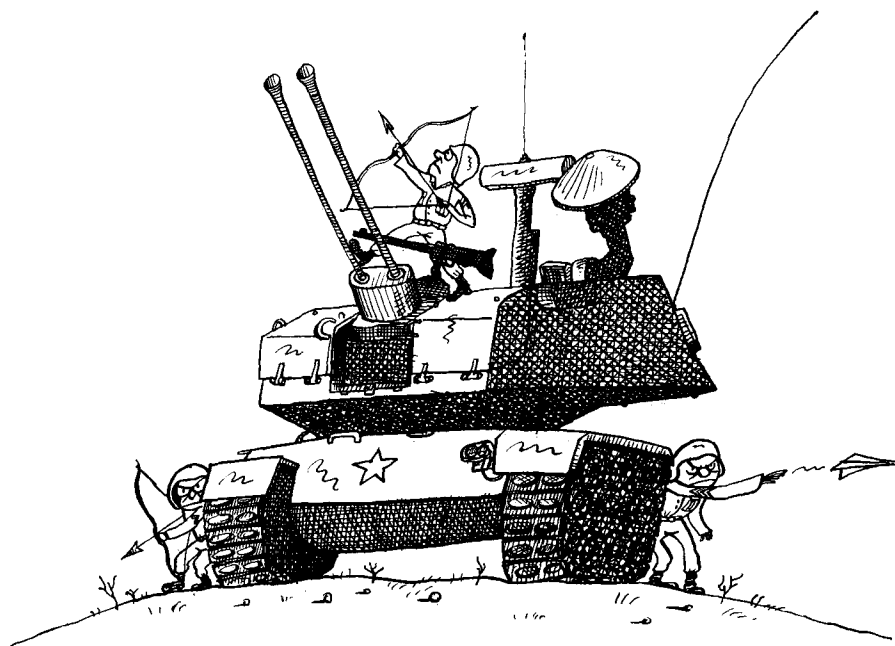
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DIVAD

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK



THE AMERICAN SHIPS AND PLANES THAT CARRIED military supplies to Israel during the 1973 Arab-Israeli war did not all return empty. Aboard one was a great prize of espionage—a captured Russian super-weapon called the ZSU-23-4, which was known to intelligence agents as Shilka. What exactly a Shilka was, and what it might do, had long troubled the Pentagon. Although it looked like nothing more than a small tank, Shilka was in fact a radar-directed, computer-controlled anti-aircraft cannon. If, as rumored, it could destroy even low-flying aircraft with ease, Shilka might make Soviet armored columns nearly unstoppable.

The weapon, taken by Israeli soldiers from an Egyptian tank division, was moved to a mountain gunnery range near Fort Bliss, Texas. There, in a series of tests code-named Hitval, Shilka's performance was evaluated. Fortunately for U.S. pilots, the results were not impressive. Shilka's fire-control computers were inaccurate and slow. It rapidly exhausted its ammunition, and was very difficult to reload. But most important, it proved unable to hit *maneuvering* targets. It could threaten only aircraft flying straight, predictable lines—and no aircraft is likely to do that in combat.

Shilka, then, was not the decisive super-weapon many had feared. But, looking it over, U.S. Army officials were envious, nonetheless. The Army badly needed a new anti-aircraft gun to protect its tanks and troops at the front lines. And the Army badly wanted what Shilka had in abundance: the glamour of high technology. Since World War II, nearly all the expensive, exotic weaponry had gone to the Air Force and the Navy; the Army had been consistently frustrated in its desire to obtain what around the Pentagon is called "ultra" or "cosmic" equipment. The Army had been trying to change that for years, and during the 1970s it won congressional funds for a jet-engine-powered tank (the M-1); a laser-guided artillery shell (the Copperhead); an anti-aircraft missile patterned after the anti-ballistic missile (the Patriot); a \$1.6 million armored, "air-droppable" bulldozer (the ACE); a helicopter that costs at least as much as a supersonic fighter plane (the AH-64 Apache); a helicopter-borne radar system modeled after the one on the AWACs surveillance plane; and many other sophisticated weapons. Pondering Shilka's computers and radars, Army officials began to think that something along the same lines would suit their high-technology campaign perfectly.

That something is now going into production: a Shilka-inspired anti-aircraft vehicle called the Sergeant York but

Gregg Easterbrook is a staff writer for The Atlantic.

better known as Divad (for "division air defense"). Divad looks and drives like a tank, and its armament—medium-sized cannons—is not unusual. Everything else on it is. Atop Divad's turret are two radars adapted from the F-16 fighter. Inside is a computer network designed to track aircraft, "assess" their "threat levels," predict their movements, and aim the guns—all automatically. (Divad requires "essentially no skill to operate," according to Keith Harder, technical manager for Ford Aerospace, the Ford Motor Company division that is building Divad. "About all they have to do is turn it on and pull the trigger," he says. A light on the control panel flashes "FIRE NOW.") Deeper inside Divad is a wide array of "bites"—"built-in test equipment"—designed to monitor the radar and computers and provide instant analysis of anything that goes wrong. (Bites are, themselves, linked to computers.) Other components include computers that resist radar jamming; "IFF interrogators," said to be able to determine whether an aircraft is friend or foe; a laser range-finder and an infrared night-sight to back up the radars; and air-conditioners to keep all this technology from overheating. Army documents refer to Divad not as a gun or a vehicle but as a "launch system."

These devices will make Divad the most sophisticated piece of equipment ever to roll onto a battlefield, and it is priced accordingly. At a minimum of \$6.8 million each, Divad will cost nearly three times as much as the M-1 tanks it is designed to defend. The full production budget will be at least \$5 billion. Yet Divad has progressed from drawing board to assembly line nearly as quietly as its Russian counterpart. At this writing, to the best of my knowledge, the Divad project has never been discussed in major newspapers except for items about Ford's contract awards. Likewise, it has been debated in only two congressional hearings and in those only briefly.

While the public may be ignorant of the project, Divad is notorious inside the Pentagon. "We've finally found a way to make a gun more expensive than a missile," one recently retired colonel has said scornfully. More troubling than the expense, however, is the fact that Divad's electronics, though of much higher quality than Shilka's, are not much more effective. Like Shilka, Divad cannot hit an aircraft that is flying evasive maneuvers.

How Divad came to be is a case study in the modern high-tech military, where drastic increases in defense spending are often accompanied not by increases in U.S. fighting strength but by declines. In the rush to make Divad an "ultra" weapon, Army planners brushed aside a much cheaper and simpler system that, experience had proven, would do a better job of destroying enemy aircraft. Once the "ultra" approach was chosen, internal Pentagon politics and the influence of defense contractors became the driving forces of the project. A super-expensive Divad built by Ford Aerospace became, to the Army, an end in itself, and whether or not the system worked was reduced to little more than an annoying side issue.

HARDLY ANYONE DISPUTES THE ARMY'S NEED FOR a new anti-aircraft weapon. That need dates back to the 1950s, when, according to Lt. Gen. James Maloney, head of the Army's Air Defense Center, the service "made a conscious decision to eliminate division air defense." ("Division" in this sense refers to tanks and troops actively engaged in battle.) The Army was enamored of surface-to-air (SAM) missiles, which it developed at considerable expense through the 1950s and 1960s. But SAMs turned out to be so complicated and hard to set up that they could be used only to defend rear-area targets such as supply depots; they were no help to soldiers at the front. Moreover, all SAMs—U.S. and Soviet—proved to have a technological blind spot: they did not work against aircraft flying low to attack troops.

Meanwhile, the Army had grown accustomed to operating with complete air superiority. In Korea, it faced only occasional air attacks, and in Vietnam it faced none (the Viet Cong had no airplanes). Any future combat in Europe would be different, however. As the 1960s progressed, the Soviet Union began building strike fighters and fielding teams of "forward air controllers," whose purpose was to locate small targets such as tanks and to direct attacking aircraft to them. In response, the U.S. built a hand-held SAM of dubious utility called Redeye, which was slower than most of the aircraft it was supposed to catch, and small numbers of a somewhat mobile SAM called Chaparral.

Luckily, the Army began to have reservations about the all-missile approach. Great Britain's military had none. The British fleet that sailed to the Falkland Islands was defended almost exclusively by SAM missiles; British planners had assured their admiralty that sophisticated electronics make guns and gunners obsolete. The results of the fighting showed the extent to which high technology falls short of its promise when it is tested in combat. All four British warships sunk off the Falklands were brand-new air-defense ships heavy with expensive SAMs and radars, and all four were sunk from the air. One, the destroyer *Sheffield*, was hit by a guided missile, but the others were victims of unguided "dumb" bombs dropped by airplanes passing directly over the decks. As the vulnerability of British ships to low-flying aircraft became clear, London sent out an emergency call to the international arms market for cannons, which were bolted with furious speed onto the decks of ships scheduled to sail if the crisis continued. BBC-TV beamed back footage of British marines setting up their machine guns on every free spot of deck space on the carrier *Hermes*, trying to compensate for the fleet's unrealistic high-tech battle plan.

When British soldiers went ashore on the Falklands, they suffered similar handicaps; they were equipped with two types of SAMs but no anti-aircraft guns. According to knowledgeable sources, Blowpipe, a hand-held SAM, failed to make a single hit, despite dozens of firings. Rapier, which is mounted on a platform, was more effective,

but it required so much setting up and calibrating that it often wasn't functional when attackers appeared. When Argentine planes struck British landing craft in a bay near Fitzroy, sinking the assault ship *Sir Galahad*, Rapiers on shore were supposed to be providing cover; they had been landed first for this purpose. But the Rapiers were not yet set up, and could not be fired. In all, the British claim to have shot down about seventy-five Argentine airplanes, two thirds of them by Harrier fighters in air-to-air battles. Thus the hundreds of advanced SAMs that the British took to the Falklands destroyed only twenty-five planes—planes that were twenty years old and had no radar jammers or other SAM-foiling devices.

When U.S. army officers, unlike their British counterparts, awoke to the drawbacks of SAMs in the 1960s, their first response was to build a light anti-aircraft cannon called Vulcan. Unfortunately, Vulcan outlived its usefulness with the advent of armored aircraft, which its 20mm shell is not powerful enough to destroy. At about the same time the Shilka was captured, the U.S. began building an armored attack aircraft, the A-10, and the Soviets began developing one, the Sukhoi 25; by the mid-1970s, Divad had become a high-priority project.

Although the Army had faced up to the electronic limitations of SAMs, it seemed to deny that there was any limit to what engineers could do with a gun. "Divad started out as a reasonably simple system, but pretty soon we were adding every bell and whistle you could think of," says one weapons designer involved in its planning. "Bells and whistles" is Pentagon slang for extravagant frills.

Divad's complexity was provoked by the Army's dream of mounting a technological response to the threat posed by "all-weather" strike fighters. "All-weather" aircraft have radars and electronic sensors that supposedly enable them to attack tanks in the dead of night or through clouds; giving Divad radars and computers supposedly would enable it to fire back under those conditions. "A person may be able to aim a gun during the day, but he can't aim at night or in fog," Lieutenant General Maloney has said. "We need automatic fire-control for those times."

Military history, however, suggests that at night or in fog there will be nothing for Divad to shoot at. Even the U.S. Air Force, with the world's most advanced electronics, seldom flies missions in bad weather, because it is difficult and dangerous to do so even in the absence of enemy fire. Two of Britain's advanced Harrier warplanes crashed in fog off the Falklands without ever being shot at. In Vietnam, the Air Force's cost-no-object, all-weather attack airplane, the F-111, which is crammed with radars and computers, rarely operated in bad weather, and was ineffective when it did. Combat photographs showed that the accuracy, called "circular error probable," or CEP, of the F-111's automated bombing system was three quarters of a mile. That is sufficient to threaten large, stationary targets (rail yards, for example) but not small, constantly moving tanks. When tanks are the target, the "destruct

radius"—the CEP required—of a 500-pound bomb is fifteen feet. "Once in Vietnam I bracketed a T-54 tank on both sides with 500-pounders," the pilot of an F-4 fighter modified for ground attack told me recently. "The guys inside probably didn't hear anything for a week, but they were still able to throw the tank into first and run for the tree line. I didn't get them."

Since Vietnam, all-weather devices have improved, but not to any degree that would threaten tanks. This past July, four F-16s, equipped with state-of-the-art avionics, staged a demonstration of close-quarters bombing at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The aircraft were operating under the ideal conditions of clear weather and no opposing fire; nevertheless, three out of the four planes missed their targets, two by half a mile. At about the same time, a writer in *Aviation Week*, the defense industry's bible, gave an account of his "test ride" on the most elaborate all-weather aircraft ever constructed, the \$40 million F-15E "Strike Eagle" version of the F-15 interceptor. On its best pass, under ideal conditions, the F-15E, bearing nearly every electronic-guidance and sensing mechanism that exists, missed its target by more than a hundred feet—still, by anti-tank standards, a gutter ball. The main Soviet all-weather aircraft, the Fencer, resembles an F-111 and has similar terrain radars. Most defense analysts find it hard to imagine that the Fencer could be any more effective than the F-111, the F-15, or the F-16, given the inferior state of Soviet electronics technology. If they are right, then the primary all-weather threat to U.S. tanks will be gutter balls missing by hundreds, if not thousands, of feet.

The one new electronic system that does pose a threat to Army tanks, many analysts agree, is a night-sight called Flir, for "forward-looking infrared." Flirs allow pilots to see a small slice of ground in front of them almost as if it were day. Flirs are unreliable in high humidity, however; they work best on clear, dry nights. (This is why the Army, which once touted the Flir-equipped AH-64 helicopter as "all-weather," has since changed the craft's billing to "adverse-weather.") Aircraft bearing Flirs can be countered by a simple expedient that avoids costly radars: anti-aircraft guns with Flirs. In a Flir-to-Flir duel, ground gunners would have a distinct advantage. Aircraft flying against the cold, empty background of the sky provide an excellent thermal contrast, sharp and easy to see. Vehicles prowling amid the clutter and retained warmth of the ground, on the other hand, provide only a small thermal contrast; heat "camouflages" them against infrared detection the same way trees and colors camouflage them against visual detection.

EVENTUALLY, DIVAD'S "ALL-WEATHER" RATIONALIZATION lost respect around the Pentagon, but a new, presumed technological threat arose to take its place—missile-firing helicopters. Today, these helicopters are Divad's official reason for being: "A majority of the

targets Divad will engage will be helicopters," Col. Charles Clarke, a Divad project officer, recently told me. "The electronics are being optimized to meet the helicopter threat."

The Army's claim that it needs a \$6.8 million radar cannon to shoot down helicopters strains credulity, because experience has shown that even a \$600 rifle can do the job. The Army's report of the number of helicopters it lost in Vietnam is 4,643; nearly all of them were lost not to SAMs or automated cannons but to rifles and machine guns—weapons that the Viet Cong carried on their backs.

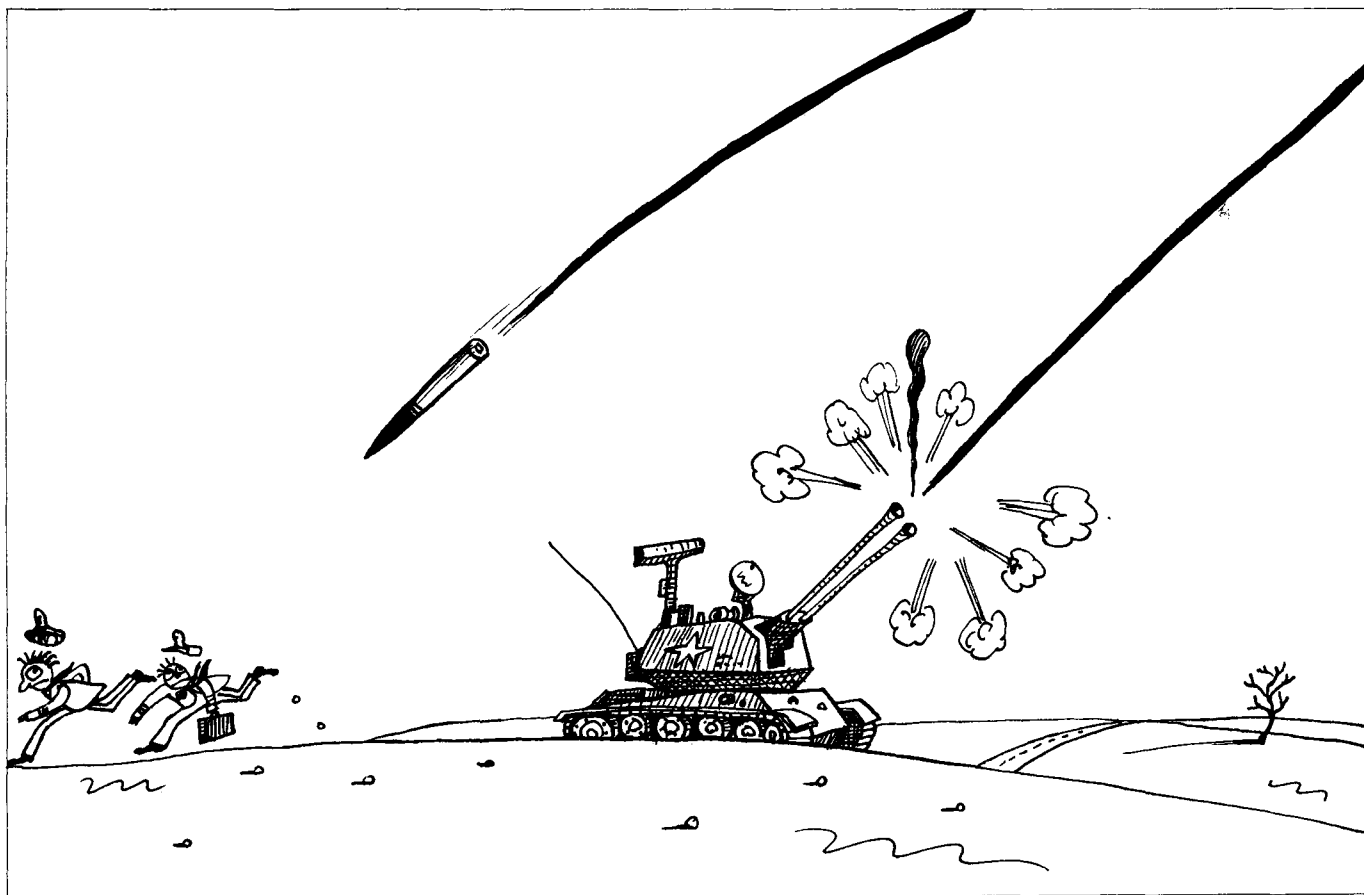
Simple small-arms fire destroyed so many helicopters in Vietnam because helicopters are by nature extremely delicate. Many of their critical parts are exposed, and cannot be armored heavily, because weight in helicopters is at a premium. Helicopters also move slowly, compared with airplanes, and cannot make fast, evasive turns. Given their vulnerability to small-arms fire, they are even more vulnerable to the larger-caliber weapons of a mechanized division.

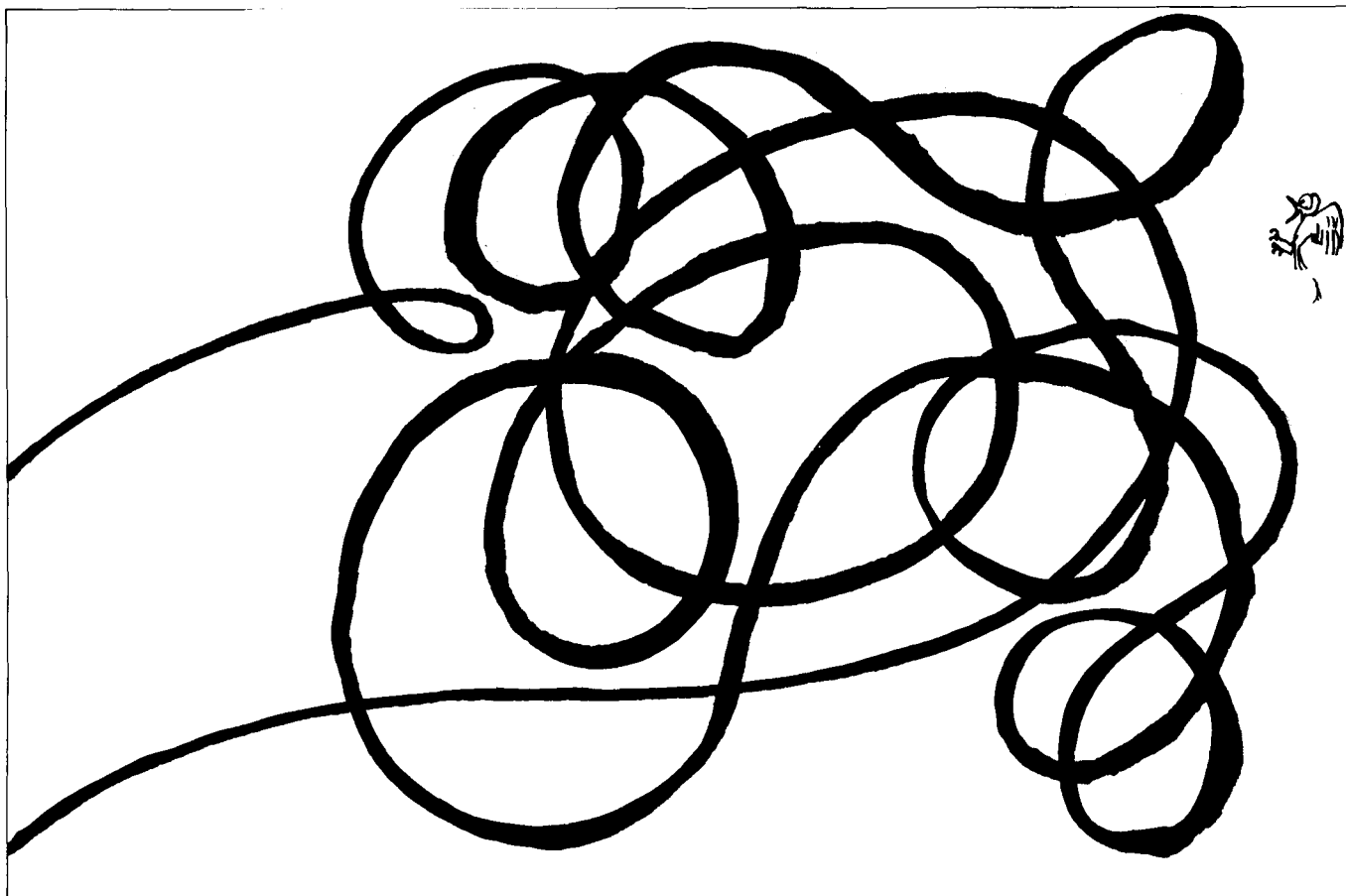
Only on rare occasions during the Vietnam War did U.S. helicopters fly against anything resembling the large-caliber anti-aircraft defenses present in NATO and Warsaw Pact armies. When they did, the results were catastrophic. Operation Lam Son 719, an attempt in 1971 to shut down Laotian supply lines, saw U.S. helicopters pitted against

large-caliber machine guns and light cannons similar to Vulcan. In two months, 107 helicopters were destroyed and 608 damaged, many seriously; the rate of helicopters lost per sortie in Laos jumped to twenty times the rate for helicopters flying over the Viet Cong in South Vietnam, Pentagon figures show.

Great vulnerability is by no means limited to U.S. rotary craft. The Soviet Union has been using its most advanced attack helicopter, the Hind-D, in Afghanistan; a number of them have been shot down by Afghan rebels armed only with machine guns and with tiny, Redeye-like rockets.

The Army maintains, however, that U.S. helicopters have recently become more deadly and more "survivable," because of the addition of electronic weapons, known as "standoff missiles"; therefore, it assumes, Soviet helicopters likewise will be improved. Cobra attack helicopters and the planned AH-64 Apache have anti-tank standoff missiles that, in theory, can be fired from tree-top level three or four kilometers away, outside the range of small-arms fire, and guided to their targets for direct hits. Like all-weather ground scanners, if such weapons worked under realistic conditions, they would pose a grave threat. Many defense analysts doubt that they will work, however. Helicopter gunners must first spot a target with their eyes; even the most electronically advanced helicopters require this. Most tests of helicopter standoff missiles have





been conducted over flat desert terrain, where three- to four-kilometer sight lines are possible. The rolling hills and tall trees of Europe, however, present such steep “look angles” that helicopters would have either to draw close to their targets or to rise high in the sky in order to get a sight line; either way, their standoff advantage would be lost.

When standoff missiles are tested, helicopter gunners usually know the location of their targets in advance. This avoids the greatest problem of air-to-ground combat: figuring out where to shoot. A tank, while looming large to someone standing beside it, is little more than a dot to a helicopter gunnery officer four kilometers away, and often a camouflaged dot at that. Colonel Clarke, who once commanded a Vulcan battery, recalls having ordered his unit to camouflage itself as part of a drill; he then flew over it in a helicopter. “I couldn’t see them at all, even though we were flying right by and not under any kind of duress from ground fire,” he says. “I just couldn’t see them.”

Yet, as Divad’s planning progressed, the Army added more and more bells and whistles designed to counter hypothetical helicopters performing with technological perfection. At work was a self-fulfilling prophecy: having convinced itself that its own missile helicopters were the ultimate threat to Russian tanks, the Army was obliged—especially when requesting funds from Congress—to quake at the prospect of missile-bearing helicopters on the

other side. The Army declared that future helicopters would be able to launch missiles in fifteen seconds. Cannon shells take seven seconds to fly to the maximum standoff range of four kilometers; that would leave eight seconds for Divad to spot a helicopter, slue its turret around, compute, aim, and fire. So the central technological goal of Divad became, according to project participants, “eight seconds.” Obviously an “ultra” system would be required. “Eight seconds was all we ever heard about; it meant we had to push everything right to the outer limits,” a designer of one competitor for the Divad contract says.

“Optimizing” Divad for all-weather and eight-second performance meant that the bulk of the program’s efforts—and expense—would be focused on threats that were marginal if not imaginary. Some of the problems posed were almost comical. It was found, for instance, that radar could track a fast-moving helicopter high in the sky much more easily than it could a hovering helicopter low to the ground. (Radar waves traveling near the ground bounce off trees, rocks, and other “clutter” to create distortion similar to the distortion that spoils FM radio transmission.) Maj. William Gardepe, a Divad project officer, explained how electronics engineers had labored to overcome this obstacle. I suggested that aiming at a stationary helicopter is so easy that almost anyone can do it—without technological breakthroughs. He gave me a hurt look and said, “But that was the *technical challenge*.”

IN 1977, AFTER LOOKING OVER PROPOSALS FOR ELECTRONIC guns from Ford, General Dynamics, General Electric, Raytheon, and Sperry-Rand, the Army awarded development funds to Ford and to General Dynamics. Each was to build a complete Divad prototype, and a "shootoff" would determine the winner of the production contract. In the spring of 1980, the shootoff, officially called DT/OT II, began. Quickly it became clear that abstract "technical challenges" had driven out real, proven threats as concerns of Divad planners; neither weapon, it seemed, would be particularly effective against regular airplanes dropping dumb bombs on sunny days.

Through the course of DT/OT II, the Divad contenders shot down two F-86 fighters, five Huey helicopters, and twenty-one small-scale drones. Both outperformed Shilka. But the Army never tested them in the one critical area where Shilka had failed: neither gun shot against a maneuvering target. The F-86s were hit while flying straight, predictable courses several hundred feet above the ground. The helicopters were hit while flying lazy, level courses or hovering. According to Major Gardepe, the sharpest evasive maneuver any target flew against Divad during the shootoff was a turn at two Gs—that is, a turn generating twice the force of gravity. By aircraft standards, this is quite modest. Even an average-sized sedan can generate seven tenths of a G in turns on freeway ramps.

Divad was shooting, in the words of a retired Air Force colonel and fighter pilot, against "extremely cooperative targets." He explains: "During wartime, attack pilots will be in constant turning flight, jinking [making unpredictable wriggles] and changing altitude." A pilot of the A-10 attack plane says he has flown seven-G turns just 100 feet above the ground, and could use three-to-five-G maneuvers during an attack run. "There's no way I'd fly straight and level over tanks, and neither will anybody else," he says.

For its part, the Army says it has determined that attack planes cannot use high-G maneuvers during attack runs, and therefore has dismissed the problem from consideration. (This same wishful thinking handicaps other anti-aircraft weapons. At Fort Bliss several months ago, I watched Vulcan gunners train. They fired at a drone flying sweeping, graceful figure eights hundreds of feet high, a target unlike any they would ever encounter in wartime. Nearby, gunners were practicing with the Chaparral SAM and an improved hand-held SAM called Stinger. They fired at drones tracing a gradual arcing course, every drone flying the same course through the same patch of sky.)

At any rate, there was no point in testing Divad against maneuvering targets, the Army says, because the Army already knows that Divad can't hit them. "Of course it will miss if the target jinks," Lieutenant General Maloney says. "No computer can handle a jinking target." This is a function not of the quality of technology but rather of tech-

nology's limits. Radar and computers can with great accuracy determine where an aircraft is; they cannot determine where it's going. For any gun to hit a moving target, it must fire in advance of the target's path ("lead"), the same way a quarterback must throw to where a receiver is going, rather than to where he is. Divad's electronics track the "history" of an aircraft, assume that the craft will continue on that course, and set the guns in advance. If the aircraft keeps flying straight, its destruction is likely. If it makes an unpredictable jink, Divad will miss.

Planning Divad, the Army bypassed a vastly cheaper system that *can* outwit maneuvering aircraft: the human eye. "The eye is much better at anti-aircraft gunnery than any automatic system," says a Pentagon analyst who has helped design several current U.S. weapons systems. All of the low-flying aircraft destroyed by ground guns in World War II were victims of visual aiming, and most attack planes of the time could make turns in excess of two Gs. The five British Harriers shot down over the Falklands (three others were lost to accidents) were hit by extremely simple, visually aimed cannons. Most revealing, though, are statistics from the Vietnam War. According to the Defense Department, 91 percent of the modern, high-performance U.S. jets lost over North Vietnam were shot down by guns, most of which were visually aimed; 5 percent were hit by SAM missiles, and 4 percent by other fighter aircraft. Practically all the jets lost over South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia were hit by visually aimed guns. All of the helicopters lost in Southeast Asia were hit by either guns or bazooka-like rockets with visual sights. Viet Cong and North Vietnamese gunners were assisted, when assisted at all, by a simple "range only" radar that told approximate distance to targets but did not track aircraft or aim guns.

It may seem preposterous that the eye can be more effective than advanced electronics. But the eye, in this case, is better informed. Radar "sees" an aircraft only as a blip, a circular point without features. When a radar-computer system tries to guess where an aircraft is going to "lead" its gun, the system can rule out only destinations that are ballistically impossible (for example, an airplane traveling north cannot instantaneously travel south). Given that an aircraft such as the A-10 can turn 20 degrees through three dimensions and move 500 feet in a single second, from any given point an aircraft has thousands of possible destinations, reducing the computer's chance of a correct guess to near zero.

Eyes, on the other hand, see not a featureless blip but a complete flying machine. Low-level aircraft are close enough to allow gunners to observe the angle of their wings, the attitude of their flaps, and so on. From these clues, an experienced gunner can narrow down an aircraft's path to a few possibilities, instead of thousands. If a gunner sees a banking airplane's far wing roll up, for instance, he knows it is coming toward him—something a computer would not know.

Army officers outside the procurement hierarchy concede these difficulties in private, and say that in actual combat, Divad's radars and computers will probably be turned off. Even Lieutenant General Maloney agrees that "under some conditions" Divad gunners would find visual aiming more effective than electronic aiming. He reiterated that visual aiming would work during the day but not at night or in bad weather. It remains to be seen how, if Divad's electronics aren't accurate during the day, they will become accurate at night.

FOLLOWING THE DT/OT II SHOOTOFF, FORD HAD a problem. Although neither Divad contender had performed particularly well considering the extreme expense involved, Ford's gun did far worse than its competitor's, according to informed sources. The precise results of the test are classified, but I have seen them and can say that Ford's Divad prototype destroyed fewer than half as many targets as the General Dynamics gun; the longest range of a direct hit by the Ford prototype was a little more than half the longest range of a direct hit by the General Dynamics prototype; the Ford gun *never* achieved a direct hit on an airplane drone; it was able to hit only helicopters, the easier target.

Apparently, Ford had anticipated this complication and had prepared for it. On Ford's team were four recently retired three-star Army generals who had many friends in the Pentagon: Lt. Gens. Eugene D'Ambrosio, Robert Baer, Howard Cooksey, and C. J. LeVan. Both D'Ambrosio, who retired from the Army in May of 1980, and Baer, who retired in June of 1980, had been deputy commanders of DARCOM, the Army's weapons-procurement branch. D'Ambrosio was now chairman of the board of Day & Zimmermann, a Ford-Divad subcontractor, and Baer was vice president of XMCO, a consulting firm under contract to Ford. Cooksey, a consultant under contract to Ford, had been, before his retirement, in December of 1977, deputy chief of staff for research, development, and acquisition, the Army's most influential high-technology post. LeVan works for a defense consulting firm called R & D Associates, which is, in turn, under contract to Ford Aerospace. His last assignment before his retirement, in June of 1978, was as director of plans and policy for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Before that, he had been commander of the Air Defense Center. It was under LeVan's direction that the "eight-second" requirement and others for Divad were written. According to Pentagon sources, LeVan is one of the best-connected retired officers in Washington, and was tireless in working his contacts on Ford's behalf. LeVan, however, denies performing any "marketing" tasks, saying he only gave technical advice to Ford.

While it may seem that the results of a full-scale shootoff using live ammunition and flying targets would be conclusive, beyond the power of even generals to alter, in the modern Pentagon nothing is final until submitted to a com-

puter. So when the results of DT/OT II were transferred to the Army's Ballistics Research Laboratory for computer interpretation, Ford's hopes were revived.

Soon, mysterious things began to happen. The BRL ruled that explosions of proximity-fused rounds—"flak shells" that go off in the general vicinity of the target—would be treated as direct hits, even though some had missed by as much as forty-five feet. Next, proximity explosions were classified as ensuring "kills" of their targets, though it is believed that armored aircraft such as the U.S. A-10 and the Soviet Sukhoi 25 would not be destroyed by far-off flak. Finally, all proximity-shell firings by the General Dynamics gun were disqualified, on the grounds that General Dynamics had not used a regulation fuse.

Exaggerating the effectiveness of proximity-fused rounds and then disqualifying all such rounds fired by the General Dynamics contender left Ford as sole beneficiary of the BRL's "interpretations." Thus, by the time the BRL's computer "lethality model" was sent back to the Pentagon, the results of the shootoff looked approximately even.

The BRL report put Ford back in the running, but the company remained in a weak position. Its gun fired 40mm shells, while the General Dynamics gun used 35mm ammunition. This seemingly trivial difference had caused Ford great heartache from the beginning of the Divad program. Divad, intended primarily to fight Soviet armies along the NATO Central Front separating East and West Germany, was supposed to be "NATO-interoperable." That meant using the ammunition that NATO guns use, and the dominant anti-aircraft NATO caliber is 35mm. To choose Ford, the Army would have to violate its own principle of cooperation.

That this dilemma existed at all is evidence of pressure from contractors and of the Army's weak response. In 1977, the Army told Congress that it wanted to guarantee NATO interoperability by specifying 35mm guns on all Divad contenders. Immediately the lobbying began. Ford had a marketing agreement with the Swedish firm Bofors, a maker of 40mm but not 35mm cannons; while Ford could have switched to a 35mm weapon for Divad, the potential profits from a 40mm weapon were higher. Likewise, General Electric, which manufactures 30mm cannons, stood to make more money if it was not required to switch. Soon the Army was in retreat. Department of Defense lawyers, the Army pleaded to Congress, had advised that specifying the caliber of Divad's gun would be "anti-competitive" and could lead to lawsuits—"the most ludicrous excuse I've ever heard," a high-ranking Pentagon official has told me. When the final Divad requirements were issued, they called for a gun "in the 30mm to 40mm range."

Even as the results of the shoot-off were being transformed by computer analysis, the requirements for interoperability with NATO were also changing. According to a knowledgeable informant, when the Army's Source Selection Evaluation Board convened to choose between Ford and General Dynamics, it was told by Divad project offi-

cers that Ford's gun would be much more interoperable, because the NATO countries had approximately 1,500 40mm weapons like Ford's, but only 300-and-some 35mm weapons like those of General Dynamics.

These figures must have struck any informed Army officer as peculiar. West Germany, for instance, had just completed a conversion to 35mm weapons—a conversion that was the subject of considerable publicity and debate within the military community—and was widely known to have more than 300 35mm weapons in its inventory. The board was told that West Germany had 624 40mm weapons but only 200 of the 35mm variety. The true figures, according to West Germany's Armament Sector for Defense Materiel, were 180 40mm weapons and 432 35mm weapons.

West Germany, it turns out, is not the only country converting to 35mm anti-aircraft weapons; the trend is widespread throughout NATO. Yet the selection board failed to take trends into account, and considered only the 1980 figures (and even those weren't correct). By 1985, there will be almost twice as many 35mm weapons in NATO as 40mm weapons, according to informed Pentagon and arms-community sources—figures very different from what the selection board assumed. Already in 1982, no NATO country uses 40mm anti-aircraft weapons along the Central Front. One month after the 40mm Divad was chosen, necessitating a new set of NATO supply lines, Deputy Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci issued a memorandum to all service chiefs calling for "armaments cooperation with our NATO allies," and especially for "interoperability and standardization so we can better fight as an alliance."

MANY ARMY OFFICIALS MUST HAVE KNOWN, OF course, that the BRL report was faulty and that the NATO statistics were fudged; the true NATO statistics should not have been too difficult for military officers to obtain. So why did the Army go to such lengths to turn the case in Ford's favor?

A powerful force seems to have intervened. As the date for the selection board's meeting neared, in the early months of 1981, Ford Motors issued its 1980 annual report, declaring a \$1.5 billion loss—the largest corporate loss in U.S. history. Some Pentagon officials believe that, around this time, Ford approached the White House and asked for financial aid. President Ronald Reagan, however, had campaigned against the Chrysler bailout and bailouts in general, so Ford presumably would have been told that direct aid was out of the question. The White House seems to have agreed, instead, to help Ford indirectly: publicly, it would work to advance Ford's request that Japanese auto manufacturers accept voluntary import quotas; privately, it would ensure that Ford would receive a share of Reagan's huge increases in military spending—a kind of defense build-up bailout. The Pentagon officials surmise that the White House, without specifically naming any project,

communicated to Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger its desire that he look favorably on Ford's defense-contract applications. In the winter of 1981, Ford, whose defense business is relatively small, was in the running for just one major contract: Divad. Army procurement officials were anxious to please the new White House (and not offend a new President, who offered them seemingly unlimited budget increases), but they were also worried, with some justification, about losing a supplier if Ford went bankrupt. In May of 1981, Ford's Divad was chosen over the General Dynamics rival.

According to industry sources, General Dynamics was stunned. General Dynamics has a well-organized lobbying network, and under normal circumstances it would surely have created a scene in Congress. But, as it happened, early 1981 was an awkward time. The General Dynamics Electric Boat subsidiary was deep in an acrimonious debate with Adm. Hyman Rickover about who would take the blame for severe cost overruns in the Trident submarine program. Stories critical of the General Dynamics shipyards were appearing in newspapers all over the country; John Lehman, the secretary of the Navy, announced that he would have future submarines built overseas, if necessary, to escape from Electric Boat's clutches. Meanwhile, General Dynamics was negotiating to buy the Chrysler subsidiary that builds the M-1 tank, a lucrative project offering one of the steadiest profit flows in the defense industry. (Chrysler was forced to sell; it needed cash.) Strictly speaking, the M-1 plant was not a Chrysler possession; it was a "GOCO" facility (government-owned, contractor-operated), and could not be transferred without the government's permission. If General Dynamics had embarrassed the Army over its Divad decision, permission might not have been granted.

Thus, Pentagon sources say, General Dynamics seems to have been presented with the following terms: take a fall on Divad in return for relief on Electric Boat's cost overruns and clearance to buy the M-1 plant. As it turned out, by the autumn of 1981, Electric Boat had disappeared from the nation's newspapers, the Navy's claims had been forgotten, and a further Trident contract had been awarded. Early in 1982, General Dynamics bought the M-1 plant. Its Divad prototype was wheeled into a warehouse.

FORD WAS NOT QUITE HOME FREE. IN MAY OF 1981, it was chosen as the "source" for Divad, but it did not receive a production contract. Instead Ford was given \$159 million and one year in which to correct the twenty-nine "deficiencies" and twelve "shortcomings" that the Army found in its prototype. Then a final production decision would be made.

To judge from Ford's source contract, the company faced a formidable amount of work. Divad was three tons overweight; 92 percent of its magazine space did not function, so that only a small number of its rounds could actually be

fired; its radar often went haywire when tracking tree-top-level helicopters, the very threat Divad had been "optimized" to face; and the computer-monitoring bites had failed to meet even the highly lenient specification of 40 percent reliability. In sum, the contract requested that "accuracy shall be improved."

Ford quickly moved to consolidate its position. It hired Col. James Crosby, who had been director of the DT/OT tests; he had retired from the Army just after the Ford "source" award was made. Then Westinghouse, the Divad radar supplier and Ford's largest subcontractor, hired Col. Gary Mahan, a top Fort Bliss official, who had also retired immediately after the source award. Fortune smiled on Ford in September of 1981, when Reagan nominated James

Ambrose to be undersecretary of the Army. Ambrose's last job had been vice president for technical affairs at Ford Aerospace, where he oversaw development of the Divad project.

Late in 1981, Ford's gun was subjected to a "check test" that was supposed to show that its deficiencies and shortcomings had been corrected. The Army will say only that it was satisfied with the check test; the details have not been released to the public. On February 4, 1982, a number of U.S. and British officers assembled at Fort Bliss for a demonstration of the no-longer-deficient Divad. The target was a drone Huey helicopter, which would hover, motionless. Divad's electronic brain was switched on. According to one of those present, the gun immediately swung at full speed away from the target and toward the reviewing stand, where the officers were sitting. Brass flashed as the officers dove for cover. Then the gun slammed to a stop, but only because an interlock had been installed the night before to prevent it from pointing directly at the stands. For a while, technicians combed over the machine. Then the Huey drone rose again, and Divad was again switched on. This time it pointed in the direction of the target but began blasting away at the ground just 300 yards out. For the rest of the day, Divad would do nothing but fire into the tumbleweeds. The Huey floated peacefully.

Robert Lyons, Ford's program manager for Divad, attributes the gun's behavior that day to water. He explained recently that because the demonstration was for VIPs, Divad was taken to the motor pool the previous evening and washed down, and its electronics were fouled. "Washing it was sheer stupidity," Lyons said. "The next day, after it dried out, it did fine." I asked him whether it ever rains in Europe, and he changed the subject.

In May, the Defense Systems Acquisition Review Council (DSARC), the board that makes final production decisions, met to consider Divad. The highest-ranking Army official present was James Ambrose. Several officials representing various Pentagon agencies gave stern critiques of Divad and recommended that it be canceled. "Normally the DSARC is a rubber stamp, but this one was bloody," a Pentagon source says; "it was the bloodiest one in years." Ambrose is said to have lost control of his temper and to have risen twice to walk out of the room, declaring that he would not listen to any criticism of his project. "If I'd known you people were going to talk this way, I wouldn't have come," Ambrose is reported to have said. (One purpose of a DSARC meeting is to hear objections.) After the meeting, Undersecretary of Defense Richard DeLauer recommended that Divad production be approved. On May 27, Frank Carlucci awarded the contract to Ford.

The contract calls for fifty Divads at \$6.3 million each, and an option for 226 more; inflation is expected to bring the full price to \$6.8 million. That is only the "target" price. The contract provides for a 25 percent cost overrun with a concurrent incremental increase in Ford's profit,



LOYAL

They gave him an overdose
of anesthetic, and its fog
shut down his heart in seconds.
I tried to hold him, but he was
somewhere else. For so much of love
one of the principals is missing,
it's no wonder we confuse love
with longing. Oh I was thick
with both. I wanted my dog
to live forever and while I was
working on impossibilities
I wanted to live forever, too.
I wanted company and to be alone.
I wanted to know how they trash
a stiff ninety-five-pound dog
and I paid them to do it
and not tell me. What else?
I wanted a letter of apology
delivered by decrepit hand,
by someone shattered for each time
I'd had to eat pure pain. I wanted
to weep, not "like a baby,"
in gulps and breath-stitching
howls, but steadily, like an adult,
according to the fiction
that there is work to be done.
And almost inconsolably.

—William Matthews

which could escalate Divad's price to \$8.5 million each. Further overruns are permitted, but beyond 25 percent, Ford will not be paid any extra profit—"a real incentive to stop the overruns there," Lyons told me. The Army plans to buy 618 Divads; after the first group is built, the price will be renegotiated upward.

Included in the price is ammunition—all Divad will ever need, even in the event of war, the Army says. According to Ford, 24 percent of the Divad purchase price is for ammunition. The "target" price for each proximity-fused round is \$275, so the Army will be buying about 6,000 rounds per vehicle. Since Divad holds 502 rounds, that will be enough to load it twelve times. Either the Army has devised a war plan in which its guns are never fired or Divad's true cost is being systematically disguised until the program is so far along that Congress considers it too late to change anything.

In fact, the Army has devised a plan in which Divad is never fired, at least for training. Because of the expense of the ammunition, the Army plans to hold live firings to a bare minimum and train soldiers on simulators instead. For the Army, this will have the welcome effect of preventing any further graphic demonstrations of Divad's ineffectiveness, since the gun will rarely be called on actually to knock something out of the sky. But if there should be a sudden war, Divad gunners will go into battle never having fired their weapons.

Divad's \$275 ammunition price compares with a price of \$20 each for the 30mm rounds for the cannon on the A-10 airplane. Rounds for the A-10 are about one third the weight of the Divad rounds, but in other respects they are quite similar. There is a considerable difference, though, in the way they are made.

Divad's ammunition work was awarded on a sole-source basis through Ford to Day & Zimmermann, which operates a GOCO arsenal. Both contractors are being paid cost plus profits, and so have little incentive to hold prices down. At the arsenal, Divad's rounds will be assembled according to complex "process" specifications that dictate the details of nearly every manufacturing step, drastically reducing efficiency. In contrast, the A-10's rounds are made by two companies, Honeywell and Aerojet General, which bid against each other for every lot ordered. The low bidder gets the bulk of the order and enjoys the bulk of the profits, but the high bidder gets a portion so that it can stay in the A-10 ammunition business and continue to provide competition. At their plants, Honeywell and Aerojet General assemble A-10 rounds according to simple "performance" standards; so long as the rounds work, the buyer doesn't care how they're made. This leaves the contractors free to innovate and find more efficient production methods.

The Army has recently acquired control of the A-10 rounds program from the Air Force, and is taking steps to convert it to operation along Divad lines. The Army's official reason is that it wants to standardize production.

ONE REASON DISTORTED PROJECTS CAN EMERGE from a system whose individual members are intelligent and generally well-intentioned is the bureaucratic structure of the Pentagon itself. Multiple independent commands, which compete for attention and budget money, are encouraged to see themselves as the center of all things and their responsibilities to the larger scheme as a hindrance. For example, an original reason for a new anti-aircraft gun was that cannons, unlike missiles, are useful in ground combat as well as against aircraft. Divad, armed with the proper round, could destroy Soviet tanks. Indeed, many military scientists consider an anti-aircraft gun better than a tank in some situations, because it does not need to be aimed precisely and can spray an entire enemy position. Divad, when conceived, was planned for this "dual role." Since then, the Air Defense Command hierarchy has agitated to have Divad preserved solely for anti-aircraft use. "We wouldn't want to risk this asset" by having it fire at ground targets, Lieutenant General Maloney says.

In like fashion, Air Defense gets little help in solving its problems from other branches of the Army. One of the Army's major new projects is the M-2 Bradley "fighting vehicle," a mini-tank whose armament, a rapid-fire 25mm cannon, would be effective against aircraft. But the Bradley was designed so that its cannon could be elevated only 20 degrees, making it impossible to aim at the sky; anti-aircraft, the designers said, is somebody else's job. Adding elevation to the Bradley gun, a no-cost, no-problem proposition, was accomplished only on direct orders from the office of the secretary of defense.

The compartmentalization of the Pentagon leads to other crossed purposes. For instance, while Divad's radar may suit the Air Defense Command's fascination with "ultra" technology, it makes Divad a dangerous liability from the point of view of field commanders, who are scarcely consulted in the planning of new equipment. Radars broadcast a powerful signal that is easily sensed by cheap, simple radar detectors. Any Divad with its radars on would immediately reveal the division's location, inviting attack by enemy troops. Equally chilling, radar shines as a beacon to radar-homing weapons. Precision-guided "smart" missiles vary greatly in effectiveness, but one that works with diabolical efficiency is the ARM ("anti-radiation missile"), which locks onto the source of radar emissions. The Israelis recently used ARMs to wipe out Syrian anti-aircraft missiles during the Lebanon war. The missiles have radar control similar to Divad's.

For this reason, field commanders not only may recommend that Divad's radars be switched off; they may insist on it—assuming, of course, that the radars are working in the first place. In five years of service on the F-16 fighter, the radar Divad uses has compiled a "mean time between failure" of thirty-four hours. On Divad, the radar will be lucky to match this modest figure. As Divad bumps around in the mud and smoke, it will expose its delicate radars to

stresses aircraft radars never encounter. "The Army environment is the toughest environment there is for electronics, much tougher than the air," says Donald Srull, a scientist who works for the Pentagon's quasi-federal Logistics Management Institute.

Divad is laid out in "black box" fashion, so that when an electronic component fails (assuming the 40-percent-efficient bites can pinpoint the right part), the entire "box" of circuits can be removed and replaced by unskilled mechanics. But as a result, Divad will require an exceptionally long "tail" of spare parts following it everywhere it goes (including spare parts for its air-conditioners), and keeping up with the demand for parts will be costly and complicated. That problem is no concern of Divad's designers, however; another department will have to deal with it.

IN TACIT RECOGNITION OF DIVAD'S STATE, THE ARMY has already solicited proposals for a new anti-aircraft cannon, which is known around the Pentagon as "Little Divad" but whose official name is Lads (for "light air-defense"). Lads will be a smaller, simpler system than Divad, probably towed behind a truck like an artillery piece. Pentagon sources believe that Ford has the inside track on Lads. Unfortunately, they say, Ford's proposal repeats most of Divad's flaws. The existence of the Lads program, however, could be converted into an opportunity to provide the Army with a realistic, affordable anti-aircraft weapon. First, the Divad program might be canceled or at least terminated at the end of the fifty-unit contract already signed. Then Lads could be designed to combine inexpensive shells with simple visual aiming aids.

General Dynamics is working on a prototype of a 35mm anti-aircraft gun on an armored chassis much smaller and lighter than Divad's. Instead of radars, the gun would

have a laser range-finder (lasers of this type are relatively inexpensive) and a Flir for operation on clear nights. According to industry sources, the company is preparing this weapon solely for the export market, because it assumes that the U.S. Army is no longer interested in anything short of "ultra" technology. It should, however, be well worth congressional scrutiny.

General Electric's long-discarded Divad proposal is also worth a second look. The company's 30mm cannon (which is built for the A-10 aircraft) was disqualified because its rounds are ineffective at four kilometers. But at shorter distances, they would be more than adequate.

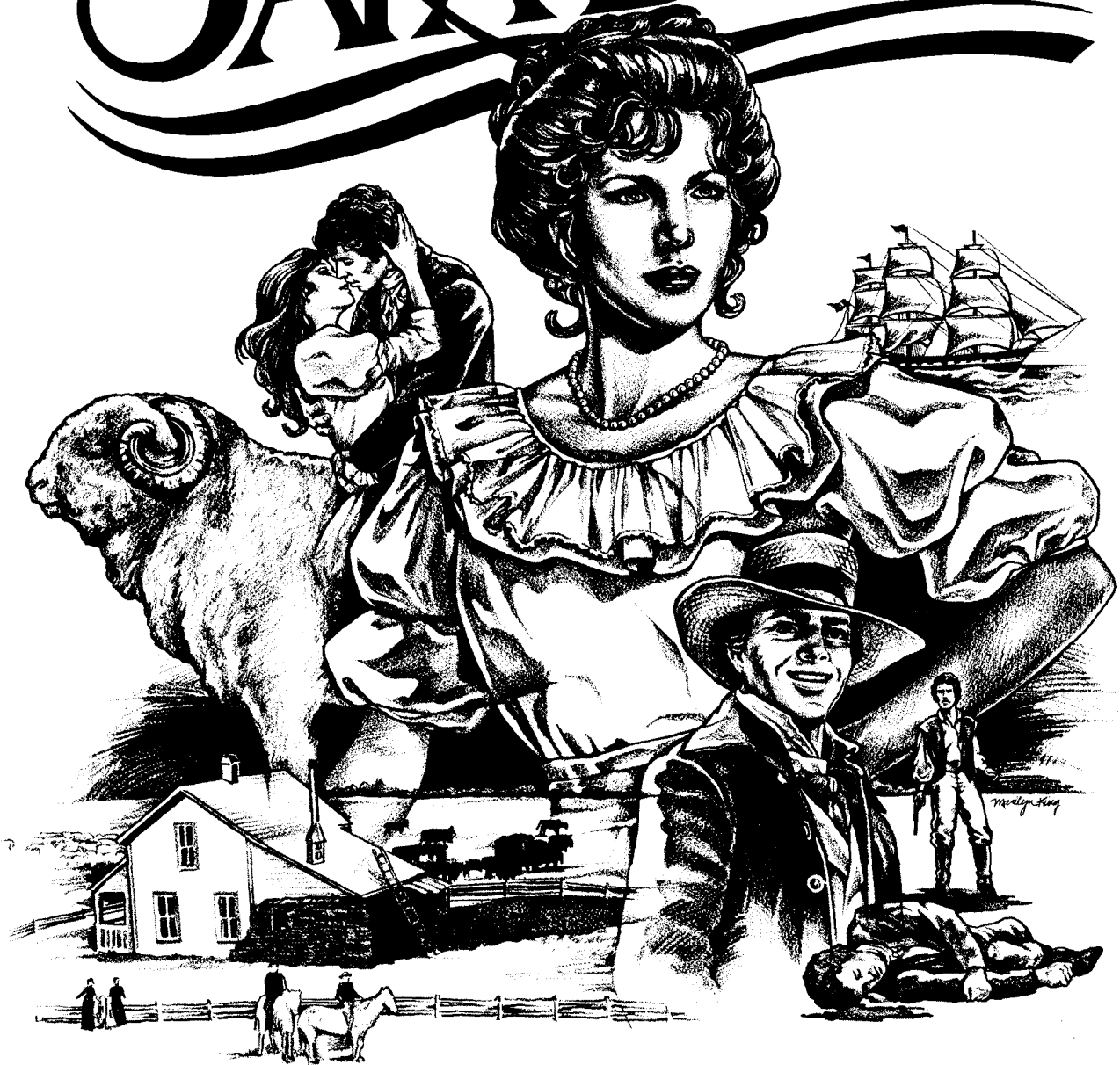
General Electric's gun, even with radars and computers, was by far the cheapest Divad contender, priced at about \$1.1 million in 1977. With a laser-and-Flir set instead of electronic fire-controls, it should cost about the same today. The 30mm cannon, meanwhile, though not NATO-interoperable, offers an extremely high rate of fire with the cheap \$20 shell. In one minute, it can fire seven times as many shells as Divad, for half the price.

A cheaper, simpler gun would allow the Army to cut defense spending while building a larger number of weapons—enough to have some impact on a future war, or, so much more important, to help prevent one. Buying just 618 Divads translates into only one new gun per tank column—hardly enough to deter a potential enemy.

If the Divad program is allowed to continue its present course, even that one gun may be absent from the field. Because of the extraordinary price and delicacy of the Divad "asset," the latest tactical plans, according to Pentagon sources, call for tanks to "secure" a battle area first and then call up Divad from behind. After \$5 billion is spent, contractors and bureaucrats will be happy, but the Army will be right back where it started—without an air defense for soldiers dying in battle. □



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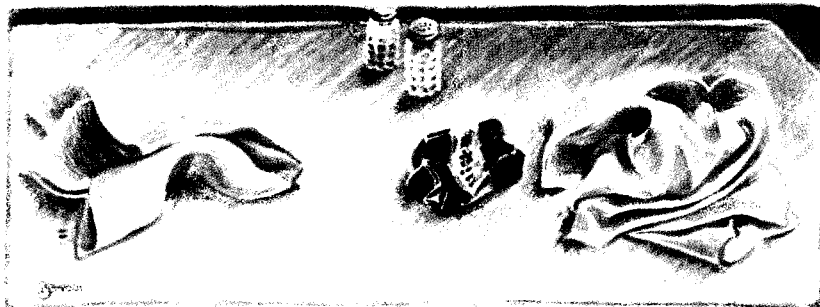
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SuperStationWTBS



MONDAY NIGHTS

A SHORT STORY

BY JANE MANKIEWICZ

KATE MET PHILIP EARLY ONE EVENING IN THE WINTER of 1975, on a train going from Princeton to New York. She was sad and wanted to sit alone, but the train was too crowded, and when she sat down next to him all she thought was, Please let this guy keep reading and not talk to me.

Kate had gone to Princeton to visit her grandmother. She and Kate had the same birthday; Kate was twenty-two and her grandmother eighty. Kate loved her very much, and this weekend was the first time Kate saw serious signs of old age. Her grandmother seemed terribly weak, and more than a few times forgot what she was saying before the end of a sentence. Kate worried about her living alone, and didn't know how much to tell her mother, who was living in Arizona and happy for the first time in years. She was coming east for a visit in the spring, but before that she was going to Cuba, and Kate didn't want to spoil the trip.

The only place Kate ever really stopped thinking was in the movies, and she was planning to go directly from Penn Station to whatever movie started soonest.

A few minutes into the ride she began to relax a little. She would be in the movies soon, and later there would probably be a decent movie on television, and she didn't have to go to work the next day—Washington's Birthday. As the train slowed for the first stop, Kate took off her jacket, lit a cigarette, and wrote "Orange Juice" and "Phone Bill" on her hand. She realized that the man sitting next to her was saying something. She looked at him.

"Paper would be even better," he said. He was big, with fairly long, straight, thick gray hair, an enormous moustache, and bright green eyes rimmed with navy blue. The only time Kate had seen eyes anything like them was in children's drawings.

"It's a habit," she said. "I've done it since first grade."

"When was that? I mean how old are you?"

When she told him, he told her that he had a son her age, and one a couple of years older.

"Two kids?" Kate said.

"Five. I had to lend my oldest daughter my car for her driver's test tomorrow—usually I drive in. But she said her mother's car has bad karma and she'd never be able to parallel park in it."

Kate thought of her father—he lived on Long Island with his new family and she never saw him. He had been a good driving teacher, though. He'd say, "I trust you, Baby," and read the *Times* or the *Racing Form*. Kate made the mistake of telling her mother and from then on the driving lessons were given by her, hands gripping the dashboard, foot pushing a non-existent brake, with frequent "Oh, my God!"s. Kate made a lot of jokes about her father, and often told people he was dead, but she missed him—she had always missed him.

The man was talking again. "Have I lost you? My name is Philip Davison."

"No. Why do you come to the city so often?"

"I teach at Princeton," Philip said, "but this year I'm teaching two seminars at Columbia. So I come in Sundays and go home Tuesday night. You?"

"I pretty much stay in the city all the time," Kate said.

"I work in a drug-counseling center, for kids."

"Tell them where to get good stuff, right?"

"Right," Kate said. She didn't want to talk about her job. She wanted to hear about his family. She asked the age of each of his kids—the youngest was a seven-year-old girl, Katherine.

"Is she called Kate? That's my name."

"She's called Katherine and she looks a lot like you. Is your real name Katherine?" He looked bored.

"No. Kate. Why?"

"My wife's name is Katherine too. She's called Kath. She's five years younger than I am."

Jane Mankiewicz is a writer who lives in New York City.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-eight. I usually don't like answering ten thousand questions, but I guess on trains I don't mind so much."

"Good," Kate said. "What do you teach?" (Art history.) "Where do you stay in New York?"

"I've got a small place on 86th Street, just off Amsterdam. I've been doing this since September and so far the only furniture I've got is a coffee-maker and a clock."

"A clock-radio or just a clock?"

"Radio," Philip said. "Jesus."

"I live two blocks away from you. Down," Kate said. Maybe she would get to be friends with the whole family, go there for Christmas, use his car to get her driver's license renewed, maybe move in and commute. He was talking again.

"What?"

"I said"—he was enunciating very carefully and had his hands cupped around his mouth—"I said, would you like to have dinner with me? You could continue this interrogation for an hour or so, make some notes. Maybe let me ask *you* a few hundred questions."

THEY HAD DINNER THAT NIGHT AT THE OYSTER BAR and met in restaurants every Monday night for almost two years, except for a few times when there were problems in Princeton. After dinner they went to a movie, or sometimes a play, or to hear some music. Many nights they drove around the city for an hour or so in his small blue car. Philip drove fast, they played the radio loud, and Kate loved it. They covered a lot at dinner, enough so that even Kate was happy just to be quiet and watch the city flash by.

Philip parked his car in a garage between their two buildings. He always walked her home, but he would never come in. He would wait while she unlocked the lobby door, give a two-fingered salute, and say, "See you."

They talked about almost everything: his family, her family, work, friends, and the things Kate usually covered up with jokes. He said life was too complicated. She said she didn't think it was. Kate planned her weeks around their evenings, but he called her late in the day each Monday to ask if she was busy.

For a while Kate kept on seeing Nick, someone she worked with. They'd been going out for a few months, but now everything about him irritated her. He didn't read anything, and he used every piece of sixties jargon ever invented. Sleeping with him made her lonely; she tried not to mind that she couldn't fall asleep the nights he stayed over. Still, she was surprised and hurt when, two weeks after he and Kate split up, he had a new girlfriend and tried to persuade the Drug Center to hire her. She phoned him sometimes, in the middle of the night, and hung up when he answered, or stayed silent while he said, "Hello? Hello?" in what Kate liked to think was a panicked voice.

She confessed her telephone harassment to her friend Ellen one afternoon at work.

"He always cared about getting his eight hours," Kate said.

"He also cared about *you*," Ellen said.

Kate called Philip's house when she knew he wasn't there, asking for whatever child she knew was away from home. She thought that by hearing the various voices (she wasn't interested in the wife's, she told herself) she'd get some concrete stuff for her Princeton fantasies: perfect father, perfect family with a jumble of happy kids, lots of white. Philip had told her there were two dogs—an old cocker spaniel and a young mutt—but she never heard barking in the background.

"It's great having all those kids, right?" Kate said in the beginning, at O'Neals.

"Yeah. Probably sick, though, the way I think about it. I mean, it's just so reassuring—all those legs and arms."

"THE MAN SLEEPS IN THE CITY PART OF EVERY week," Ellen said one Sunday a year later. She was helping Kate paint her apartment. The two rooms had needed painting since Kate moved in. One Monday, at Aunt Fish, Kate had asked Philip to describe his house, room by room. When he told her there was a screened-in porch with a whitewashed floor and white furniture (Kate was sure he and his wife made love there whenever it was warm enough and all the kids were out), she decided to paint her apartment.

"Do you want to go to bed with him?" Ellen said.

"Irrelevant. He's a complete family man."

Kate told Philip all about the Center, from the office politics to the desperate looks in the kids' eyes; about each of her friends; about college in the Midwest and her (now muted) political activism; about the boys she had been involved with.

On their second or third Monday, Philip told her that he hadn't been able to look anyone in the eye until 1964.

He talked to her a lot about painting, about Masaccio and Titian and Poussin, and he brought slides for her to look at. Once she said she wished that they could go somewhere more private, that she could see the slides in better light.

"You can see just fine," Philip said.

Kate liked to hear about Pascin, liked to see the slides, and liked to hear about his suicide.

One night Philip talked for hours about Caravaggio. Kate had never heard of Caravaggio. A whiz kid, Philip said. Employed by the papal court by the time he was twenty. Grew up poor, got rich. Only one problem, aside from the fact that he loved very young boys ("So did the popes," Kate said)—drinking. He picked fights when he was drunk. Then one night he almost killed a man.

"Where?" Kate said.

"In a bar."

"No. I mean, where did he stab him?"

"You want to hear this or not?" Philip said. "You've got to stop reading the *Post*."

Kate smiled, embarrassed. In her fantasies all his children had his green-and-blue eyes.

Philip went on. Caravaggio had plenty of powerful friends, and he was pardoned. Pardoned but warned: It happens again and you're out of here. It happened again. A year later, he killed a man. Stabbed him. ("Probably near the heart, but I don't know," Philip said.)

Caravaggio had nowhere to go. He island-hopped for a while, and did nothing but paint—ferociously. (The painting Philip liked best from those years was one of the Madonna as a prostitute.) Then he went to Naples. Things were okay for a few months, then he started a huge fight with a bunch of thugs. Nobody was killed, but after that they were out to get him. The night his face was slashed, Caravaggio decided he had to go back to Rome, even if he'd be thrown in jail. ("He wanted to get to Rome in, uh, a day," Philip said.) He made it onto a ship, but was arrested and hauled off—mistaken arrest, for once, but by the time he was released the boat had sailed. Everything he owned was on it.

"Jesus. How could he—"

"Just listen," Philip said, leaning forward to light his cigarette with the candle on the table. "When he got out of jail, he had malaria. Dragged himself to a beach, near Grosseto. Sick as hell, desperate, completely alone. He died there."

Then Philip told her that the Pope had issued a pardon a few days before Caravaggio died. He never knew.

Sometimes when Philip went on too long about paintings within paintings, Kate pretended to listen and thought about Caravaggio dying, fighting off mosquitoes on the beach.

Philip drank three or four Cokes at each dinner, and whenever Kate offered him some of her wine he refused. Many of the stories he told her about things that happened in his twenties and thirties ended, "Never would have happened if I'd been sober."

"Were you in love with your wife a long time before you got married?"

"So I'm told. I mean, yes. Order some dessert. This dieting is stupid."

"How much does your wife weigh?"

"Jesus," Philip said. "Let's get out of here—we'll drive to Brooklyn."

ONE SNOWY MONDAY JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS, Philip showed up at the Center. He came into Kate's office.

"What are you doing here?" she said.

Before he could answer, someone barged in with a stack of papers. When she left, Philip said, "God, I love women in jeans."

"That's why you like me, then," Kate said.

"I guess," he said. "So what's going on here—just a lot of shooting and snorting?"

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm a Coke addict. Take a break and come have a drink with me."

"You came all the way downtown for a Coke," Kate said.

"Did you take a cab, or what?"

"You're in serious trouble, kid. There are so many possible questions and you want to know about transportation."

"Are we having dinner tonight?" Kate said. It was disorienting to talk to him in a place without waiters.

"I guess. Sure. Meet me at Marvin Gardens at seven?"

"Why don't I cook us dinner? I can, you know."

"Too much trouble. See you at seven?"

"Okay. Philip, I was wondering—maybe we could drive to Princeton? I'd like to see where you live."

"Much too icy," Philip said. "I'll leave you to your junkies."

The woman who worked in the office next to Kate's came in and said, "Who was that great-looking guy?"

"A friend."

Nick came in and said, "That's really good—parents are starting to come in."

In Marvin Gardens, Philip said, "Is it too much to ask that someone take our order?" two minutes after someone had.

"What's wrong?" Kate said.

"Nothing. What could possibly be wrong?"

"How are things at home?"

"Fine. Eric's got ten thousand kids coming over tonight; it's his birthday."

"Where? I mean, what part of the house?"

"Oh, Kate, I can't take all that stuff tonight."

"Okay. So tell me what's wrong. I usually tell you."

"Nothing. Just that my life is Scotch tape."

"What the hell does that mean? Anyway, your life's great."

"Right. Great."

"Tell me, then," she said.

"It's too complicated. Eat your dinner."

After dinner, they drove toward Long Island on the expressway.

"Not exactly scenic," Kate said. "Are we going to drop in on my father?"

"Very funny. I just want to drive, and I knew this road would be clear."

His children had given him a tape deck for his car on his last birthday. Kate looked through the tapes and put on Carly Simon.

"How about something else?" he said. "That's too sad."

"I don't even like it," Kate said. "But it's what you always play."

"Put on Elvis's *Greatest Hits*, okay?" he said.

They listened to the tape without talking. When it was over, Kate didn't reach for a new one.



"What do you mean, Scotch tape?" she said.

Philip slowed down, then swerved off at an exit marked Little Neck. After he had made the turn, he said, in a furious voice she had never heard before, "Just what would you think if I told you I sleep with every woman I can get my hands on?"

Kate didn't say anything for a few minutes. Then she said, "I'd be very surprised and extremely insulted."

"Insulted?"

"Oh, come on. Letting me think you were the husband of the century."

"You're really a jerk. Don't you know what not making a move on you means? Once I sleep with a woman I treat her like dirt. And about being surprised, just where the hell do you think I am on Sunday nights, and why do you think you're home by eleven every week, and why. . ."

"Who?" Kate said, looking out her window.

"Christ," Philip said. "I knew this was a mistake."

"Well," Kate said, still looking away from him, "you can get your hands on me."

"Katie, it's not what you want and it's not what you need. And if it did happen, which it's not going to, you wouldn't get one answer to any of your goddamned questions."

"It is what I want," she said.

He didn't answer. On the expressway, heading back, there was silence until they got near the city. Philip reached for a tape and started to put it into the machine. Kate knocked it out of his hand.

"You think I'm a bastard, right?" Philip said.

"I'm not ugly," she said.

"I think you're beautiful. And I think you should get more than Monday nights, and lies."

"I'm not beautiful, and I've been getting Monday nights for a long time, and plenty of lies. So I'm used to it."

"I've never told you a lie," he said. Kate thought of Nixon. Philip's voice was halfway back to normal. What had changed, and how could she get him into bed?

It took a week. It was snowing again—hard—and they were the only people eating at Broadway Bay. He talked about his classes. She wondered how many students he'd slept with. In Princeton, too? Where?

Waiting for the check, Kate said, "Please come over for a while."

Philip looked at her, then down at her mostly uneaten chef's salad. "Look, do you want to get a neurotic lover or keep a pretty good friend?"

"Neurotic how?"

"You'd be getting an extremely small slice, and all the things you like about me would change."

"Not necessarily," Kate said. "You probably don't even know most of the things I like about you. Do you love your wife?"

"I don't love anybody," Philip said.

"Bullshit. You love your kids."

"Yeah, but that's easy."

When they left the restaurant, it was snowing so hard and there was so much wind that it looked like the snow was snowing up. Kate said she'd like to walk for a while.

"Is the walking me home part over?" she said.

"No."

Good, Kate thought. Next step is getting him inside. And afterward he *would* still be her friend, would still answer her questions. She would give him all the freedom there was, and he would fall in love with her and stop seeing all the other women. He probably thinks that they all want to marry him, and after all she'd told him, he had to know that Kate wasn't about to marry anyone for a long time.

They made love for hours, with almost no talking. At one point Philip said, "Incredible. But definitely a mistake."

"Not a mistake," Kate said, and thought, Two wasted years.

She was almost asleep when she realized he was out of bed and picking his clothes up from the floor. Her heart was pounding, but this was the time to start showing him there were no strings. She kept her eyes half-closed and watched him get dressed. He had the most graceful body and the most beautiful back she'd ever seen.

As Philip was tiptoeing out of the bedroom, Kate sat up and said, "See you."

She couldn't get to sleep for the rest of the night. At six she got up and went to work, even though the Center opened at nine.

FROM THEN ON, SOMETIMES THEY WENT OUT TO dinner, or driving, but usually they went right to bed. Kate always unplugged the phone when he was with her.

"What if one of your kids calls your apartment?" she asked one night.

"Don't have a phone; only means trouble. I use pay phones—I'm weighted down with dimes."

Philip never stayed the whole night. Kate didn't ask him to, though she thought about how nice it would be to wake up one Tuesday and find him still in bed.

True to his word, Philip stopped answering Kate's questions, and she asked hardly any. Once, when he'd taken a shower at her apartment, Kate told him he smelled great and said, "That peppermint soap lasts a long time."

Philip slammed his fist into his hand and said, "I knew it. You're storing all these things up to use."

"To use? To use for what?"

"I don't know. That's the problem."

After they'd had a particularly good time talking or driving, Philip would get somewhat rough in bed. Kate fought back, and often ended up with bruises, but they weren't serious bruises and were usually gone by the next Monday. Sometimes she was sorry to see them fade.

A few times Philip stopped by Kate's office. Once he told

the receptionist that he had some wonderful hash to unload. Nick overheard and asked Philip how much he was selling it for.

Ellen was against Kate's seeing Philip.

"So you're making no demands—big deal. What's so great about showing someone he doesn't have to give anything?"

"Philip gives," Kate said.

"I'm not talking about sex. The choice in the world isn't just between someone like him and someone like Nick."

"Philip cares," Kate said, "and I know what the choices are."

"What about Wednesdays, not to mention the other five days? And what about being in love with someone who trusts you so much he won't give you his phone number?"

"What *about* the other days?" Kate said. "And he doesn't have a phone."

Philip couldn't stand taking anything from Kate. Before, if she read a book she thought he'd like, she lent it to him. Now he avoided touching anything of hers—except her.

"It's really a terrific book—take it," Kate would say.

"I'll buy it."

He liked most of Kate's records, and as soon as she got home on Mondays she put a stack on the stereo, ready to go. They were usually the same ones—an old Jesse Fuller album Philip loved, Emmy Lou Harris, Willie Nelson, some Dylan, some Beatles. But sometimes she added ones she especially liked, at the top of the stack. One night she lay listening to Jesse Winchester.

"Christ, Katie," Philip said, sitting up. "If you've got something to say, just say it."

"You were dreaming," she said. "Go back to sleep."

"Is that what you listen to all week?"

"Occasionally. He's not bad. Why?"

"Sure. Not bad. 'Third-rate romance . . .'"

"Oh, for God's sake," she said. "I didn't even think . . ."

"You thought," he said, climbing over her and picking his clothes up off the floor.

Kate got out of bed to let him out. The door had to be locked from the inside or with a key, and Philip wouldn't take a key.

THAT MARCH, PHILIP TOOK KATE TO A YOUNG PAINTER's gallery opening. It was very crowded, and neither of them thought much of the paintings, so they left after a few minutes and went out to dinner for the first time on the East Side. There was finally no more snow or ice; they were both in a good mood. The spring break at Columbia was coming up, and Kate had thought she wouldn't see him for a couple of weeks, but Philip told her he'd be coming in—he had work to do in the city. At dinner they told each other lots of not particularly funny jokes.

After dinner they walked up Madison. For a few blocks they had their arms around each other, then Philip pulled his away. "Someone looking at us could come to a very false conclusion," he said.

"That we're in love?"



IF SNAKES WERE BLUE

If snakes were blue it was the kind of day
That would uncoil in a luxurious ease
As each mica-bright scale exposed a flange of gold,
And slowly, slowly, the golden eyes blinked.

It was the kind of day that takes forever—
As though minutes could never, never, be counted—to slide
Among the clouds like pink lily-pads floating
In a crystal liquid pure enough to drink.

And there was no distinction now between
Light and shadow except the mystic and faint
Sense of adaptation of the iris,
As light diminished and the first star shone,

And the last veery, hidden in thickets of alder,
Thought it would break its heart perhaps—or yours.
Let it be yours, then. For such gentle breaking
In that ambiguousness could not be

Less than a blessing, or the kind of promise
We make ourselves in childhood when first dawn
Makes curtains go gold, and all night's dreams flood back
That guaranteed our happiness forever:

And in a way such promise may come true
In spite of all our evil days and ways.
True, few fulfillments—but look! In distance lift peaks
Of glittering white above the wrath-torn land.

—Robert Penn Warren

"No."

A few weeks later, on a Tuesday, Kate listened to a long mid-morning speech from Ellen: Since when did Kate have so little respect for herself? How could she be so critical of other people's living with diminished expectations when she saw Philip when he wanted, where he wanted, and had no part of his real life, or he of hers? The wife's the least of it, Ellen said, and the other women aren't even the point.

Kate stormed out of the office, thinking she would take a walk, come back, and write a note to Ellen apologizing for the things she had said. She means well, she thought, even though she doesn't know what she's talking about.

She walked a block and hailed a taxi. The cab cost a lot, and Kate arrived at Columbia with thirty cents. This is nuts, she thought; he's probably in class. But she found his office and he was in it, talking to a young man with thin, greasy hair. She knocked on the door and Philip looked as if he'd been caught in bed with someone. He asked the man if he could come back in fifteen minutes.

"What's wrong?" Philip said, pulling the cap of a felt-tip pen on and off.

"Nothing. Thought I'd take a look at your office."

"Kate, I'm busy."

Face it, she said to herself. If you've got any power, it's only one kind. "Take off your clothes," she said. "I'd like to see if there's anything besides Monday nights."

"Kate, come on. What's wrong? That kid will be back in fifteen minutes, and besides . . ."

"Fifteen minutes will be enough."

They spent ten minutes on the hard floor, Kate's back hurt for a week, and she felt like a total idiot. To make things worse, she had to ask him for subway money. He gave her a ten-dollar bill. "It's the smallest I've got," he said. "Don't argue." She took a taxi.

Back at the Center, she told Ellen that Philip had asked her to come up to school, and had shown her around, and had introduced her to so many people that she couldn't keep the names straight.

Philip didn't teach any courses in New York during the summer, but he stuck to his schedule. "Things to do," was the only explanation Kate got.

ONE MONDAY IN JULY, KATE AND ELLEN ATE LUNCH in a Japanese restaurant, and by four they were doubled over with stomach pain. They both left work early. Kate wanted to call Philip and tell him not to come over, but she had no way of reaching him.

"I'm sick," she said when he rang her doorbell. "You'd better go. It's food poisoning and I just have to wait it out."

He didn't go. He crushed ice for her to suck, he ran a bath and insisted she'd feel better if she got in it. (She did.) Kate told him she was embarrassed to have anyone around when she threw up, and he spent that time in the living room. In between he came into the bedroom and told her

stories and massaged her back, and rubbed her stomach gently. He went out for a few minutes and came back with ginger ale.

He even drank a Coke from Kate's refrigerator. Usually he'd ask if she had bought them for him, and even though she'd say no he wouldn't believe her and never touched one.

"Never get *anything* for me," he'd say. "And don't rearrange your life because of me, in any way."

Kate never knew what to say to that. She wondered what would happen if she bought Royal Crown Cola.

The morning after she was sick she woke up and Philip was still there.

"It's *Tuesday*," Kate said.

"How do you feel? When you fell asleep I figured you were better."

"I feel okay. Tired."

"Don't go to work," Philip said, looking at the blanket. "I don't have to be anywhere until one."

The following Monday he phoned her at work and said he'd be busy that night—maybe they'd get together next week. Kate stayed at work late, then had dinner with Nick.

"Don't you want to know anything about my life?" Nick said.

"I see you all day; I know about your life."

"My *personal* life. You always had so many questions."

I AM NOT REALLY DOING THIS, KATE SAID TO HERSELF the three or four times she dissolved Seconals in his coffee while he was in the bathroom. But she was, and when she did he stayed all night. The first time, Kate woke up at eight, saw Philip still asleep, and decided she had killed him.

"I can't believe it," he said one morning after she drugged him. "If I were *really* paranoid, I'd say you drugged me."

ONE MONDAY NIGHT, THE NEXT YEAR, PHILIP called Kate and said that it was his youngest daughter's birthday (tenth, Kate knew—she kept track of all their ages) and she'd had her party on Saturday, but all the other kids were home and they were planning a big family dinner for Katherine.

"Okay," Kate said. "Have fun."

"Hold it. I don't think she'd really mind if I wasn't there."

"She would mind," Kate said.

He showed up that night anyway, his arms filled with boxes.

"Here," he said.

"What is this?"

"This is presents. From me. I thought you needed some."

A dress, a book on Poussin, candy, two bright-red papier-mâché horses (Kate hated horses), a silk shirt.

"I don't understand," she said.

"Nothing to understand. I got the clothes right near here, so you can return anything that doesn't fit."

It all fit. Kate returned the clothes the next day. She got a pair of fancy jeans and close to \$450 of credit she never touched.

Later that night, Kate said to him, "Do you think the only place you're worth anything is in bed? Is that it?"

"Is it great sex?" he said.

"The presents scare me. The timing, I mean, it's . . ."

"Don't be so serious. *Is* it?"

"You know it is. All that stinks is the rest."

At a dinner party late that summer, Kate met a fat, pompous man who taught modern European history at Columbia. She asked him if he knew Philip.

"Not personally, but he's certainly brilliant. Have you seen his book on Gericault?"

"Yes," Kate said. "Impressive." She had no idea who Gericault was, and didn't know Philip had published any books.

"Who's Gericault?" she asked him the next Monday.

"French Romantic painter. Quite perverse. Why?"

"I met a guy who said you wrote a book about him."

"Your detective work is certainly flourishing," Philip said, reaching for a cigarette. He never smoked one of hers, although he had recently switched to her brand. After his cigarette they had quite violent sex, then Philip got up right away and put his clothes on.

"Got to go," he said. "Was I too rough?"

"No."

"You're a very strange mixture of innocence and decadence, you know. Don't forget to lock the door."

"Too bad I'll be gone Monday," she said. "I . . ." (She had started to say she'd miss him, but caught herself.) "I guess you won't have any trouble filling the time slot."

"Is that really how you think I operate?" Philip said.

"I don't know. I think I've got no idea how you operate."

While Kate was at her grandmother's, Philip called every morning. They talked more than they had in almost two years. One morning he said, "Wonderful. One of my kids just rode past this phone booth on her bike."

"Why can't you call from home? From your study or something."

"I'm crazy about phone booths."

The day after she got home, Philip called and asked her to meet him for lunch. His voice was different—she'd heard it this way before but couldn't remember when.

At the restaurant, he played with his moustache, rolled his napkin between two fingers, crumbled three breadsticks. He's a furious man auditioning for the part of a calm one, Kate thought.

"Well?" Her stomach was starting to knot.

"It's no good, Katie. It's just no good."

"What did I do?"

"I've just got too much pulling at me, that's all. It hit me when I had to call you every day last week."

"*Had* to call me? Are you out of your mind?"

"I don't know. You deserve more."

"Oh, bullshit. This is like 'I love you too much to ruin your life, so long.' At least tell me what's really going on."

"What's really going on is that I've got too many people I *have* to take care of. I care about you—you know that, don't you?"

"Take care of," Kate said quietly. Then she got up, took her coat off the back of her chair, went into the bathroom, threw up, and went back to work.

THAT WINTER, KATE'S GRANDMOTHER GOT PAINS IN her arms and hands so bad she couldn't even hold a telephone. She went into the hospital for tests. The tests showed nothing very serious, but she had to stay in bed for a week or so until her system adjusted to the new drugs. Kate decided to take a week off from work and go stay with her grandmother.

Philip was only mildly suspicious about her going to Princeton.

"But what will you do all day?" he said.

"Be with her. Cook, read, I don't know."

"When?"

"I'm leaving this Friday and coming back next Sunday. Want to give me a ride back?"

"Maybe. Give me her number."

LATE IN THE WINTER OF 1979, KATE MET A FRIEND'S father who taught at Columbia. He told her that Philip was teaching full-time there and was divorced. A few weeks later, waiting for friends at the bar of the Museum Café, Kate heard Philip's laugh. She looked around. All she could see of Philip was his back. He was leaning forward to light a woman's cigarette. The woman had a lot of blonde, frizzy hair. She laughed, reached across the table to touch Philip's arm. Kate turned away fast. She put her drink down, pushed her hands against either side of her head, and tried to steady herself. The bartender asked if she was all right. Kate nodded. She heard the laugh again, much closer. They were near the bar, he was helping the woman with her jacket. The man wasn't Philip. He didn't even look like him. □

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VANITY FAIR

THE YEARS OF LYNDON JOHNSON

BY ROBERT A. CARO

THE POWER OF MONEY

WHEN LYNDON B. JOHNSON ENTERED CONGRESS, in 1937, a jealously guarded door was open to him almost immediately—the tall, narrow door to a hideaway room, furnished with dark leather easy chairs, a long, dark leather sofa, a fireplace, and a picture of Robert E. Lee. In this room on the ground floor of the Capitol, Sam Rayburn, upon his installation as majority leader five months before, had reinstituted John Nance Garner's "Board of Education." The men invited to these gatherings to "strike a blow for liberty" with a late-afternoon drink were almost all leaders of the House. On one of Johnson's first days in Congress, Rayburn, who had a paternal fondness for him, invited him to come downstairs after the session. Thereafter, he let Johnson know that he wanted him to come regularly, and Johnson did—a twenty-eight-year-old freshman drinking with such House powers as Speaker William B. Bankhead and John W. McCormack, of Massachusetts. But in the world of Congress, seniority ruled with an iron hand, and, without seniority, even admittance to that select drinking society meant little—as Johnson learned during the very first meeting he attended of the Naval Affairs Committee, the committee to which he had been assigned.

The committee's chairman, Carl Vinson, was from the little inland town of Milledgeville in Georgia's red-clay hill country. He had not yet been nicknamed "the Swamp Fox" in tribute to a mastery of congressional stratagems which southerners compared to Francis Marion's mastery of guerrilla warfare, but he had already been nicknamed "the Admiral" in recognition of his autocratic manner in dealing with the admirals of what he called "My Navy" (whom he humiliated by pretending he didn't know their names while ordering them around like cabin boys), and with the twenty-six members of his committee. Slouched down in the center of the two-tiered horseshoe of committee seats in

the NAC room on the third floor of the Cannon House Building, his glasses teetering on the very tip of his long nose, chewing on the shredded remains of a ten-cent cigar, spitting at the spittoon that was always nearby, dressed in a collar two sizes too big and in baggy, food-stained suits, "he looks," one reporter was to write, "like the country lawyer he is, and about once removed from the cracker barrel," but he ran the committee, in the words of another reporter, "like a dictator." When, at that first meeting, Johnson, seated on the lower horseshoe among the junior members, began questioning a witness—along with the junior member sitting next to him, young Warren Magnuson—Vinson gaveled the hearing into recess and said, as Magnuson recalls the words: "I want to see you two boys in the back room." In his small, bare, private office behind the hearing room, Magnuson says, "he let us have it." "We have a rule in this committee," the chairman said. New members were not allowed to ask so many questions; in his first year on the committee, a member was allowed to ask one question; in his second year, two, "and so on."

The Admiral may have been exaggerating the rigidity of his rules—but not by much. "He runs a tight ship," other members told the two young men, and on that ship, seniority was the standard. Younger members he addressed as "Ensign"; only after some years, and only after a member had shown the proper deference—and silence—would he be promoted to "Commander." When the Admiral starts calling you "Captain," the other members told Johnson and Magnuson, "you know you've arrived," and no one arrived quickly. And, the other members told them, attempting to buck the Admiral's system was useless. Congress, one observer was to write, had given Carl Vinson "a blank check to operate as a one-man committee" on naval matters; on that committee, only one voice, the soft southern drawl of the chairman, mattered. Lyndon Johnson's voice, in other words, would not matter until *he* became chairman.

Vinson's arrogance was not unique. Most of the great standing committees of the House were run by men answerable to no one in Washington, and they ran their committees like men answerable to no one; a little more than a

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decade earlier, one chairman had faced down a rebellion in his committee by declaring, "I am the committee"; under the rule that one House leader was to call "the strongest and most compelling of all rules, the rule of immemorial usage," that declaration was still true in 1937, and it would be true for decades to come. To observe the House of Representatives was to observe what absolute, untrammelled, unchallengeable power did to men.

The House as a whole was run the same way. The sprawling, 435-member body was an oligarchy whose ruling circle consisted of no more than a score of men. And the only qualification that could secure a congressman admission to this small, select ring of power was seniority. Ability wouldn't get you into that select circle. Energy wouldn't get you into it. Only age would get you into it. There was only one way to become one of the rulers of the House: to wait. Congress could be a trap as cruel in its way as the Texas Hill Country—a trap with jaws, the system called seniority, strong enough to hold fast even Lyndon Johnson's ambition.



THE SPEAKER'S DINING ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR of the Capitol was reserved every Wednesday for a luncheon meeting of the Texas congressional delegation: two senators, twenty-one representatives (and, of course, should he want to sit in, Vice President Garner). At one luncheon each month, members of the delegation were permitted to bring occasional guests, either VIPs from their district who happened to be in Washington or Washington notables. But such invitations were issued sparingly. James H. Rowe, who spent a lifetime in the inner circles of power, says: "It was a great honor to be invited. I think that, in a lifetime, I got there five times or maybe six."

At the other luncheons, guests were generally not permitted—no matter how important they might be. It was understood that these lunches were for business, to plan strategy or to iron out differences within the delegation so that Texas would present its customary united front. "You couldn't bring guests except on that one day," George H. Mahon, of Lubbock, recalls. "That was the unwritten law."

Lyndon Johnson did not obey this law, and he violated it in a manner particularly infuriating to the other members

of the delegation: he invited to the "closed" lunches not only his constituents—but theirs. On one Wednesday during the 1940s, Amon Carter, Jr., son of the publisher of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, and the paper's managing editor, James Record, were in Washington, and they asked Fort Worth's congressman, Wingate Lucas, if they could come to the famous delegation luncheon. But Lucas had once before asked Sam Rayburn for permission to bring an influential constituent to a closed session and had been refused. "There was no one I would rather take," Lucas says. "These were my two key supporters. But it was a closed session. I told them I couldn't take them. I went to the luncheon, and I was sitting there, and Lyndon Johnson walks in, and who do you think was with him?" Seeing Lucas, young Amon waved at him. Lucas sheepishly waved back.

Johnson was able to violate the law because its enforcer was Rayburn, the delegation's leader. Rayburn was customarily very strict about the "no outsiders" rule because the outsiders were, he knew, likely to be big businessmen and lobbyists he hated. But when Johnson asked permission to bring a guest, Rayburn frequently gave it.

Another unwritten but very firm law prohibited a congressman from interfering in the affairs of other districts. Johnson did not obey this law, either. Asking the White House for an increase in funding for the Reserve Officers Training Corps at Texas A&M University, in Luther A. Johnson's Sixth District, he wrote that although the university was not in his district, "it is mine by adoption."

And when federal grants were given in other districts—even grants for projects with which Johnson had had absolutely no connection—his tactics could be even more irritating.

Normally, if a project receiving a grant was located in a district with a Democratic congressman, officials of the federal agency giving the grant would telephone that congressman so that he could announce it, and thereby get credit for it. If the project was in Texas, however, Johnson's friends in the New Deal agencies would often telephone him instead—and it would be Johnson who made the announcement. "I had been pushing for an extension of the Public Health Service Hospital in Fort Worth," Lucas recalls. "Lyndon hadn't had anything to do with it. But when it came about, Lyndon announced it, without even bothering to notify me." And even when agency officials notified the district congressmen, they notified Johnson as well, and the efficiency of his staff, coupled with his long cultivation of the wire-service reporters, ensured that it was his name, not the other congressman's, that would be attached to the announcement.

"A lot of the delegation was sore as hell," says the Associated Press's Louis T. "Tex" Easley. They were, in fact, so sore that Johnson found it expedient to beat a partial retreat. "He realized it was getting them too mad," Easley says. "So after a while, he would announce it jointly." The shift didn't do much to alleviate tensions. After several

"joint" announcements of federal projects in Corpus Christi, Representative Richard M. Kleberg, his former employer and the friendliest of men, could scarcely bring himself to nod to Johnson when they passed in the halls.

The ill feeling engendered in the Texas delegation by such tactics was exacerbated by Johnson's personality. His efforts to dominate other men succeeded with one or two fellow Texans (most notably, quiet, unassertive Representative W. R. Poage, of Waco), but with most of the delegation, tough, successful politicians in their own right, they aroused only resentment—as did his efforts to dominate every room in which he was present. As he strolled through the House Dining Room at lunchtime, acting as if he were some visiting celebrity, nodding to left and right, "head huddling" with one man or another, or as he sat at a table, talking too loudly, other congressmen muttered under their breath. Albert Thomas, of Houston, would sit staring at Johnson, snarling sotto voce: "Listen to that sonofabitch talking about himself." Other mutters were occasioned by what Lucas calls "insincerity." Johnson "was so insincere," Lucas says. "He would tell everyone what he thought they wanted to hear. As a result, you couldn't believe anything he said." R. Ewing Thomason, of El Paso, had served in the Texas Legislature with Lyndon's father, Sam Johnson, and initially had gone out of his way to befriend Sam's son. Approaching Thomason in the dining room one day, Lyndon Johnson promised him his support on a controversial issue. "Ewing," he said earnestly, "if there's anyone you can believe, it's me." Then he swung across the room and started talking to several congressmen who happened to be opposing Thomason on the issue. Thomason muttered: "There's that sonofabitch telling them the same thing he told me."

The other members of the delegation understood why Johnson was making speeches—and friends—all across Texas. "He certainly made no secret of the fact that he wanted to be a United States senator," says Mahon, who, in his thirties, was firmly ensconced on the influential Appropriations Committee, had no further ambitions for himself, and was tolerant of Johnson.

But Lyndon Johnson's fellow Texans saw no possibility that those ambitions would be realized—at least, not for many years. Neither of the state's two senators, Tom Connally and Morris Sheppard—both in their early sixties—was considering retirement, and their immense popularity made remote indeed the possibility that either would be retired by the electorate. Should one of the two seats become vacant for some reason, Lyndon Johnson would not be the first choice to fill it. That would be Governor James V. Allred, who wanted the job, or any one of several other state officials with a statewide reputation. There was, in the view of the Texas delegation, no realistic chance of a junior congressman competing with such figures—particularly not a junior congressman from the Tenth District. The isolation of that district—the expanse of empty plains that surrounded it and cut it off from the rest of Texas—

had kept its congressman unknown in most of the huge state. Says a Dallas political figure: "I had never even *heard* the name of Lyndon Johnson at that time."

None of the Texas delegation saw the real ambition—the goal toward which a Senate seat, like a congressional seat, would be only a stepping stone. Had they seen it, they would have scoffed at it, and not only because of Johnson's youth and lack of power. While Texans would later maintain that their state was more part of the West than of the South, during the pre-war years they regarded themselves as southerners, and among southerners on Capitol Hill it was an article of faith—bitter faith—that no southerner would ever be President of the United States. When, in 1946, his congressional colleagues gave Sam Rayburn a car, the plaque on it read: "To Our Beloved Sam Rayburn—Who would have been President if he had come from any place but the South." But no member of the delegation saw Johnson's true ambition, none got even a glimpse of it. When, in fact, his congressional colleagues were discussing the possibilities of a southerner obtaining national office, Johnson would aver that there was no chance of that, and that a southerner would be foolish to leave a secure seat on Capitol Hill to try for national office: "*This is our home; this is where we have our strength,*" he would say.

Others did see the real goal—despite him. James H. Rowe, one of the President's administrative assistants, who was so observant in his quiet way, and who spent more time with Johnson than the other young New Dealers, says, "From the day he got here, he wanted to be President." And one time, at least, Johnson did reveal himself. One evening, alone with State Senator Welly Hopkins, an old friend from Texas, he burst out: "By *God*, I'll be President someday." But even the few who guessed the goal at which Lyndon Johnson was really aiming could not imagine how he could ever realize it. A Senate seat was not the only path to it—national power of another type, behind-the-scenes power, might help him along the road—but when men thought of national power, they thought of the Oval Office and the man in it, and of his marshals, Harold Ickes and Harry Hopkins and Henry Wallace, or of his political allies: Jim Farley, for example, or Ed Flynn. But how could a junior congressman raise himself to Farley's league, or Flynn's?

HIS STANDING ON CAPITOL HILL—OUTSIDE THE Texas delegation—was, moreover, not improving. For a while, he was very popular with his fellow congressmen, for the same reasons he was popular with the young New Dealers: not only because of his charm, his storytelling ability, his desire to ingratiate, and his skill in doing so, but because, in the words of his friend George Brown, "He was a leader of men. Johnson had the knack of always appealing to a fellow about someone he didn't like. If he was talking to Joe, and Joe didn't like Jim, he'd say he

didn't like Jim, too—that was his leadership, that was his knack." For some time, congressional liberals thought he was one of them, while congressional conservatives thought he was one of *them*.

But some of them began to catch on. Liberals found that it was useless to ask him to speak in support of a bill in which they were interested. Similarly, conservatives found it impossible to persuade him to speak in support of *their* legislation. Says one liberal, Edouard V. M. Izac, of California: "He just simply was not especially interested in general legislation that came to the floor of the House. Some of us were on the floor all the time, fighting for liberal causes. But he stayed away from the floor, and while he was there, he was very, very silent." Pragmatism was of course not unknown on Capitol Hill; for many congressmen, it was a way of life—caution was only common sense. But, in the opinion of more and more of his fellows, Lyndon Johnson's pragmatism and caution went beyond the norm. Watching him hastily ducking around a corner to avoid meeting a reporter who was asking congressmen for comment on an issue of the day, some of his colleagues began to regard him almost with scorn.

And then, of course, there was the aspect of his personality that had been so striking since his boyhood, and that had led Estelle Harbin, who had worked with him when he was a congressional secretary, to say: "He couldn't stand not being somebody—just could not *stand* it!" Lyndon Johnson could not endure being only one of a crowd; he needed—with a compelling need—to lead, and not merely to lead but to dominate, to bend others to his will.

At cocktail parties, he could hold the stage when the other guests were young New Dealers, and even for a time, by the force of his personality, when the guests included older men with more power. But in power-obsessed Washington, when older, more powerful men were present, he couldn't hold the stage for long. And on Capitol Hill, in a congressional cloakroom, where the pecking order was so clearly and firmly established and he was near the bottom, he commanded much less attention than in a Georgetown living room.

He wanted to give advice. It was good advice—he had a rare talent not only for politics but for organization, and congressmen were continually searching for ways to improve the organization of their offices, a skill of which he was the master. But few of his colleagues wanted advice from a junior colleague. He wanted to give lectures—pontificating in the cloakroom or back of the rail in the House chamber as he had pontificated among young congressional assistants when he lived in the Dodge Hotel basement. But his fellow congressmen resented his dogmatic, overbearing tone at least as strongly as his fellow congressional secretaries had resented it. His skills at manipulating men were useless without at least a modicum of power to back them up, and he possessed no power at all. James Van Zandt, of Pennsylvania, says: "When he wanted something, he really went after it. He would say: 'Now, god-

dammit, Jimmy, I helped you on this, and I want you to help me on this.' " And, Van Zandt adds, "Johnson kept asking for favors, and he simply didn't have that many to give in return." He tried too hard—much too hard—to trade on what minor "help" he had given. "You can do those things once or twice," Van Zandt says. "He did them too frequently. Some people didn't like him. People would get irritated."

The pattern that had emerged in the Little Congress (and, before that, at college) was repeated in the big Congress. The older men to whom he was so deferential were fond of Lyndon Johnson. Among his contemporaries, those whom he needed and to whom he was also deferential—Rowe, for example—were also fond of him. Another few—very few—of his contemporaries in Congress were fond of him, most of them unassertive men such as Poage and Van Zandt. But the feeling of others was quite different. O.C. Fisher, whose Texas district adjoined Johnson's Tenth, says: "He had a way of getting along with the leaders, and he didn't bother much with the small fry. And let me tell you, the small fry didn't mind. They didn't want much to do with him, either." Even Van Zandt, one of his admirers, says: "People were critical of him because he was too ambitious, too forceful, too pushy. Some people didn't like him." As he walked through the House Dining Room, the resentments that followed him did not come only from members of the Texas delegation. Says Lucas: "Guys [from other states] would come [in] and sit down" at a table near where Johnson was sitting; they would greet all their fellow members nearby, except him. "And he would get up and say, 'Well, Joe, why in hell didn't you speak to me?' Well, they hadn't spoken to him because they didn't like him. They wouldn't put up with him." The situation was summed up in a symbolic gesture—a shrinking away. Lyndon Johnson still practiced his habit of grasping a man's lapel with one hand and putting his other arm around the man's shoulders, holding him close while staring into his eyes and talking directly into his face. Some of his fellow congressmen didn't mind his doing this, even liked having him do it. Van Zandt recalls: "He would put his hand on my shoulder and say, 'Now, look, Jimmy. . . ' I liked him a lot. You always felt relaxed in his presence." But others—many others—did mind. They would draw back from his hand, shrug away from his arm. And sometimes, if he didn't take the hint, they would get angry. Once he took a congressman's lapel in his hand, and the congressman knocked his hand away. Without power to back it up, his way of dealing with his colleagues earned him not the power he craved but only unpopularity.

When Johnson had been sworn in, in 1937, only two congressmen had been younger than he. Now there were quite a few younger. He was no longer even the youngest congressman from Texas. Newspaper articles on the state's congressional contingent often mentioned "the baby of the delegation," and they were referring to Lindley Beckworth, of Gladewater, who had been elected in 1938

at the age of twenty-five. Johnson, thirty-two in 1940, was no longer a particularly youthful congressman. He was only a junior congressman, one of the scores of junior congressmen.

One of a crowd.

THEN, IN 1940, JOHNSON FOUND A MEANS OF LIFTING himself above that crowd. The means was money. At first, the money was Herman Brown's. All through 1939, Johnson had been advancing Herman's interests, working diligently for the enlargement of the Marshall Ford Dam, a federal project in Texas for which Herman's company, Brown & Root, was the contractor. And in 1940, in return for his efforts in Texas on behalf of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's renomination, Johnson was able to secure for Brown & Root a lucrative contract for a naval air base in Corpus Christi. Herman and his brother, George, were grateful. A letter from George in 1939 promised that Johnson need only tell him "when and where I can return at least a portion of the favors. Remember that I am *for* you, right or wrong, and it makes no difference whether I think you are right or wrong. If you want it, I am for it 100 percent." Most politicians are forced, in mapping out the next step in their careers, to choose a step that can be financed. Johnson did not have this problem; he could concentrate solely on which step would be best for his career. Whatever road he chose, he could be sure it would be paved by money from Brown & Root. Furthermore, their aims coincided. Herman Brown was a hard-driving construction genius with an obsession to build big. He knew that the way to build big was through Washington. Influence within the national government was what Herman Brown needed, and national influence—political power that reached beyond Texas—was what Lyndon Johnson wanted. Each could obtain what he wanted through the other.

The most obvious use of readily available money for someone aiming at national political power was in President Roosevelt's campaign for a third term, for his strong hands held the reins of national power in a firm grip. With the immense financial resources of the Republican Party solidly behind the campaign of Wendell Willkie, the President's re-election campaign was in severe financial difficulties, and these difficulties were a prime source of conversation in Washington, and of concern to the New Dealers who were Johnson's most frequent companions. Around him, in conversations in the cloakroom or on the floor of the House, at cocktail parties and dinner parties, swirled talk of campaign funds, and of where to get them. Furthermore, Johnson could have adduced from his own recent experience with Roosevelt that the President might not prove ungrateful for campaign contributions. Having already provided such contributions to Roosevelt in the Texas campaign, it seemed the obvious course, the logical course, for Lyndon Johnson to provide contributions for a

national campaign, and, indeed, men such as Charles Marsh, the Austin publisher, suggested this course to him.

It was not a suggestion he accepted. No one can know why, but it is possible to list several considerations that may have influenced him in his decision. Contributing to a presidential campaign would make him only one of many contributors—considering the scale of customary contributions from New York and other financial centers of the Northeast, not even one of the biggest. The President's gratitude would be proportionate. Moreover, that gratitude, and its tangible results in power and patronage, would flow from one man; any power that Johnson was given would be held at his whim; no independent power could be realized from such a situation. Using Herman Brown's money in Franklin Roosevelt's campaign would probably not get Lyndon Johnson what he wanted; it was necessary for him to find another way of using it.

And he did.

One facet of Lyndon Johnson's political genius was already obvious by 1940: his ability to look at an organization and see in it political potentialities that no one else saw, to transform that organization into a political force, and to reap from that transformation personal advantage. He had done this twice before, transforming a college social club (the White Stars) and a Washington debating society (the Little Congress) into political forces that he used to further his own ends. Now he was to do it again.

This time, the organization was the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee.

Like the Little Congress at the moment when Lyndon Johnson's gaze fell upon it, the committee was a moribund organization. Established in 1882 to assist Democratic candidates for the House of Representatives with services and campaign funds, its usefulness had seldom if ever reached a significant level. During the 1930s, under the chairmanship of Patrick Henry Drewry, a small, soft-spoken representative from the Virginia Tidewater, even that level had been reduced, for Drewry was ill suited to the role of aggressive fund-raiser, not only because of personal considerations—"He was every inch a country gentleman; he could never ask anyone for a dime," says a friend—but because of moral and philosophical ones as well: the very concept of the massive use of money in political campaigns was repugnant to him, and, as a staunch states'-righter, he saw dangerous implications for the independence of the nation's elected representatives in the distribution of money through a monolithic central committee. He had therefore decreed that the committee's maximum contribution to a congressman would be \$250. Few candidates received even this amount. The dichotomy within the Democratic Party, with its bitterly antagonistic liberal and conservative wings, kept the committee's bank account small: big contributors were unwilling to provide money that might then be channeled by the committee to candidates with opposing political views. The committee's funds had traditionally come primarily from two sources—contributions from con-

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gressmen themselves, and handouts from the Democratic National Committee—and during Drewry's chairmanship, these sources had slowed to a trickle. For some decades, the committee had requested \$100 from each Democratic member of the House to fund its operation; under Drewry, this request had been reduced by 1938 to \$25—and when few members honored it, Drewry made only a token effort to collect.

Democrats who turned to the committee for non-financial help were also likely to be disappointed; although the committee had a speakers' bureau, headed by the capable E. J. MacMillan, the bureau functioned only in non-presidential election years; when a presidential election was taking place, congressmen who telephoned to ask for a Cabinet member or other "name" speaker to appear in their districts found MacMillan gone—he was invariably drafted by the National Committee and sent to New York to help in the "national" campaign. The committee's other staffer was its secretary, Victor Hunt ("Cap") Harding, a political scientist from California and one of the House of Representatives' deputy sergeants-at-arms. During a campaign, Harding would take an office—generally, only one room—in the National Press Building at Fourteenth and F streets so that he could accept whatever contributions happened to come in without violating the law that forbade the accepting of money in a federal building. During campaigns, therefore, when the Congressional Campaign Committee should have been most active, its office, a dim, green-carpeted room in the basement of the Cannon Building, was often utterly deserted—a condition that sometimes was only slightly improved even on the rare occasions when Drewry scheduled a meeting of the "committee" itself, which consisted of one congressman from each state; more than once, the only persons who bothered to show up were Drewry and Harding.

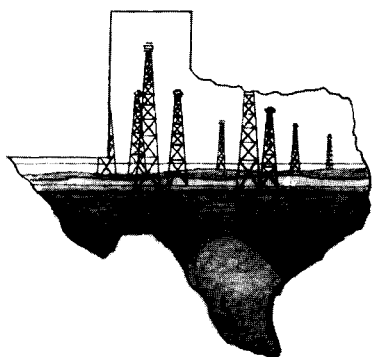
In 1940, Democratic congressional candidates were even more desperate than usual for cash. The amounts they needed were, in most cases, small—ridiculously small—not only by the standards of later eras but in comparison with the amounts spent during the pre-war era in statewide races and in the presidential campaign. The amounts varied greatly; congressional races in the urban centers of the Northeast could cost tens of thousands of dollars, but in the rest of the nation the situation was very different. In 1928, for example, Ruth Baker Pratt spent \$12,000 in her campaign for a congressional seat from New York City. That was several times the total amount spent that year by all six candidates for the three congressional seats in the State of Oregon. In most other western and midwestern states, expenditures were modest. "One is forced to the conclusion that in the great majority of cases campaigning for a seat in the House of Representatives is not an expensive business," Louise Overacker, the era's leading expert on campaign finance, wrote in 1932. This situation had not changed in 1938. In that year, the six candidates—three Democrats and three Republicans—for

Oregon's three congressional seats spent a total of \$12,987, a little more than \$2,000 per candidate. Congressmen from that era say that most campaigns cost less than \$5,000. And individual congressmen's recollections are confirmed by men who had an overview of the situation, such as James Rowe and Thomas G. ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran, a White House strategist and key New Deal fundraiser. In politics, says Rowe, "Five thousand dollars was a hell of a lot of money in those days."

Little as Democratic congressional candidates needed, however, there wasn't much hope that they would get it from their Congressional Campaign Committee. Because the nation's business community was so overwhelmingly Republican, funds were traditionally in short supply at Democratic National Committee headquarters, at the Hotel Biltmore in New York. The party had been outspent by the GOP in every national election since 1920, and the gap had been huge in 1936. And never had the supply of funds been shorter than in 1940. Fueled by rage at Roosevelt and possessed, in Willkie, of an attractive candidate to run against him, the GOP was gearing up—and shelling out—for a supreme effort to put its own man in the White House. After the election, a Senate committee would determine the ratio of expenditures between the two parties as almost two and a half to one. The Democrats, anxious to put such seasoned speechmakers as Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes on the air, found that they simply "did not have the money to spend" on more than a few such nationwide broadcasts. The five great radio speeches that were to boost Roosevelt's popularity during the last days of the campaign would not have been broadcast had not Richard Reynolds, of the North Carolina tobacco family, appeared on the scene with a last-minute \$175,000 loan to pay for the radio time. The National Committee needed every dollar it could raise, and was going to be able to spare very little money indeed for its poor relation in Washington.

The outlook had not been particularly bright for congressional Democrats even before campaign finances were included in their calculations. In 1938, the Democrats had lost seventy-one seats in the House. Since they had gone into that election with an overwhelming congressional majority from the Roosevelt landslide of 1936, they still held a substantial 265-to-170 margin, but polls early in 1940 showed that as many as sixty Democrats could expect to lose their seats in 1940. The campaign financial picture added to the gloom. At the Democratic National Convention in Chicago in July, politicians could be heard muttering gloomily about the lack of funds. Some of them turned to Rayburn for help. Nan Wood Honeyman of Portland, Oregon, had been defeated in 1938, and had learned the necessity of adequate campaign financing. In 1940, she was attempting to win back her seat, and at the convention, as she was later to relate in a letter, she asked Tommy Corcoran and Sam Rayburn for help. They promised to provide some, but Corcoran's money-raising abilities were, shortly

after the convention, assigned to the presidential campaign. And when Mrs. Honeyman contacted Rayburn, he was forced to reply in embarrassment that he would see that she got help "when and if there are funds available to the Congressional Campaign Committee." He was forced to give a similar answer to other candidates who asked for assistance. At a dispirited Democratic caucus on the subject of fund-raising, the only suggestion Rayburn could make was that congressmen who had safe seats or ample funds should contribute to the campaigns of those of their colleagues who were broke or in danger—but that suggestion would not solve the problem, as Rayburn himself knew.



BUT LYNDON JOHNSON KNEW HOW TO SOLVE THE problem. He could provide the party with substantial funds, and he could provide them fast. And he appears to have been able to generalize from his experience with Brown & Root. Leaving the gloomy caucus with Edouard Izac, Johnson said, according to Izac, "Sam Rayburn's all wet. That isn't the way you raise money for the Democratic Party." Lyndon's idea was to go to the contractors and get the money.

He knew more. He knew, in fact, of a source of money that was available only to Sam Rayburn—and that even Sam Rayburn didn't know of.

Oil money had long been a factor in politics in the United States. In Texas, oil had come in not long after the century; the Spindletop field on the Gulf Coast, which would eventually prove out at 100 million barrels, one tenth as much oil as had been produced previously in America, blew in on January 10, 1901. The robber barons who had tapped the oil fields of the Northeast had been using the sale of black gold to buy politicians for decades before that; the Standard Oil Company, one historian said, did everything possible to the Pennsylvania Legislature except refine it. But the new oil fields of the Southwest had, through the first three decades of the twentieth century, been controlled by the same companies that controlled the old oil fields of the Northeast; with their control of pipelines, markets, and refineries—and the capital needed to explore and drill—they bought out or forced out the discoverers of the Texas fields so thoroughly that in 1930

three quarters of the oil in Texas was owned by Standard Oil and its offshoots and rivals such as Humble, Magnolia, Gulf, and Sun, and the owners of the other quarter had to sell their oil to these major companies, at prices so low that they were effectively prevented from accumulating capital of their own. The companies, and the families behind them, that poured money into politics in Texas—Gulf Oil (the Mellons), Sun Oil (the Pews), Standard Oil (the Rockefellers)—were the same companies and families that had been financing the Republican Party, and financing selected Democrats, for decades in Washington and in various states of the Northeast. Their political alliances on the national level had long been made and cemented.

But after 1930, there were new sources of oil money, for 1930 was the year of the great East Texas pool.

The first success among the test wells being "poor-boyed" (drilled on credit, with frequent halts to raise money to go a few hundred feet deeper) by long-broke wildcaters in a poverty-stricken area of east Texas was eight miles east of Henderson. The oil that gushed out of it on October 6, 1930, splashing down on the rusty drill and on the derrick floor set among the pine trees, was believed to come from an isolated pocket, because the major oil companies had been advised by their geologists that there was little oil in the area. The second well that blew in, two months later, was near Kilgore, thirteen miles to the north. That must come from an isolated pocket too, geologists said. At any rate, being so far from the first well, it certainly couldn't come from the same field. A month later, another well came in, near Longview, twelve miles farther north. Three separate fields, the geologists said: certainly no one field could be that big. With the major companies uninterested, hundreds of small oil prospectors, men who had been wildcatting for years, most without success, rushed into the area. They found that East Texas was a "poor man's pool," not only because, with the majors not aggressively buying up land, oil leases could be obtained at reasonable prices but because, at 3,500 feet, the oil was relatively close to the surface and the drilling was relatively inexpensive. Because the East Texas oil was a high-grade, light-gravity oil with little sulfur contamination, it could even be refined cheaply; some—very few, but some—of the wildcaters could refine their own oil and sell it to gasoline companies. By the end of 1931, in some weeks, wells were being sunk at the rate of one per hour. And no matter where they drilled, it seemed, not only between Henderson and Longview but to the north and south (and the east and west), when they reached a depth of about 3,500 feet and took a sampling of the sand, it came up resembling brown sugar—sugar that had been dipped in oil. By 1934, it was apparent that underneath those barren, dried-out cotton fields and miles of stunted pine trees was an ocean of oil more than forty-five miles long. By 1935, the East Texas pool was producing more oil than any state had ever produced—more than any nation had ever produced. Spindletop, with its 100 million barrels, had

been huge. The East Texas pool had 5 billion barrels—fifty times as much as Spindletop.

And it was owned not by the majors but by the independents.

The majors moved in and bought the independents out, of course; Humble alone wound up with 16 percent of the East Texas pool; by 1938, the majors controlled 80 percent of the field. But there was a difference. The East Texas field was unprecedentedly huge, and, to an extent true of no previous field, it had originally been owned by the wildcatters, so that this time, when they sold out, they came away rich. The owner of the first well to hit sold out for a relative pittance, but the owners of the second came away with \$2 million, the owners of the third with \$2.5 million. Some, like Sid Richardson, took their money and put it into other oil fields—in the Panhandle and in West Texas and down near Houston—and some of these fields came in, too, and this time they didn't have to sell out at all; they could keep the profits themselves. There was by this time so much money that even if they had to share it with the majors, what was left over was millions of dollars. Hugh Roy Cullen, for example, brought in the Tom O'Connor Hill in 1934. He had to share it with Humble, but what he was sharing was half a billion barrels. And, more independent because they now had financial resources of their own, the new owners no longer had to share on the former disadvantageous terms. More and more often, in fact, they didn't have to share at all. "More independent oil fortunes came out of the East Texas field than from any other place in the world," a historian of the industry has written. "This was primarily because of the size of the field. Out of the thousands of tracts and town lots, there was something for almost everyone." And because of this, the East Texas field "became a point of departure from the old pattern of Texans going, hat in hand, out of the state to solicit funds for expansion and development." H. L. Hunt, for example, built his own pipelines, and was soon filling up the tank cars of the Sinclair Oil Company with his own oil.

LITTLE AWARENESS OF THIS DEVELOPMENT EXISTED among even the shrewdest of politicians in Washington. The names of many of the new rich were not even known, and the wealth of others was drastically underestimated. In August, 1935, Harold Ickes forwarded to President Roosevelt an "interesting document" that Ickes said had been "handed to me by a man in the oil game who thought it ought to reach you." It was a list of oilmen who had contributed that year to the Democratic National Committee—most of the contributions were for \$1,000 or less—together with a brief description of the contributors. Of one of them, Herman Brown (Brown had begun buying oil leases), the writer says only: "Do not know of him." The writer says of "S. W. Richardson": "in debt and borrows money to develop leases from Charles Marsh. . . ." Only two men on the list—Clint Murchison

and his partner, Dudley Golding—are described with any degree of accuracy ("Golding & Murchison came into the East Texas Field several months after it started with no money and [after] a little over three years . . . sold out . . . for about five million dollars"). Neither the author of the document nor, apparently, Ickes had any idea of the true financial circumstances of the men on the list. And this was still the situation in 1940. In part, this was due to the rapidity with which their circumstances had changed: Sid Richardson had indeed been in debt for years, but at the time the memo was sent, that description of him was out of date by several years—and several millions of dollars. And in 1937, he hit the Keystone Sands in west Texas. By 1940, his income was close to \$2 million a year.

But while the politicians had no knowledge of these oilmen, the oilmen had a deep interest in national politics, and had come to enjoy many federal favors. The most widely known, of course, was the 27.5 percent oil-depletion allowance, the loophole that, as Theodore H. White was to put it, "gives oil millionaires magic exemption from tax burdens that all other citizens must bear" by making 27.5 percent of their income free from tax. But there were many others, also important in oilmen's bookkeeping, if less known—for example, the law that allowed the immediate writing-off of intangible drilling and development costs on successful wells. And the owners were vitally interested in keeping those favors, which were under almost constant attack. Hardly had the Roosevelt Administration entered office when Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., called the depletion allowance "a pure subsidy to a special class of taxpayers" that should be eliminated. In 1937, Morgenthau renewed his plea, calling the allowance "perhaps the most glaring loophole," and Morgenthau's boss joined in, calling depletion and other loopholes attempts "to dodge the payment of taxes."

And the wildcatters were concerned with national policy not only because of favor but because of fear. As oil from the East Texas pool glutted the market and the price of oil plummeted, the industry was in turmoil and the positions of majors and independents swirled back and forth in confusion. The wildcatters feared federal regulation. The occasion of the memo to Roosevelt—and of the donations that it reported—was a bill, introduced by an Oklahoma Populist, Senator Elmer Thomas, in 1935, that would have directly regulated the industry. That bill was blocked, in favor of Texas Senator Tom Connally's "Hot Oil Act," which left the setting of production quotas with the Texas Railroad Commission, a body controlled by the wildcatters. Protected by the Railroad Commission from the price-cutting practices of the majors, the independents were soon flourishing, but the threat of federal regulation was a constant cloud on an otherwise limitless horizon. They had plenty of money; they needed a way to make it felt in Washington; they needed a path through which the power of their collective purse could be brought to bear on the federal government.

Of the members of the federal government, the only one they knew well enough to be comfortable with was Sam Rayburn. Richardson was from Fort Worth, and many of the other wildcatters lived in Dallas. Rayburn's district adjoined Dallas, of course, and he had many close friends among the politicians there. On his frequent visits to the city, he had come to know Richardson and some of the other wildcatters while they were still poor-boying wells, searching for wealth on a shoestring. Becoming rich, other wildcatters moved to Dallas—the nearest large city and also the city whose banks first revealed a willingness to finance the wildcatters' new ventures—and made their headquarters there. Rayburn met these men, too, usually through a pair of old friends who were intimately connected with the wildcatters, former State Attorney General William McCraw and William Kittrell, a veteran Texas lobbyist.

RAYBURN ACTIVELY DISLIKED THE "OLD" OILMEN, the wealthy shareholders in the Magnolia, whose 6,000-pound flying red horse atop the Magnolia Building dominated downtown Dallas and, at night, when it was outlined in 1,162 feet of ruby neon tubing, the plains for thirty miles around; and he disliked the oil-company corporate executives and lawyers, the lobbyists. And they returned his dislike; oil interests felt toward Sam Rayburn as fiercely as the utilities; attempting to remove him from Congress, they would fruitlessly pour money into his district year after year. But Rayburn liked Sid Richardson, whom he had known for years as a broke young man, and he liked many of Richardson's friends. And when they had asked him for help, he had helped them. They had told him that the Thomas bill was a device of the big companies to kill off the little fellows—little fellows like themselves. If they had very recently—thanks to the East Texas pool—graduated out of the "little fellow" class forever, he did not grasp that fact. (He was never to grasp it fully—a situation that was to have grave consequences for the United States in decades to come.) The bill was, they said, a device of Wall Street to keep Texans—*them*—from ever getting a share of their own state's wealth. They should be allowed to handle their own problems until it was proved they couldn't, and since all this oil was in Texas, this seemed like one problem that Texas should definitely be allowed to handle. Roosevelt, at the time, needed Rayburn's cooperation on New Deal legislation; the President told Ickes (who would, under the proposed Thomas bill, be given the federal regulatory power), "I do not want to cross wires with Sam Rayburn about this matter." And the Thomas bill was tabled.

Rayburn was no stranger to the use of money in politics. As John Nance Garner's campaign manager not only in 1940 but in 1932, he had asked for contributions to his friend's campaign, and had gotten them. But, perhaps because he was so utterly uninterested in money himself,

when he thought about campaign contributions he had a tendency to think small. When he thought large, he thought in terms of Texas, and of the kind of Texans who gave large contributions to politicians, and this old money—cotton money and cattle money—was, almost entirely, Garner money. He knew the depth of the alienation of Garner's backers from Roosevelt following their bitter struggle for the presidential nomination, and he knew that, in 1940, they were contributing to Wendell Willkie, and that their money would not be available to him.

If there was new money in Texas on the same scale as the old—oil money, the wildcatters' money—he had not yet come to understand that fact. Not having even the vaguest notion, in 1940, of the extent of the wildcatters' recently acquired wealth, he could not see its potential for politics. The scale of contributions they had made in 1935—a scale calculated largely in the hundreds; \$1,000 was a generous contribution—was the scale on which he still thought. And as for using their money on a national scale, the obtaining and distribution of funds to scores of congressmen across the country—what relationship did a task of such a magnitude have with, say, squat, silent, unassuming Sid Richardson, still wandering around Fort Worth in a rumpled suit and living in the same small, shabby bachelor quarters at the Fort Worth Club where he had always lived? Says Representative Richard Bolling, who became one of Rayburn's intimates and protégés, "He thought that his people were little people. He missed the fact that the independents had become giants. . . . He knew they had money, but he had no idea of the extent of the money."

Rayburn did not, moreover, understand—perhaps because he was a man who could not be bought, and this reputation and the fear in which he was held kept anyone from explaining his position to him—how important he was to the wildcatters, how the protection he had extended to them in the past, and the protection they were hoping he would continue to extend to them in the future, was one of the most significant factors in the accumulation of their wealth. Rayburn, according to the unanimous opinion not only of his allies of this period but of his opponents, had not the slightest idea of the potential of his position for political fund-raising for congressmen on a national level.

Lyndon Johnson understood. He was sure he would be able to raise money not merely from Brown & Root but, by arguing the necessity of keeping Rayburn in power (and keeping sympathetic Democrats in committee chairmanships), from the independent oilmen. He was unopposed himself for re-election in 1940, and he asked Rayburn to get him a role with the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee.

For many reasons—among them, a deep personal dislike of Johnson on the part of committee chairman Drewry and Democratic National Chairman Ed Flynn, whom Rayburn was counting on for financial support—Rayburn was reluctant to give Johnson what he wanted. He had in mind a

veteran politician with experience on the national level. And when Johnson attempted to circumvent Rayburn through his friends at the White House, he was told that he couldn't have a role in the campaign without Rayburn's approval. For some time, Rayburn refused to give that approval—but by the end of September he was becoming desperate.

After September 16, the continuation of Democratic control of the House suddenly had more meaning for him than ever before. He was Speaker at last, after twenty-eight years of waiting; he would stay Speaker only if the Democrats held the House—and every indication was that they wouldn't. The Republicans needed to gain only forty-eight seats to take control of the House in 1940—and elect their own Speaker. Democrats and Republicans alike felt that the GOP would gain more than that number. The Democrats couldn't even get back home to campaign. Deepening crisis in Europe and the Far East, and the need for new crisis legislation—the Selective Service Act, funding for new military bases—forced Congress to remain in session all summer and into September. September drew to a close, and no major new legislation was before Congress, and the gleeful Republicans, backed by the press, insisted that it stay in session.

Over and over again, Rayburn was told that a principal reason for the impending electoral disaster was lack of money. Visiting the Chicago headquarters of the party's Midwest division, Charles Marsh reported that "Chicago is a skeleton, because no money has trickled from New York West yet. I walked through a graveyard . . . with yawning offices everywhere. Apparently no money for payrolls, no definite amounts to make planning for radio and speaker's bureau." Roosevelt's personal popularity would pull the President through, Marsh predicted, but it wouldn't pull enough congressmen with him. "I believe the lower house of Congress may be lost by not getting money West now."

And there was no money. In August, Rayburn had asked Democratic National Committee Chairman Ed Flynn to set aside \$100,000 to help congressional candidates. At the end of September, the committee had not contributed a penny. On October 2, a letter from Flynn's finance chairman, Wayne Johnson, must have made Rayburn realize how remote was the chance of significant financial assistance to his "fellows" from the DNC: Congressman William D. Byron, of Maryland, had made a personal trip to National Committee headquarters at the Biltmore to ask for financial help; Johnson wrote Rayburn, "Will you see what *you* can do to help Congressman Byron if his need is as acute as he thinks." As for the National Committee, Wayne Johnson wrote, "We have had such difficulty in getting money to keep things running to date that I don't know how much we will have to help the Congressional Campaign Committee."

Then, over the weekend beginning October 5, premonition turned to panic. On that weekend, Democrats, des-

perate over discouraging reports from their districts, began drifting away from Washington; by October 8, when an informal "recess" was finally arranged, more than a hundred members had already left for home on what the *Times* called "French leave." And when they arrived back in their districts, they found that the reports were all too true. In district after district, Democratic congressmen who had won by comfortable margins in 1936, and by smaller margins in 1938, returned home in 1940, with less than a month to go before the election, to find that they were behind, and that their opponents' campaigns were well organized and well financed, with plenty of help from Washington, while they were getting no help at all. When the long-awaited subvention from the Democratic National Committee finally arrived, on October 10, it was not the \$100,000 for which Rayburn had asked but \$10,000. Parceled out among seventy-eight candidates in contributions of \$100 or \$200, it was an amount too small to make a difference in the fight on which hung Sam Rayburn's fate. On October 13, Rayburn asked Roosevelt to get Johnson into the congressional campaign in some capacity, formal or informal, and to do it fast. The President agreed to do so. He reportedly said: "Tell Lyndon to see me tomorrow." Lyndon saw the President the next day—October 14—at breakfast, and that afternoon, Flynn and Drewry sent out letters to congressmen that assigned Johnson a role in the campaign.

The role could hardly have been more informal. Drewry's letter said only that Johnson would "assist the Congressional Committee." No specific position or title was mentioned. However, it was a role not on the district level or the state level but on the national level. Rushing out of the White House, Lyndon Johnson contacted Brown & Root, in Houston.

THE GREAT POLITICAL FUND-RAISERS—THE TOMMY Corcorans of Washington, the Ed Clarks of Texas—agree that most businessmen who contribute to political campaigns don't contribute enough to accomplish their purpose. They want ambassadorships or contracts or input into policy, but they don't give enough to get what they want. Their contributions are grudging, or slow in coming, or too small to place the recipients under sufficient obligation to them. "There's always just a few," says Clark, "only the most sophisticated and the smartest," who give "real money" and who give it eagerly enough, and early enough, so that they can reap the maximum return on their investment. Herman Brown, on whose native shrewdness had been overlaid the sophistication obtained from more than a decade of involvement in the financing of state politics and politicians, was one of the few. "When Herman gave, he gave his full weight," says Ed Clark, the canny Texas lobbyist who often represented him in Texas political maneuvering. When Johnson contacted Brown & Root, the response was immediate. Since the Federal Cor-

rupt Practices Act forbade political contributions by corporations, money could not come directly from Brown & Root. Because of a \$5,000 limit on an individual's contribution to a political organization during any one year, not enough of it could come from Herman, or from his brother, George. Apparently for this reason, Herman arranged to have six business associates—subcontractors, attorneys, his insurance broker—send money, in their names, to the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. And Herman acted fast. Johnson had made his telephone call on Monday, October 14. On Saturday, October 19, George Brown telegraphed Johnson: YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE CHECKS BY FRIDAY. . . . HOPE THEY ARRIVED IN DUE FORM AND TIME. Johnson was able to reply by return wire: ALL OF THE FOLKS YOU TALKED TO HAVE BEEN HEARD FROM. MANY, MANY THANKS. I AM NOT ACKNOWLEDGING THEIR LETTERS, SO BE SURE TO TELL ALL THESE FELLOWS THAT THEIR LETTERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED. The amount of each check was the maximum contribution allowed under the law: \$5,000. The initial Brown & Root contribution to the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee was \$30,000—more money than the committee had received from the Democratic National Committee, which had in previous years been its major source of funds. (These telegrams, like most of the telegrams and letters quoted in this article, are contained in Johnson's office files, which are now in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library and Museum, in Austin, Texas. The others are in the Sam Rayburn Library, in Bonham, Texas, or in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, in Hyde Park, New York.)

Nor was this the only money Johnson received from Texas during his first week on his new job, for he had persuaded Sam Rayburn to make some telephone calls to Fort Worth and Dallas, and to stop talking in terms of hundreds. On October 14, Sid Richardson, through his nephew, Perry R. Bass, sent \$5,000. On October 16, C. W. Murchison sent \$5,000. Another \$5,000 arrived from Charles Marsh's partner, E. S. Fentress. By Saturday, October 19, Johnson had brought to the offices of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, to be distributed to Democratic candidates for Congress, a total of \$45,000. One week after he had taken his job, he was able to write Rayburn aide Swagar Sherley: "We have sent them more money in the last three days than Congressmen have received from any committee in the last eight years."

ONE TALENT THAT LYNDON JOHNSON HAD ALREADY displayed in abundance was ingenuity in political tactics. Now he displayed it again. By saying in his letter to the candidates that Johnson was only "assisting" the Congressional Campaign Committee, Drewry had thought he was keeping Johnson subordinate to the committee. All these first checks from Texas, of course, were made out to the committee—Johnson had to turn them over to the committee for deposit in the committee's bank

account, and it was on this account that the first checks for contributions to individual candidates were drawn. They were signed by the committee's chairman, Drewry, and mailed out, with an accompanying letter by Drewry, from the committee's office in the National Press Building, in the same manner as any other contributions, with no indication that the money that had made them possible had come from Texas, or that it had been raised by the efforts of Lyndon Johnson.

For a man who had pulled political strings to get a dam enlarged (and its cost increased to almost three times its original allocation), Johnson's method of letting the candidates know that he, not the committee, deserved the credit for the contributions was relatively simple—but ingenious, nonetheless. He had had George Brown instruct each of the "Brown & Root" contributors, and apparently had had Rayburn instruct Richardson and Murchison, to send with their contributions a letter stating: "I am enclosing herewith my check for \$5,000 payable to the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. I would like for this money to be expended in connection with the campaign of Democratic candidates for Congress as per the list attached, to the individual named in the amount specified."

Johnson had, of course, compiled the list, and had determined the amount each of the lucky candidates was to receive. Since the committee would hardly dare to disobey such specific instructions from the "donors," it was Johnson rather than Drewry or Harding (or anyone else) who was determining who would get the Texas money, and how much. And, armed with this knowledge, he had no sooner left the committee headquarters, having handed in his checks, than he sent to each of the recipients the following telegram—which made it abundantly clear to each recipient who was really responsible for the check he would be receiving from the Congressional Campaign Committee the next day: AS RESULT MY VISIT TO CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE FEW MINUTES AGO, YOU SHOULD RECEIVE AIRMAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FROM THEM WHICH IS TO BE MAILED TONIGHT.

OF THE ELEMENTS IN LYNDON JOHNSON'S CAREER, none had been more striking than his energy. Procuring checks wasn't all he did that first week. Permission to "assist" the Congressional Campaign Committee had been given to him on October 14. Election Day was November 5. He had three weeks.

Within three hours, he had rented an office, furnished it, and filled it with a staff: Herbert Henderson, John Connally, and Dorothy Nichols from his congressional office; only Walter Jenkins was left behind to keep that office open. (The furnishings of the room in the five-room suite that would be his private office revealed a distaste for the spartan: the furniture-rental order read "1 large Exec. desk, 1 swivel desk chair, 2 arm chairs, 1 club chair, 1 divan . . .")

Although he was ostensibly assisting Drewry's committee, the office he had taken was in another building, the Munsey Building, an eleven-story office building at 1329 E Street, NW, off Pennsylvania Avenue, away from Drewry's eyes and supervision. That same day, he composed a questionnaire to be sent to congressional colleagues ("1938 votes received?" "Is your present opponent stronger than your 1938 opponent?" "Describe briefly type of campaign he is making and principal issues he is raising?" "Where can you or a representative be reached at all times in your district?") and dictated, to be sent with the questionnaire, a letter announcing his entrance into the campaign.

He had done more that busy Monday. The letter and questionnaire were not sent to all his colleagues. Confering over the telephone with Rayburn, with McCormack—and with Paul Appleby, campaign manager for vice-presidential nominee Henry A. Wallace and a politician with a detailed knowledge of the political situation in Midwest congressional districts—he had selected from the 435 Democratic candidates for Congress several score who should be helped. His decision was based in part on which districts had had the closest results in 1938, but only in part. One of several lists hurriedly compiled by Henderson and Connally was titled: "The following men received a majority of more than 10,000 over their Republican opponents in 1938." Democrats had considered these seats safe, but only because they had not done a thorough analysis; Johnson did one, analyzing not merely the vote totals and percentages but the type of district, and found that many of them were in danger—and these congressmen were selected for assistance.

By the end of the first week in his new assignment, he had further refined his lists. One refinement was caused by John L. Lewis. The coal miners' chief was turning against Roosevelt; although speculation was rife about the effect of his defection on the presidential race, no one was thinking about its effect on congressional candidates. Johnson assigned his staff to draw up a list of "Districts Which Produce 1,000,000 Tons or More Coal," and of the 1938 congressional results in those districts. Then, sitting down with a yellow legal pad, he went to work on the list himself. Fifteen districts in six states were involved; in 1938, Democrats had won all of them. Calculating the margin in each district, he added them up and divided by fifteen, and around this average he drew a circle in red, and drew a red arrow to it, for the average was only 8,268. Then he calculated the Democratic percentage of the vote in each district, carrying the long division out to several places, and the percentages confirmed the bad news: the fifteen districts could not be considered safely Democratic this year; their Democratic congressmen needed help too. Other lists were compiled, by him personally—compiled with the same painstaking thoroughness. He also called a luncheon meeting in a private room at the nearby Hotel Washington. Present were Rayburn, McCormack, Appleby, John-

son's fund-raising ally Alvin Wirtz, and three White House aides—Lowell Mellett, Wayne Coy, and Jim Rowe (James Forrestal was invited, but was unable to attend). At this meeting, the lists were further refined, so that when the money from Texas arrived and he began distributing it, the identity of the seventy-seven recipients had been determined by a rather intensive analysis: the type of analysis that for years had been routine for the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee but rare for the Democrats—and that had not been made at all in 1940.



ON THE QUESTIONNAIRE JOHNSON HAD SENT OUT, candidates had been asked to "List suggestions as to how, in your opinion, we can be most helpful." Underneath had been left three blank lines, marked "1," "2," and "3." Many of the respondents, of course, asked for a visit to their district by the President, but that was not the reply most frequently made on the first line. The most typical reply was that of Representative Martin F. Smith, of the State of Washington's Third Congressional District: "Financially." (Representative John F. Hunter, of Ohio's Ninth Congressional District, was firmer. "1" was "financial assistance," he wrote. "There is no two.") Others wrote a line or two of elaboration. "The best service that you could possibly render me would be to arrange a campaign contribution of \$200 or \$300," said Wendell Lund, of Michigan's Eleventh Congressional District. "The thing this district needs most of all is money," said George M. May, of Pennsylvania's Tenth. And some, as though the mails were not fast enough, made the same point over the phone. An interoffice memorandum says: "Robert Secrest [of Ohio's Fifteenth] called and talked with John Connally. Said the only help he needed was a little money. . . ."

Candidates who had dealt with the Congressional Campaign Committee in the past had little hope that they would get what they asked for. Secrest wrote on his questionnaire, "Nothing will help except cash, and I know that is scarce." Laurence F. Arnold, of Illinois' Twenty-third, noted that he had received \$200 from the committee in 1936 but nothing in 1938; he had asked for \$200 this year, he noted, and had not received even the courtesy of a reply. Emmet O'Neal, of Kentucky's Third, wrote on the back of his questionnaire, "Many thanks," but added, "I

feel sure that there is nothing that can be done to help." He needed money, he said, "but I know . . . money is not floating around, so this is not meant as an indirect solicitation."

But, to their astonishment, their requests were answered. Four-term congressman Martin Smith had returned home to find that there was a good chance he wouldn't be re-elected to a fifth. He had stayed in the capital until October 8, and he had stayed too long; stepping off the train after the three-day trip home, he was promptly informed by campaign aides that he was in serious danger of losing his seat. His only hope was to increase his planned advertising in his district's forty-two newspapers, and to reserve radio time—and he didn't have enough money to do either. He left for a week-long tour of the district with no money in sight. And then, when he checked in with his campaign headquarters in Hoquiam one evening, Johnson's telegram was read to him. Naturally, he hoped that the Congressional Campaign Committee's airmail special-delivery letter to which the telegram referred would contain funds. Arriving back in Hoquiam several days later, he found on his desk not one but two letters from the committee. Ripping them open, he found in each a check—one for \$300, one for \$400.

Arriving, weary, at a hotel one evening, Representative Charles F. McLaughlin telephoned his headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska, and was told that a telegram from Lyndon Johnson had been received; when he reached Omaha the next day, the airmail special-delivery letter to which it referred was already there—and it contained a check for \$400.

All across the United States, similar scenes were enacted. Slumping into a chair in a hotel room or lying on the bed—shoes still on, too tired to take them off after a long day of campaigning (and of worrying about campaign funds)—a congressman would telephone his headquarters, would be read Lyndon Johnson's telegram, and would realize that funds were on the way.

Others got the news in their campaign headquarters. Edouard Izac arrived home in San Diego to find, as he wrote Johnson, his opponent's face staring down at him from "hundreds" of billboards. He had no billboards and, he found to his dismay, "no organization." Thousands of copies of a hard-hitting pamphlet selling the "Roosevelt-Wallace-Izac" ticket had been printed in an attractive red-white-and-blue color scheme, but there was no money to mail them to voters, and, without an organization, no other way to distribute them; most canvassers who would distribute them door to door wanted to be paid for their work, and even volunteers required reimbursement for lunch money, carfare, gasoline, and other expenses. And then the telegram arrived from his colleague from Texas, the telegram and then a check for \$500. With it, he could pay to get the pamphlets distributed. And hardly had the workers fanned out from headquarters to, as he put it, "carry the Roosevelt-Wallace-Izac story from door to door" when another letter arrived—with another \$500.

Others got the news at home. Nan Wood Honeyman had been campaigning in Portland for months, but was making no headway—largely, she thought, because Sam Rayburn had not been able to deliver on the commitment she felt he had made to her at the Democratic Convention in July. Receiving Johnson's questionnaire, she had responded with a telephone call on October 17, and John Connally's "memo for LBJ" summarizing the call (Connally may have been taking shorthand notes on an extension) began: "In your conversation of yesterday with Nan Wood Honeyman she pointed out the following things which would be helpful to her. 1. Finances . . ."

Mrs. Honeyman had asked that contributions be sent to her at her house, and the next day there arrived at 1728 S.W. Prospect Drive the telegram (AS RESULT MY VISIT TO CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE . . . YOU SHOULD RECEIVE . . .). The first letter from the committee contained the pre-Johnson contribution: \$150. She thought that was the airmail special-delivery letter to which Johnson had been referring. She was appreciative, but \$150 wasn't going to help much. Her opponent was on the way home, she wrote, and "has sent word to raise an extra \$1,500 for him right away in spite of the fact that his literature covers the city, he has been on the radio from Washington once or twice a week for some time, and his face and 'One good term deserves another' on billboards meets me at every turn." Then, on October 19, the Johnson contribution—\$500—arrived. RECEIVED 5 POINT PROGRAM TODAY, she wired back in jubilation.

And they were very grateful. "The text of your thoughtful and kind telegram had been read to me over Long Distance telephone, so that on my return from a thorough tour of four counties of my district, I today found two Air Mail letters," Martin Smith wrote Johnson. "I appreciate your personal efforts in my behalf." McLaughlin said simply: "I am glad you are where you are." When the first \$500 arrived from Johnson, Izac had dashed off a letter: "Thanks a million." And before that letter could even be dropped in the mail, he had to add: "P.S. Your airmail letter of the 19th [the letter that contained another \$500] just arrived. Again, many thanks." "Dear Lyndon," Nan Honeyman wrote, "I have been on the verge of calling you all day instead of writing because it is such fun to hear you. . . . The second contribution from the National Committee arrived on the heels of the first one and the raise of the ante was grand and I know my gratitude belongs to you."

They were to become more grateful. For Johnson had only begun raising money.

Some he obtained through personal acquaintance. Tom Corcoran, in New York raising money for Roosevelt, arranged for some cash contributions from garment-center unions, which he brought to Washington and gave to Johnson (as Corcoran himself was to relate; in an era in which much looser standards prevailed in the financing of political campaigns, what Corcoran did was not particularly unusual). Another union with political money to spend was

the United Mine Workers. John L. Lewis might be for Willkie, but did the UMW really want a Republican Congress? UMW Counsel Welly Hopkins recalls that "within twenty-four hours of him taking over the representatives' campaign thing, he called me and said he wanted to see what the mine workers could do toward helping the campaign." Hopkins presented Johnson's case to the union's secretary-treasurer, Tom Kennedy, and Johnson went to see Kennedy. Hopkins says, "I think he [Johnson] went away satisfied as far as the responses that the mine workers made." Money from New York came not only from Seventh Avenue but from Wall Street, a total of \$7,500 being received from the investment banker brothers Cornelius and Paul Shields through the offices of the wealthy New Yorkers he had met through Edwin Weisl, a powerful political financier. Some he obtained because of his ability to arouse paternal fondness in older, powerful, wealthy men. Charles Marsh did not even have to be asked; no sooner had he learned of Johnson's assignment to save Congress for the Democrats than, busy though he was working on the Wallace campaign, he volunteered at once the two commodities with which he was so free: advice and money. Mary-Louise Glass, Marsh's private secretary, recalls, "Charles said to him, 'Boy, you've got to get some money. You can't do that on good will.'" Contacting four business associates in Texas, Marsh arranged that each would give him \$1,000 per week until the campaign ended, and that he would add to their contributions \$1,000 per week of his own, and forward each week a total of \$5,000 to Johnson; "I had to keep track of who paid," Glass says. (Allowing Marsh to know that other men were similarly helping his "protégé" might have dulled the edge of his enthusiasm for the task, so this information was not given to him.) So fast did the money come in that Johnson was able to broaden his assistance. Martin Smith had been thrilled to receive the Congressional Campaign Committee's checks for \$300 and \$400. Before the week was out, he would receive another check—for \$500. A filled-in questionnaire and letter requesting financial help arrived from Representative William H. Sutphin, of New Jersey, on October 17. Johnson dictated a letter saying, "I am going to make an especial effort to find some way to get you some financial assistance," but before he had had a chance to sign and mail the letter, the influx of funds had enabled him to be more specific. On the bottom, he added: "Today I'm asking a Texas friend of mine to give me \$500.00 for you. If he does I'll take it to the Cong. Committee and ask them to rush it to you tonight." Actually, Johnson had either the money or the assurance of it in hand when he wrote that, and the \$500 was sent that night.

He had so much money, in fact, that he was not only meeting requests for funds but soliciting more requests—*asking congressmen to ask for money*. On the bottom of Lyndon Johnson's letter accompanying the \$400 check for McLaughlin, of Nebraska, was a scrawled postscript: "If you badly need more funds, let me know and I'll try some

more." To one congressman who hadn't asked for funds, James M. Barnes, of Illinois, he wrote: "Do you have desperate need for money, Jim? If so, wire or write me air mail how much and I'll try to get some and send through congressional committee for you."

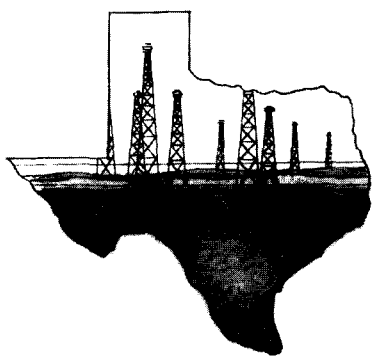
JOHNSON WAS APPARENTLY ANTICIPATING A LARGE contribution from the Democratic National Committee. He had asked its secretary, Paul Aiken, for \$25,000, and seems to have felt he had received a commitment for at least a substantial portion of that amount, but when the check from New York arrived, it was for only \$5,000, and after Johnson had taken that over to the Congressional Committee office in the National Press Building on October 21, he was out of funds.

Although Sam Rayburn had not been easily convinced of the efficacy of Lyndon Johnson's fund-raising methods, his doubts must have been ended by the success of his first telephone calls to Dallas. Now the Speaker was going to Dallas in person.

Bonham, his home town, had scheduled a celebration in honor of his becoming Speaker, and Rayburn had left for Texas on October 17. At the celebration (at which bands from the eleven high schools in his district paraded through the streets of his little town), he was presented with a gavel carved by a local carpenter out of bois d'arc wood, and with a gift from Colonel W. T. Knight, of Wichita Falls, unofficial spokesman of that city's oilmen, who, Rayburn's friend C. Dwight Dorough writes, "that morning . . . had collected \$2,000 from people in Wichita Falls for the National Democratic War Chest, and . . . had come to present the money in person." The need for that gift—and for more like it—would shortly be driven home to Rayburn, for on October 23 he received two communications from Johnson. They were enclosed in the same envelope. The first had been written, on the twenty-first, as a telegram, but not sent in that form; Johnson, always secretive and especially secretive on the sensitive subject of campaign financing, had marked the telegram "Personal & Confidential. Personal Delivery Only," but who could be certain that those instructions would be obeyed? "I started to send you the attached wire yesterday but because I hesitated to send a wire, I enclosed it in this letter," Johnson wrote. The enclosed "wire" said that a "careful check" of congressional races around the country had disclosed that it was not seventy-seven Democratic candidates who were in trouble but 105. And, it said, there was no more money available to help them. "Barrel has been scraped." It urged Rayburn to appeal for funds to "our friends . . . Hope when you talk to them today and Wednesday in Dallas you will impress importance doing this at once. Hope we can get total at least equivalent to amount I suggested to Paul."

In Dallas, where another celebration was held in honor of his new job, Rayburn rode through its streets at the

head of a 200-car caravan. Then he conferred with the oilmen. Some of them had by this time exceeded the \$5,000 limit on campaign contributions. Some of their new contributions were therefore in cash, which arrived in Washington in envelopes carried by trusted couriers (according to Corcoran and Marsh associate Harold H. Young, one of these couriers was William Kittrell, who was an intimate of both Rayburn and Sid Richardson), and was handed to Johnson. How much these envelopes contained is not known, because no record of these campaign contributions, or of their distribution to individual candidates, has been found. This money did not pass through the Congressional Campaign Committee, or through the Munsey Building office; Johnson arranged for its distribution to candidates in checks and cash, through a number of outside channels set up by Marsh, one of which was the burly, brilliant Harold Young. Only hints about the existence of these channels are contained in letters found in Johnson's office files; one example is a note from Johnson to Congressman Claude V. Parsons, of Illinois, on October 25: "I am sure by now you have received all the material I had sent you, both through the committee and otherwise"; Parsons wrote back thanking Johnson for the checks both from the committee and "from Harold Young." There is also an unexplained reference in Johnson's files to money given "on the Chicago line." As for money that *did* pass through the committee, Johnson had said on the 21st (in a statement borne out at least in general by his records) that he was out of money. On the 24th, he gave the committee \$16,500.



RAYBURN DID MORE IN TEXAS THAN MERELY RAISE money. The independent oilman perhaps most influential among his fellow wildcatters was Charles F. Roeser, of Fort Worth, former president of the Independent Petroleum Association of America; in 1936, Jim Farley had been informed confidentially that Roeser "not only will get money himself, but will raise it from his friends." The contributions Roeser arranged in 1936 had been made through traditional Democratic channels—sent to Democratic National Committee Chairman Farley at the Biltmore. Roeser had planned to contribute through traditional channels in 1940, also; with Farley no longer national chairman, the oilman had asked Elliott Roosevelt, leaving

Fort Worth for a trip north, to find out to whom he should send the money. But although Elliott was to wire him to send the money to presidential secretary Steve Early, at the White House, those instructions were not followed, for before Roeser heard from Elliott Roosevelt, he heard from Sam Rayburn. The new Speaker "called me from Dallas and advised that I send my contribution to the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee in care of Lyndon Johnson," Roeser was to recall. Roeser had never met Johnson, but he followed Rayburn's instructions. "Dear Mr. Johnson," he wrote. "After talking with Sam Rayburn, I have decided to send my contribution for this year's campaign to you. . . . I am . . . leaving it up to the Steering Committee, headed by you, to decide in what districts these funds can best be spent." And not only Roeser's own \$5,000 campaign contribution but the contributions of the independent oilmen who followed his lead went to the Munsey Building rather than to the White House or to the Biltmore, as they would have done in the past. So, moreover, did the contributions of independents who did not follow Roeser's lead—of men such as Richardson and Murchison, who followed no man's lead. For, however independent they were, these men not only trusted Sam Rayburn but were aware that now that this grim, unsmiling man was armed with the Speaker's gavel, he was the protector they needed in Washington, and they were therefore willing to follow his instructions—which were to send their money to Lyndon Johnson.

Roeser's terse letter to the young congressman he had never met was a significant document in the political fundraising history of the United States (and, it was to prove in later years, in the larger history of the country as well). Sam Rayburn had, on his trip to Texas in October, 1940, cut off the Democratic National Committee, and other traditional party recipients of campaign contributions, from much of the money of the newly rich Texas independent oilmen. These rough-hewn adventurers from the great province in the Southwest had been seeking a channel through which their money could flow to the seat of national power. After Rayburn's trip to Dallas, they had their channel, one that ten days before had not even existed. Sam Rayburn had cut them the channel. A new source of political money, potentially vast, had been tapped in America, and Lyndon Johnson had been put in charge of it. He was the conduit for the independent oilmen's cash.

MONEY WAS NOT ALL JOHNSON WAS PROVIDING FOR the congressmen. He expressed to candidates the same eagerness to be of service that he expressed to constituents. The letters that carried the welcome news of checks on the way contained also the promise of assistance in non-financial areas. In the letter he sent to the recipients of the October 24 and 25 campaign contributions, Johnson wrote: "I want to see you *win*. In order to help you and others of our party out in the frontline

trenches, I am devoting my entire time in an attempt to coordinate and expedite assistance to you from this end." Just call on me, he urged them—"call on me, at any hour of the day, by phone, wire or letter. My address is 339 Munsey Building and my telephone number is REpublic 8284." That was a form letter: individual notes expressed in even more emphatic terms his eagerness to help. "I wish you would please keep in close touch with me and let me know if there is any way at all I can possibly help you," he wrote Nebraska's McLaughlin. "My services are available to you day and night on anything."

It was not, in fact, necessary for him to be called on.

Senator George Norris, of Nebraska, the great old champion of public hydroelectric power, was planning to speak in Portland, Oregon, and visit the Grand Coulee Dam to emphasize the administration's role in building it. On Thursday of his first week in his new job, Johnson compiled a list of nine Democratic candidates in the Far West who were supporters of public power, and who were engaged in tight races. Then he wrote a memorandum: "I do hope that when Senator Norris gives his address . . . he will say something in support of these people in recognition of the battle they have been carrying on. Just one sentence would be helpful. . . ." No one had asked him to do this; he had just done it—and done it with his usual thoroughness, not merely pleading for "just one sentence" but drafting nine different sentences, each custom-tailored for one of the nine candidates. (That thoroughness and his capacity for cultivating not only the mighty but their assistants were also evident in the delivery of the memorandum. He spoke to Norris's assistant, Jack Robinson, about it in advance, and when he sent it to Robinson, he sent with it another memorandum asking him to "Please see to it that this gets the Senator's attention" and adding: "Call on me anytime for anything." Prodded by Robinson, Norris delivered the endorsements.)

Other nationally prominent New Dealers and Cabinet members were heading out of Washington on speaking tours for Roosevelt. Johnson asked them, too, to speak for the local Democratic congressional candidate as well. Labor was strong in the State of Washington, and Senator Claude Pepper, of Florida, was a symbol, because of his vigorous support of the wages-and-hours bill, of the New Deal's support of labor. SENATOR PEPPER SPEAKING SATURDAY IN SEATTLE, Johnson wired his Naval Affairs Committee colleague Warren Magnuson. SUGGESTED TO HIM THAT HE PUT IN A GOOD PLUG FOR YOU. CONTACT PEPPER WHEN HE ARRIVES. Magnuson had not asked for the "good plug." He had gotten it without asking—as, all at once, Democratic candidates who had given up hope of obtaining assistance from Washington were receiving help for which they had not even asked.

Suddenly, Democratic candidates all across the country realized that there was someone in Washington they could turn to, someone they could ask for not only money but other types of aid.

And they asked. By his second week in the new job, requests were pouring into the Munsey Building—for voting records of Republican incumbents from the Democratic hopefuls opposing them; for information on the broad scale ("I am debating the congressman in McKeesport Saturday . . . and would like to receive all information about his voting record") or the small; for the little piece of information—difficult for someone unfamiliar with the federal bureaucracy to obtain—that could improve a speech (PLEASE WIRE ME BY WESTERN UNION . . . THE AMOUNT OF MONEY IN SOCIAL SECURITY FUND. I MUST KNOW BEFORE SEVEN O'CLOCK TONIGHT); for a vital, desperately needed, denial (Congressman J. Buell Snyder, of Pennsylvania, wired: FOLLOWING APPEARED IN PITTSBURGH TELEGRAPH QUOTE A BILL INTRODUCED BY SENATOR WAGNER WOULD COMPEL 81,000 TEACHERS OF PENNSYLVANIA TO TURN OVER INTO THE SOCIAL SECURITY FUND \$147,000,000 WHICH THE TEACHERS CONSIDER [THEIR] ACTUAL SAVINGS FUND STOP GIVE ME WIRE ANSWER YES OR NO NO EXPLANATION WILL DO STOP THIS WILL COST 50,000 VOTES IN PENNSYLVANIA STOP GIVE ME WIRE SO IT CAN BE PUBLISHED AS IT COMES STOP BETTER FOR WIRE TO COME FROM WAGNER TODAY); for endorsements (Congressman Franck R. Havenner, of California, wired: SENATOR CLAUDE PEPPER WILL SPEAK IN SAN FRANCISCO TOMORROW STOP WILL BE GRATEFUL IF YOU CAN WIRE HIM ASKING THAT HE ENDORSES MY RECORD); for speakers ("We are requesting . . . Gifford Pinchot, former Governor and the man who took the county 'out of the mud' with his 'Pinchot Roads' to come into Lancaster County, I feel that his visit would supply the spark needed here. Please join with us in urging him to come").

The requests were answered—with a thoroughness that would have been familiar to Gene Latimer and L. E. Jones, who had been taught by Johnson, when he was their high school debate coach, that if you took care of all the minor details, if "you did everything you could do—absolutely *everything*—you would win."

Buell Snyder had asked that the denial he needed come "today," and it did; his wire was received at the Munsey Building at 1:12 P.M., and a return wire was on its way to Snyder's Uniontown, Pennsylvania, headquarters that same afternoon, for Johnson had immediately contacted Senator Robert Wagner's secretary. The denial should come direct from Wagner, Snyder had said, and it did; the return wire was signed with the Senator's name. And it should "answer yes or no," and the first sentence of Wagner's wire was precisely what Snyder needed: MY ANSWER TO REPORTED STATEMENT IS EMPHATICALLY NO. And there followed a wire that could, as Snyder had requested, be published as it came: a long telegram detailing Wagner's version of the bill in question. That was fast enough service for even a desperate campaigner, but Johnson did not put his trust in Western Union; the next morning he sent his own wire telling Snyder that he should have received one from Wagner: IF NOT RECEIVED, LET ME KNOW. THIS

JUST FOLLOW-UP. Answering every request, he did absolutely *everything* he could. The wire that Havenner had requested be sent to Pepper was sent and the endorsement by Pepper was made, and it was not just a pro forma endorsement, for Johnson had seen to it—telegraphing and telephoning, and then telephoning again, not only to the Senator's aides but to the Senator himself, tracking him down on his cross-country tour—that Pepper was given enough details to make it seem that he really was familiar with the Congressman's record.

AMONG THE ITEMS OF ASSISTANCE FOR WHICH CONGRESSMEN had been asking in vain were out-of-district speakers with particular appeal to their constituents, for oratory cost money—money for the orator's transportation, hotel room, and meals (and, in the case of some, honoraria for the rental of their vocal cords)—and the National Committee, which was frantically attempting to scrape up funds to send Harold Ickes and other Cabinet members on cross-country tours for the national ticket, had none to spare for the requests of individual congressmen.

Touching base only occasionally with the National Committee, Johnson had his staff compile lists of "Speaker Requests," and the dates of the meetings for which the speakers were requested; he coordinated them, and soon congressmen with substantial numbers of Polish constituents were notified that Representative Rudolph G. Tenerowicz, a leader of the Polish Union of the United States of North America, was on his way to deliver one of his renowned speeches—in Polish, of course. (Having won his own, predominantly Polish, district in Hamtramck, Michigan, in 1938 with a majority of 54,000 votes over all other candidates, Tenerowicz needed to devote only limited time to his own campaign.) Candidates with substantial numbers of Negro constituents were getting a Negro congressman who was also a renowned orator, Arthur Mitchell of Chicago, and many districts of varied ethnic composition were hearing from little Fiorello La Guardia of New York, who was practically a balanced ticket all by himself—and could, ranting and shaking his tiny fists, wave the bloody flag in seven different languages. Democratic nominee Alfred F. Beiter, whose Buffalo district included many Italians—who, as he wrote to Johnson, "are inclined to be 'off-the-reservation' this year"—had been pleading in vain with the National Committee for a visit by Representative Thomas D'Alesandro, of Baltimore, who, Beiter had been told, "makes a very good rebuttal talk to offset the Republicans' criticism of the President's 'stab-in-the-back' reference to Mussolini." Johnson could not get D'Alesandro for Beiter but did provide Frank Serri, who, he assured Beiter, was a "distinguished Italian Brooklyn lawyer" and "fine orator." Into melting-pot, multi-ethnic districts whose candidates had been pleading in vain, before October 14, for a single outside speaker, now filed a

parade of speakers, many with expense money from Lyndon Johnson in their pockets. Buffalo Congressman Pius Schwert, for example, got Tenerowicz for his Poles, Serri for his Italians, and La Guardia for various ethnic blocs—as well as Arthur Mitchell for the district's few Negroes. Thanks to Johnson, the breadbasket as well as the melting pot was getting speakers. Oklahoma's Phil Ferguson wrote him that Agriculture Committee chairman Marvin Jones "can do more good than anyone. . . . If he could make Guymon the Saturday afternoon before election [it] would do a lot of good, in fact, it might mean the difference in my election, and then go to Beaver that night would have battle cinched." Jones was in Guymon the Saturday afternoon before election, and in Beaver that night—and during the last two weeks of the campaign, Jones, identified by farmers throughout the United States with the Agricultural Adjustment Act, was in more than forty rural districts to tell farmers how helpful their local congressman had been in passing the programs that had saved their farms. Johnson not only dispatched the speakers, he amplified their voices; when, after he had arranged for a visiting speaker, a candidate said he hoped the speech could be broadcast on a local radio station, Johnson provided the funds for the broadcast.

He was providing other types of help as well. His entrée to Ickes and to other high officials of Interior was put to the use of other congressmen. "A lot of projects were approved that fall," Walter Jenkins recalls. "Mr. Ickes was very cooperative." Roosevelt had told Johnson to work through James Rowe, and Rowe's entrée to other departments—and the fact that he could speak in the name of the White House—was put to the use of still others. After more than a year of struggling with the War Department bureaucracy, Martin Smith had finally secured the requisite permit for construction of an airport in his district, only to see the project snarled in Works Projects Administration red tape. By making him seem ineffectual in Washington, D.C., "this delay is not doing me any good politically," Smith wrote Johnson on October 26. "If I could get final approval of this project by the WPA, and have it approved by President Roosevelt, before the end of the coming week, it would be a great help." A week later, Smith received a telegram from the Munsey Building: YOUR WPA APPLICATION HAS BEEN APPROVED BY WPA AND IS AT THE WHITE HOUSE AWAITING THE PRESIDENT'S SIGNATURE. WILL DO MY BEST TO GET THIS SIGNED FOR YOU AND WIRE YOU BY MONDAY. Time was running out; Monday was the day before election, but on that day, another Western Union envelope was delivered to Smith:

HAPPY TO REPORT PRESIDENT TODAY APPROVED WORKS
PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION PROJECT FIVE OUGHT OUGHT
SEVEN TWO, APPROPRIATING THREE HUNDRED EIGHTY
TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED FIFTY EIGHT DOLLARS FOR
IMPROVEMENT MOON ISLAND AIRPORT

Suddenly, now, there was help available for congressmen

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Tools for Living is a national mail order company which reaches over 30 million readers each month. We search for unusual and hard-to-find products and present them as a section in many of the country's leading publications. When Tools for Living first originated over eight years ago, it was with the idea that complete product information would be the key to our success. To help you make an informed, intelligent buying decision we attempt to present detailed information about each product. In this way you are better able to make your own judgements as to whether you like, want or need a particular item.

Watering Whiz



Now you can water all your plants in a single trip with this handy indoor garden hose. This 50' vinyl hose readily attaches to any household faucet. From there you just take the water where you want it—an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of

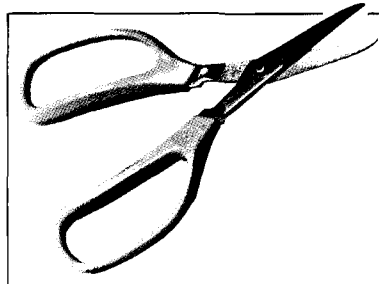
water on and off as needed. This indoor hose comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage. The complete indoor garden hose kit costs just \$11.00 (\$1.95) #A341.

All-In-One Knife

First off, this is *not* a cleaver. It's a Chinese knife—an implement so sophisticated and versatile that it is the *only* knife to be found in most Chinese kitchens. It is the ideal tool for slicing, shredding, mincing or chopping and is so well balanced that it can be wielded in a variety of ways (an illustrated folder shows how) with surprisingly little effort. We are offering an improved version of the traditional Chinese knife made to the exacting specifications of Joyce Chen. The knife blade is made of chrome molybdenum steel, which gives you a long-lasting sharp edge that will not stain or rust; the non-slip hardwood handle is riveted to a full tang. This knife costs \$25.00 (\$2.95) #A410.



The World's Most Sensible Scissors



Most scissors are built backwards, with long blades and tiny handles. But if you want to exert leverage, you need large hand grips (so more of your hand goes into operating the scissor) and relatively short blades (so you can maintain full cutting pressure along their

entire length). Finally a pair of scissors has come along reflecting these basic physical facts. The generously large flexible plastic handles accommodate most of your hand (4 fingers of a man's hand) and fit a right or lefthanded person equally well. The blades are made of high carbon tool steel (for sharpness and strength) and are chrome finished (for protection from staining). They are marketed primarily as gourmet kitchenware and they are superb in that role. The tapered points let you get into small places cutting chicken, fish, lobster shells, small bones and so forth. But these scissors are much too sensible and flexible to be confined to the kitchen. They are equally at home in the workshop, garden, office or hobby center. These Joyce Chen scissors cost \$13.00 (\$1.95) #A411 a pair.

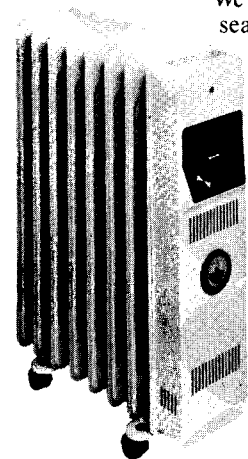
Dust Magnet

If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. On its own it actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. When soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water. Let it dry, fluff it out and store it, hanging from a conveniently located hole at the end of its handle. A 20" authentic lambswool duster is \$8.00 (\$1.95) #A163.

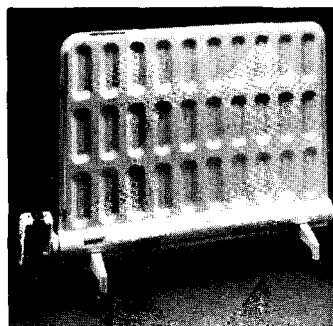


Heat Where You Need It

We've tried many different space heaters in search of the best combination of safety, economy and heating efficiency. The two portable oil-filled radiators presented here won our favor for many reasons, especially safety. There are no exposed flames, they do not get overly hot (making them suitable even for a child's room), and they emit no fumes or odors. They are filled with a special oil that heats up quickly, cools down slowly and never needs replacing. Both styles have easy roll wheels for room-to-room portability and a built-in thermostat that responds to changing room temperatures. When functioning as a supplement to your central heating system these European-made heaters can make your home more comfortable and much more energy efficient. The DeLonghi heater, shown at left, has a feature not common

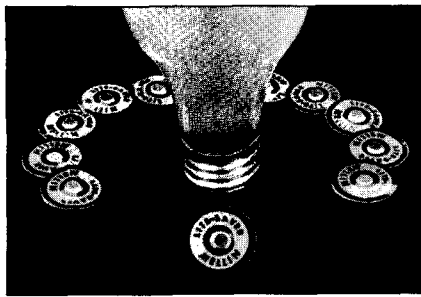


to most space heaters—an automatic timer. You can program it to go on and off in 15 minute intervals day or night. For example, set it to go off a few minutes before you wake in the morning so your bathroom or bedroom has started to warm before you get up! This unit has three heat settings (600w, 900w, 1,500w) and provides a maximum of 5,100 BTUs. The DeLonghi comes in a neutral oyster color, weighs 38 lbs and is UL listed. This model with automatic timer is *not generally available in retail stores* and costs \$150.00 (\$12.95) #A485. An identical model without the timer costs \$140.00 (\$12.95) #A487. The Dimplex panel radiator offers an unusual, yet attractive contemporary design. The large heating surface of the panel provides an ideal balance of half radiant and half convected heat—no energy is wasted. The unit draws a maximum of 750 watts and produces 2559 BTUs. It's 31½" long x 23½" high and comes in two colors: bronze #A563 or white #A562. The Dimplex radiators cost \$150.00 (\$12.95) each.



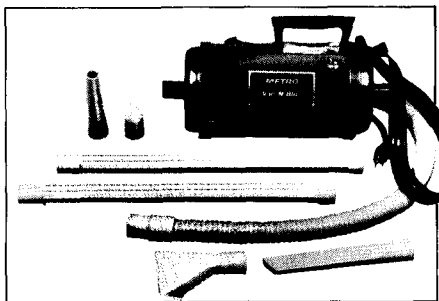
Lite Savers

If you're tired of climbing ladders and getting into precarious (often dangerous) positions to change an out of the way light bulb then you should know about Mellin Lite-Savers. Adhered to the base of any one way bulb the Lite-Savers can extend bulb life from 50 to 100 times! Just think of the money saved in light bulbs! Most bulbs have a rated life of 750 hours or 32 days if used continuously. With Lite-Savers your bulbs will burn up to 75,000 hours or about eight years if used 24 hours a day. They're ideal for hallways, staircases, or anyplace where replacing light bulbs is a time consuming nuisance. You'll notice that Lite-Savers reduce light output so you may want to increase bulb wattage. They're safe, dependable and install quickly and easily with any one way bulb. The manufacturer offers a limited eight year warranty. We offer the Lite-Savers in a package of 6 for \$17.00 (\$1.95) #A548 or 12 for \$27.00 (\$2.95) #A549.

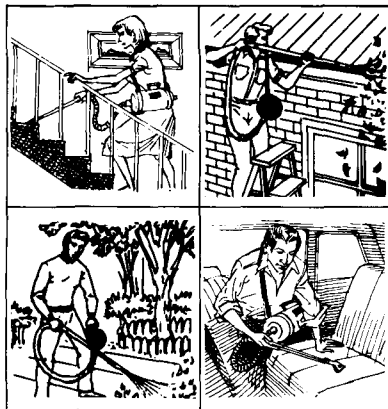


All Purpose Vac-N-Blo

When it comes to stairs, cars, garages and outdoor uses the conventional vacuum cleaner loses much of its portability. Here is a different breed of indoor/outdoor vacuum. The Metro Vac-n-Blo slips right over your shoulder, weighs less than 10 pounds and will go practically anywhere. Attach to one end and you have a vacuum with suction stronger than some full size canister machines. Attach to the other end and you have a 200 mph blower for cleaning walks and gutters and other outdoor jobs (there's even an adapter for blowing up inflatables). The Vac-n-Blo unit is made of steel with a permanent cloth bag and comes with a 3'



flexible hose, 2-20" extension wands and 4 interchangeable nozzles. You will need to supply an extension cord. This UL listed Vac-n-Blo costs \$83.00 (\$6.95) #A512. The American manufacturer supplies a one-year warranty. For more convenient indoor use, there is a conversion kit with a 3-wheel rollaround dolly, 3' flexible extension hose, dusting brush and swivel carpet/floor tool. \$22.00 (\$2.95) #A513.



Convert-A-Bulb

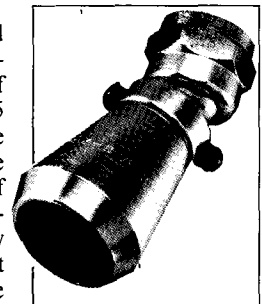
How would you like to save more than \$15 per fixture when you next change a 3-way lightbulb? Three-way bulbs have some major shortcomings. They are noticeably more expensive than regular bulbs, they come in a limited range of sizes and styles, and the high setting on a 3-way bulb gives you significantly less light than you are entitled to expect. A plain 100-watt bulb gives 1740 lumens of light; a 30-70-100 watt 3-way at the highest setting gives only 1285 lumens.

The Convert-A-Bulb screws into your 3-way fixture and enables you to have 3-way action from a regular lightbulb. It accepts any standard base bulb from 7½ to 150 watts. Let's assume that you replace a 50-100-150 watt 3-way bulb with a regular 150-watt bulb. Because of the lumen differential between regular and 3-way bulbs, the medium setting gives the same amount of light that you formerly had at the high setting—providing a savings of 27 watts per hour. The regular bulb at medium setting will last 6 times its rated life of 750 hours, or a total of 4500 hours. If you pay 7¢ per kwh for electricity the savings amount to \$8.50. Plus, 3-way bulbs are usually rated at 1200 hours, so you would need four of them at \$2.20 each, to outlast this one regular bulb, at \$1.50. That is another \$7.30 in savings for an overall windfall of \$15.80 over the life of the first bulb alone! The Convert-A-Bulb is UL listed and available exclusively from us. Buy one for \$10.00 (\$1.95) #A495, two for \$18.00 (\$1.95) #A496 or three for \$26.00 (\$2.95) #A497.



Savings In The Shower

This finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver and manufactured by Con-Serv, cuts the use of water—hot water—in the shower from 5 to 2.45 gallons per minute. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gallons of water—much of it heated—everyday. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between \$150 and \$350 depending on the utility rates. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—utilizing the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½" shower arm with pliers or a wrench—no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for \$16.00 (\$2.95) #A351.



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not only on projects but on personnel. A "local labor leader" in Scranton was employed by the General Accounting Office, Representative Patrick J. Boland informed Johnson; "will you kindly try to obtain [him] an increase in salary?" Another example of many requests in this area that Johnson handled had been addressed to Drewry first, by Representative John M. Houston, of Kansas's Fifth Congressional District. In a casual conversation in a corridor while the House was still in session, Drewry had assured Houston that if a federal job for one of his constituents would help in his campaign, he would obtain it, but when Houston asked for a job for W. W. Brown, of Wichita, "who swings a lot of votes" because of his membership in a "very strong" United Commercial Travelers local "here in Wichita, and is out of work," the chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee was unable to deliver. But when his assistant, Cap Harding, appealed to Johnson for help, Johnson was able to deliver. Telephoning a bureaucrat in the Agriculture Department's Office of Personnel, he sounded him out on what was immediately available, and persuaded him to make a call to a higher official who had a \$2,400-a-year job open in the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation. A wire went out to Houston informing him: AT REQUEST OF CONGRESSMAN LYNDON JOHNSON HAVE REQUESTED OUR REGIONAL DIRECTOR IN MILWAUKEE . . . TO FORWARD APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT TO W. W. BROWN.



IN OTHER BRANCHES OF POLITICAL ACTIVITY IN WHICH similarly urgent appeals came in from congressmen, Johnson was also able to help. In the same letter in which he thanked Johnson for "sympathetically" helping him with various problems, Martin Smith added: "A new problem has arisen." This problem was a strike that had tied up lumber mills in his district, and was arousing resentment toward the New Deal, which had encouraged the new militancy in organized labor. "As you well know," Smith wrote Johnson, "the President, the Administration and the M.C. are given the bulk of the blame for allowing such conditions to prevail." Although this strike could be settled only by the labor leaders in New York, and Johnson didn't know those leaders, Tommy Corcoran did; the introductions necessary for Johnson to get them on the phone

were arranged, and the very day he was informed of Smith's "new problem," he was able to assure the Congressman the width of a continent away that he was working on the problem: TALKED TO LUBIN AND HILLMAN TODAY. THEY ARE DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE ON STRIKE.

This assistance was also provided with Johnson thoroughness. Every telegram had a "follow-up" (to Kent Keller, of Illinois: AFTER TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH YOU IMMEDIATELY WENT TO WORK ON HOSPITAL PROJECT. ASSUME YOU BY NOW HAVE RECEIVED WIRE FROM VETERANS ADMINISTRATION ADVISING YOU THAT PRESIDENT AND BUDGET HAVE APPROVED THIS). Mistakes in numerals were so frequent in telegrams that Western Union policy was to repeat them at the lower left-hand corner of the telegram so that the reader could double-check. This precaution was not sufficient for Johnson. He took his own precaution, insisting that the operator spell out the numerals as words (PROJECT FIVE OUGHT OUGHT SEVEN TWO). He sent two and three copies of some telegrams.

And his assistance was provided eagerly. When a congressman asked him for help, he thanked him for asking. Replying to Smith's request for help on the Moon Island Airport, Johnson began: "Thanks much for yours of the 26th. It had no more than reached me when I immediately got to work on your project. . . . You can be sure that I will do my best." And he asked them to ask him for more help. "Do you have any other assignment for me?" he asked them. He reiterated his request: "Call on me, at any hour."

No matter how many assignments he was given, he tried, in those frantic three weeks, to carry out all of them—and, in fact, thought of additional help he could give the candidates. His work for Nan Wood Honeyman was an example.

In her telephone call to Johnson on October 17, the call that had been transcribed by John Connally, she had asked for money—but for other assistance as well: for letters of endorsement from Rayburn and McCormack and, because "one of her big problems was the Townsend Plan," from a congressman identified with assistance for the aged, Charles H. Leavy, of Washington; and for "Honorable George Norris to speak in [the] district." That very day the Western Union messengers began arriving at the front door of her home—and each yellow envelope contained good news. The telegram that arrived that afternoon, of course, informed her that the AIRMAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER with a big contribution was coming. The next day two telegrams arrived from LYNDON. The first said that, while he had been UNSUCCESSFUL ON LEAVY MATTER, the Rayburn and McCormack letters were on the way. The second said that HONORABLE GEORGE NORRIS would indeed SPEAK IN PORTLAND, OREGON. HAVE TALKED WITH HIS SECRETARY ABOUT YOU, AND FEEL SURE HE WILL NOT FORGET YOU. HOWEVER, SUGGEST YOU HAVE SOMEONE CONTACT HIS PARTY AND HAVE HIM REMINDED OF THIS TO PREVENT ANY POSSIBLE OVERLOOKING OF IT. (Johnson

had even suggested a sentence that the Senator could include in his speech: "I would like to live in Portland so that I might vote for Nan Wood Honeyman to be my Congressman.") The Rayburn and McCormack letters were warm enough to satisfy even an anxious candidate, and Johnson's work with Norris's staff paid off on the front page of the *Portland Oregonian*: posing before the great dam after his speech, Norris had summoned Mrs. Honeyman to stand beside him, so that she was in the dramatic page-one picture.

In a letter that Johnson wrote on October 22, he told Mrs. Honeyman that he had been "thinking about . . . having you back here with us. That's the thing that would really tickle me and the big job I want to do between now and November the fifth. So if you don't write, wire, or phone me any time there is anything—big or little—I can do for you, I am going to be awfully mad at you." Mrs. Honeyman gave him little chance to be mad. If he couldn't get a letter from Leavy, she asked, how about one from Senator Sheridan Downey, of California, who, she said, "is next to Dr. Townsend in the eyes of his followers. . . . A suggestion from him that the local pensioners support me would carry a lot of weight. . . . I put this up to you as a real job." Johnson was glad for the job, he wrote her on the 23rd; he asked her to give him more jobs: "Nan, I will look into the Downey matter you mentioned and do everything I possibly can to help work this out for you. Please, please let me know if I can do anything else." And the letter of the 23rd brought other good news to Prospect Drive: "I am glad . . . the little financial contributions have helped you some," he wrote. "I talked with them again last night and gave them three hundred fifty more to send you air mail special, so that you should have received that by the time this letter reaches you." The next day, the 24th, there was another letter—and another \$350. The extent of the money from Washington had by this time reached levels so unexpected that when, on October 28, Johnson asked Mrs. Honeyman how much more money she needed, she said she had all she could use.

Downey wasn't the only senator beloved by pensioners; Claude Pepper was, too, and he was at that very moment campaigning on the West Coast. Johnson tracked Pepper down in Los Angeles and talked to him on the telephone. "I told him to do all he could for you and he heartily agreed," he wrote Mrs. Honeyman. John Rankin, of Mississippi, was an important name in public power; Mrs. Honeyman was informed that a letter from Rankin was on its way.

Johnson volunteered, in fact, an even bigger favor—one for which she hadn't dared to ask. She had requested letters from Rayburn and Norris; he got her one from a bigger name. He suggested she send a letter to President Roosevelt noting her role in the Bonneville Dam and Columbia River projects—a letter that would give the President an excuse to reply, and emphasize her role. He himself wrote a draft of her letter—and of the President's

reply—and persuaded Rowe to arrange to have the letter sent over the President's signature: "My dear Nan: It was good to hear from you again and to receive from one who has fought shoulder to shoulder with me for the Columbia developments a picture of their present usefulness. . . ." Notifying her of this unexpected boon he had arranged, Johnson said: "I just thought this might give you another little push."

IT WAS NOT ONLY CONGRESSMEN WHOM HE WAS ASSISTING.

In an era before the widespread use of political polling, information was a commodity very difficult for a politician to come by quickly enough for him to use it. In a pre-computer era, even the famous Gallup poll had to report its results several days after its polling had begun, by which time new developments might have changed voters' attitudes. And relatively little polling was done on the effect of other political developments on specific segments of the population. A candidate might wonder—might be desperate to know—how his strategy was working, but information that would help him determine this was in short supply.

The Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee had never before been used to fill this gap. But it was used to fill it now.

With many of the checks that went out, there went out also a request for a status report, not only on the congressman's own chances in his district but on the President's. And since many of the men Johnson was asking for these reports were veteran congressmen—seasoned, experienced (and successful) politicians, their replies were often extremely informative. Some congressmen took their own local polls, and unscientific and rudimentary in technique though they were, the congressmen sent the results to Johnson, and he could pass them along to the White House—and the results of these polls, of course, were hard facts, the kind of facts for which a candidate and his advisers are so anxious. Ohio's Ninth Congressional District, which included Toledo with its large factories, was considered a fairly typical urban, industrialized district, and a good indicator of sentiment in such areas. In mid-October, its congressman, John F. Hunter, had sent out "blind" postcards, postcards simply asking voters to write in their preference for congressman and President and send the cards to an unidentified postal box. He mailed them to 16,000 voters, and when, a week later, 3,654 postcards had been returned, he could report the figures to Johnson: 2,182 for Willkie, 1,472 for Roosevelt. But Hunter could shrewdly report to Johnson that the figures might not be as ominous as they seemed at first glance, because the return rate from factory districts was so "much less, by percentage, than from the Republican wards, it may be that factory workers are afraid to express their choice."

Most important, Johnson could not only get information

for the President, he could get it for him fast. Roosevelt, worried about a Gallup poll that showed Willkie rapidly cutting into his lead, began a series of radio addresses on October 23. Sending out checks to congressional candidates around the country, Johnson asked them to repay him with a report on how the speeches went over; within a day or two after each speech, he could tell the White House that, as one candidate put it after one speech—in a reaction echoed by other Johnson correspondents—“the President’s broadcast of last night has caused [a] definite swing toward the President’s candidacy.”

John L. Lewis broke his long silence with a dreaded roar on October 25, endorsing Willkie and announcing that he would resign as CIO president if Roosevelt won; not only was the speech shrewdly timed—Lewis had delayed for weeks while press speculation about his intentions aroused interest in his speech, and had finally struck twelve days before the election for maximum impact—but it hit at what was perhaps Roosevelt’s weakest point; the miners’ chief proclaimed that the President was determined to force the United States into war. Initial press reports speculated that Lewis’s speech would have substantial impact on the campaign, but no one—including an anxious White House—could know for sure. Johnson, however, soon had specific reports—from the very districts in which the speech would have had the greatest impact. Using his list of “Districts Which Produce 1,000,000 Tons or More Coal”—the fifteen districts, in six states, which, of course, contained the greatest concentration of the coal miners who formed the bedrock of Lewis’s constituency—Johnson sent telegrams to the congressmen from these districts asking for a report on the effect of Lewis’s speech. The initial responses were surprising: one of the first said that the speech “has not injured us any”; if anything, it had helped; several CIO locals responded to Lewis’s threat to resign by asking him to do so immediately. And later responses confirmed the trend: “The coal miners . . . rank and file . . . will stay with Roosevelt,” one said. Because the telegraph was too slow for him, Johnson telephoned several of the fifteen whose judgment he particularly trusted (his selection displayed again his keenness as a reader of men; among them were Jennings Randolph, of West Virginia, and Michael Bradley, of Pennsylvania, men who would rise). Their replies confirmed the others’ (Randolph, scribbling a note “following up our telephone conversation of a few minutes ago,” told him that Lewis’s speech would “cut in to the Roosevelt vote in my congressional district” by only about 10 percent, and that the President could still expect to win by a comfortable margin of about 15 percent). And as a result of these replies, Johnson was able to tell the White House that the press reports were wrong; he presented a reassuring district-by-district summary of the limited impact of Lewis’s defection.

The White House, frantic for information, suddenly realized that there was a new source of it: a young congressman from Texas.



TEN DAYS TO GO, AND THERE WAS NO TIME FOR THE mail now. Now almost all requests were couched in Western Union’s urgent capitals. For now defeat or victory was staring ambitious men starkly in the face, and so was the realization that just a little money might mean the difference—if the money arrived in time.

A single ad might make the difference—just one more ad. MUST HAVE \$250 BY THURSDAY NIGHT FOR LAST ISSUE ADVERTISING, wired James F. Hughes, of Wisconsin. ADVERTISING PROGRAMS ACCOMPLISHING GREAT RESULTS DEADLINE THURSDAY NOON, wired Beiter, of Buffalo. On Monday, October 28, James F. Lavery, of Pennsylvania, wired Johnson asking for \$100 FOR BADLY NEEDED advertising. When he did not receive a reply by Wednesday, he wired again. If Johnson could not spare \$100, he asked, could he send \$90? CHANCES BRIGHT . . . IF WE GET RIGHT AWAY \$14 FOR EACH OF FIVE COUNTY PAPERS AND \$20 FOR TITUSVILLE HERALD.

One more mailing. HAVE SET UP MACHINERY TO REACH 11,000 VOTERS BY MAIL IF \$250 MADE AVAILABLE BY THURSDAY, Kenneth M. Petrie wired. In Racine, Wisconsin, J. M. Weisman was staring at 65,000 circulars—and at the realization that he couldn’t get them into voters’ hands. URGENCY NEED AT LEAST \$500 BY FRIDAY.

One more maneuver, of a more informal character. Cap Harding’s son, Kenneth, who would succeed him as secretary of the Congressional Campaign Committee, was running campaigns in California’s Eighth Congressional District. “There was a colored minister who controlled the bloc of colored votes in San Jose, and we bought him for fifty dollars. A small amount of money judiciously spent could mean more than a larger amount of money spent on political advertising. Just a few bucks strategically placed could mean all the difference in the world. But those last few days of a campaign—when the deals were being struck—that was when you either had the cash or you didn’t. And if you didn’t—well, that could mean the end of a man’s career.”

Election Day itself was looming before these men—Election Day, with Election Day expenses. Arthur Mitchell, returning to his Chicago district from his travels on behalf of other Negro candidates, found to his shock that, as he wired Johnson, PRACTICALLY ALL COLORED BAPTIST

MINISTERS HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED BY THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. . . . I CAN AND WILL BEAT THEM IF I CAN GET THE MONEY TO HIRE WORKERS. I NEED A MINIMUM OF \$600. . . . WHATEVER HELP I CAN GET SHOULD BE IN HANDS TOMORROW IF POSSIBLE. Byron G. Rogers, of Colorado, wired: COULD USE \$500 FOR WORKERS IN SPANISH AND ITALIAN DISTRICTS. WIRE TODAY HOW MUCH I CAN EXPECT. Francis T. Murphy, of Milwaukee: CAN CARRY DISTRICTS BY 2000 BY GETTING VOTE TO THE POLL IN KEY WARDS. NEED \$300 FRIDAY TO CARRY OUT INTENSIVE WORK. . . . WIRE BY WESTERN UNION. Vernon Sigars, of Missouri: NEED \$1,000 NOVEMBER 1ST TO HIRE POLL WATCHERS.

There were other Election Day expenses too, for San Antonio was not the only city and Texas not the only state in which money was piled on tables to purchase votes, just as Mexican-Americans were not the only immigrants whose votes were purchased; in New Brunswick, New Jersey, heavily inhabited in 1940 by first-generation Americans of Slavic descent and controlled by a ruthless city machine (to name just one northeastern city in which this practice was widespread), the big oak desks of city officials were traditionally cleared of papers on Election Day and covered with piles of cash. In the big cities of the Northeast, votes might cost more than the five dollars each they cost in San Antonio; in the slums of New York and Chicago, at least, it was not uncommon for Bowery and Skid Row residents to be handed tens or even, in a close election, twenties for their franchise. And for those candidates who were not planning to buy votes, money might be needed for poll watchers to prevent illegal balloting by voters bought by their opponents. As for rural areas, certain "boxes" in the Tenth District of Texas were not the only precincts that could be delivered for a candidate if a payment was made to a local sheriff or county commissioner.

There was no time for circumlocutions now. Money was what was needed, and money was what was asked for. Some candidates, in their anxiety to obtain funds, entrusted to Western Union stratagems usually mentioned only in whispers. Hardy Steeholm, of Dutchess County, New York, wired that TWO THOUSAND . . . WILL DO THE TRICK. The trick he had in mind was not, perhaps, a clean one; this Democratic candidate wanted the money for the payment not of Democratic workers but of Republicans. SUCCESS OF CAMPAIGN NOW HINGES ON FINANCES NECESSARY TO LINE UP REPUBLICAN WORKER IN EACH POLLING DISTRICT. Martin Smith, who had gotten funds from Johnson for radio and newspaper advertising, now needed more—for another purpose: I SHALL HAVE TO CONTACT KEY MEN IN THE CIO. . . . THIS IS GOING TO ENTAIL CONSIDERABLE EXPENSE. John E. Sheridan, of Pennsylvania, required a cash subvention to offset the use he expected his opponent to make of cash on Election Day. KNOW ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO BUY THE ELECTION . . . BY PAYING WORKERS AND VOTERS TO STAY HOME ON ELECTION DAY.

AND MONEY WAS WHAT THEY GOT.

On Sunday, October 27, Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson met with Franklin Roosevelt at the White House. The youngest of the three men reported that eighty-two Democratic congressmen were in tight contests in which additional financial help—perhaps \$1,000 per man—might be decisive. According to a summary of the conversation that Johnson wrote the next day, Roosevelt said that the Democratic National Committee should give the Congressional Campaign Committee at least \$50,000 to distribute in these key districts. The next day, Johnson relayed his analysis of the situation—along with the President's message—to Rayburn's contact at the Democratic National Committee headquarters at the Biltmore, Swagar Sherley.

Dear Mr. Sherley:

Unless we are resigned to sizable losses in the House membership which may mean loss of control, the 82 men listed on the attached memo should receive financial help immediately.

If you will notice, 1,000 is to be given to each member unless otherwise designated. . . .

If you could get Ed Flynn to give the Democratic Congressional Committee 50 thousand tomorrow, I will raise the additional 26 [sic] necessary and tomorrow night will get out the funds according to the memo. . . .

The Boss said in his conference with the Speaker and me yesterday that he thought the Committee should get us at least 50 thousand in order to save this situation.

Excuse this hurried note because we are working day and night and am about to go out.

Sincerely,
Lyndon B. Johnson

The money from the Democratic National Committee was not forthcoming, so Johnson raised his own. He went to his original source, raising substantial new money from Brown & Root. And he went to his new source, working it this time not through Rayburn but by himself. Oilman W. W. Lechner, of Dallas, was in Washington, staying at the Mayflower Hotel. On October 29, Johnson spoke with him, and Lechner gave him a check for \$1,500. On that same day, another \$1,500 check arrived in the mail, from oilman Jack Frost, of Dallas, who sent a note: "All of us down here want to see Hatton Sumners hold his position at the head of the Judiciary Committee. It would be a shame if Texas lost its chairmanship of this and other powerful committees." D. F. Strickland, of Mission, Texas, a powerful Austin lobbyist—and an oilman—sent Johnson a money order for \$1,000 also with a message: "I am particularly interested in reelecting a Democratic House so that my friends Lyndon Johnson, Sam Rayburn, Hatton Sumners, Milton West and other Texas congressmen may retain their present positions of honor and influence in the House." C. W. Murchison, First National Bank Building, Dallas, sent \$5,000. Todde L. Wynne, First National Bank Building,

Dallas, sent \$5,000. If the pipeline for political oil money from Texas had been opened two weeks before, Monday, October 28, 1940, was the date the flow was increased. How much money arrived from Dallas on that date cannot be determined, because some never passed through the Congressional Campaign Committee but was distributed, at Johnson's instructions, by others. But on Tuesday, October 29, one week before the election, the anxious congressmen received a telegram from Lyndon Johnson:

AM ATTEMPTING TO GET ADDITIONAL HELP FOR CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE IN ORDER THAT WE CAN GIVE YOU MORE FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE. IF VERY URGENT WIRE ME TODAY ABSOLUTE MINIMUM AND DEADLINE.

A week to go—less than a week. There was desperation in those yellow envelopes now. THERE IS NO ABSOLUTE MINIMUM, George B. Kelly, of Rochester, wired. ANYTHING WILL HELP THE FIGHT AGAINST ODDS. VERY URGENT. Snatching the envelopes from the messengers, Henderson or Connally would read: WE NEED FUNDS AND NEED THEM BADLY. IMPERATIVE ANY AMOUNT. *Or* WE ARE SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS BEHIND NOW WITH MORE EXPENSE TO COME. ABSOLUTE MINIMUM NECESSARY \$350. *Or* APPROXIMATELY TEN THOUSAND MAJORITY FOR WILLKIE

IN MY DISTRICT. MORE MONEY NEEDED. *Or* LYNDON URGENTLY NEED AT LEAST FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS BY SATURDAY. WOULD ESTIMATE FIFTEEN THOUSAND MAJORITY FOR NATIONAL TICKET IF OPPOSITION MONEY DOES NOT INCREASE OVER WEEKEND. *Or* LYNDON SITUATION IN DANGER HERE. . . . REALLY BELIEVE DISTRICT MAY BE IN TROUBLE DUE TO HEAVY REPUBLICAN EXPENDITURES. ANY SUM WOULD BE MUCH APPRECIATED. COULD USE \$1,000. PROSPECTS AND MAJORITY UNCERTAIN.

Some telegraphed repeatedly. Two wires arrived from the new congressman from Washington's Second District. Henry M. ("Scoop") Jackson, elected just a few months before in a special election, saw danger that his career would be over almost before it had begun. SLIGHT SHIFT MY DISTRICT TO REPUBLICANS. . . . THIS WILL BE CRUCIAL WEEK. MY ELECTION WILL BE CLOSE. HAVE RECEIVED NO ASSISTANCE FROM DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE. PLEASE WIRE ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS. When he did not receive an immediate reply, Jackson wired again: ABSOLUTE MINIMUM \$750 NECESSARY IMMEDIATELY. MY RACE EXTREMELY CLOSE. AM ONLY NEW CONGRESSMAN IN STATE. NEED FUNDS NOW. PERSONAL CREDIT EXHAUSTED. WIRE ANSWER. Petrie's 11,000 pieces of mail had been set in type, but the \$250 for which he had asked Johnson had



MIGRANT MOTHER, 1936

She was drawn as if by "instinct,
not reason," had seen the sign,
PEA PICKERS CAMP, had driven on,
the road slick, but something
called her back. She had
to turn around, to find the woman
sitting on a box, huddled
in a tarp open as if waiting
always for Dorothea Lange.

"I drove into that wet and soggy
camp and parked my car
like a homing pigeon." She asked
no questions, moved in silence
with the lens. The woman told her
she was thirty-two, had come
from the Dust Bowl. "She and the children
had been living on frozen vegetables
from the field and wild birds
the children caught." They had sold
all that would buy food, their tires,

did not know if they could ever leave.
She nursed the baby at her breast,
revealed the madonna, lover, mother,
pale half-moon pressed against the head.
The hungry lens looked equally upon
the lantern, tin pie-pan, hacked pole
that held the half tent up.
The dirty baby lay as if he'd drunk
the milk of death. The older two
leaned sadly on their mother,
their clothing made of gunnysacks
or else the linen of Christ's shroud.
Dorothea took no names, and said no thanks,
nor handed bread across,
nor joked until those ancient children laughed.
But she put her ten eternal minutes in
and called it work, before the dark rain fell.

—David Ray

not arrived. He sent another telegram: ANXIOUSLY AWAITING REPLY.

Some of his fellow congressmen were trying frantically to get Lyndon Johnson on the telephone. J. Buell Snyder spoke to one of his secretaries, and her report of his message was to the point: "In trouble. Needs help." Lenhardt E. Bauer, of Indiana, sent a wire at 1:37 P.M. on October 30; PLEASE CONTACT ME ON TELEPHONE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT. MUST TALK TO YOU. . . . When, four hours later, he had not heard from Johnson, he sent another telegram: NEED FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS STILL MUST TALK TO YOU.

Henderson, Connally, and Nichols summarized, state by state, each candidate who replied, the amount he needed, and any additional information he furnished. Lyndon Johnson sat down with this list and in the left-hand margin wrote the amount each man was to receive.

He wasn't wasting his money. A candidate's assessment of his chances was discreetly checked and rechecked through other sources; evaluations of the races in Illinois's twenty-five districts, for example, were telephoned to Johnson by the dean of the state's congressional delegation, Adolph J. Sabath, chairman of the House Rules Committee. If a report said that the candidate had a good chance to win, the candidate got his money. Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Grover Hill, of Texas, on a speech-making tour through rural districts, reported from Kansas's Fifth that, although the race was close, Democratic incumbent John M. Houston "has good chance to win." Houston had responded to Johnson's telegram by asking for \$300; that was what he got. But if a report was highly unfavorable, so was Johnson's response; Noel P. Fox, Democratic candidate in Michigan's Ninth District, told Johnson that he was leading by 1,500 votes, but Johnson knew better (Fox in fact was to lose by 12,000); "None," he wrote next to Fox's name. Other considerations might also influence Johnson's response. Montana incumbent James F. O'Connor, who was running well ahead in his district, had apparently antagonized someone in Washington. Johnson had promised him a contribution on October 24, but had not sent it, and now O'Connor asked for \$300. OPPOSITION USING . . . LOT OF MONEY TO ELECT REPUBLICAN IN MY PLACE, he said. IF HAVE HELP SURE CAN WIN. "None," Johnson wrote next to O'Connor's name. "Out."

Many of the candidates who responded received less than they had requested. Thomas R. Brooks telephoned the Munsey Building, telling one of Johnson's staff that he had a "slight edge," and said a scheduled election-eve visit to his heavily Norwegian district in Wisconsin by the Ambassador to Norway might pull him through—if he received money as well. He asked for \$2,000, then lowered his request to \$1,000 and, as the staffer noted, "finally came down to \$500." Then he sent a wire: WHATEVER YOU CAN DO. "\$250," Johnson wrote next to his name. C. Arthur Anderson, who "said he is in midst of a tough fight," had asked for \$350. Receiving no immediate answer, he

telephoned Johnson and reduced his request to \$200. "\$150," Johnson wrote beside his name.

Others did not fare that well. Francis T. Murphy said he had a "50-50" chance. He could win, he said, "by getting vote to polls in key wards," but money was needed to accomplish that. "None," Johnson wrote next to Murphy's name. C. H. Armbruster, of Ohio, asked for \$1,000, but said he would take less; "urgent," he said. "None," Johnson wrote. "\$1,000 would be a lifesaver," George W. Wolf, of Indiana, wrote. "Two counties hold fate. . . . Hard battle." None.

Johnson's decision to cut off some candidates was apparently not due to lack of funds. Most of the candidates who replied received at least a substantial portion of the amount they had requested. Scoop Jackson got \$500 of the \$750 he had requested, George B. Kelly \$350 of the \$400 for which he had asked. Some got all they had asked for. Rogers had asked for \$500; "O.K.," Johnson wrote next to his name, "\$500." Mitchell got his \$600, Lee Geyer, of California, the \$200 that enabled him to pay a printer. Some got more than they had requested—Francis J. Myers, of Pennsylvania, \$700 instead of the \$500 for which he had asked, for example; Havenner, of California, \$1,250—and in other instances, Johnson did not wait for a candidate's request, but pressed funds upon him. J. Joseph Smith, of Connecticut, received a Johnson check—and the next day, November 2, a Johnson telegram: IF I CAN BE OF FURTHER HELP TO YOU IN THE LAST MINUTE RUSH, LET ME KNOW. Some, in fact, were given so much money that they asked Johnson to stop sending it. Michael J. Kirwan, of Ohio, who had told John McCormack on October 18 that he was "hard-pressed for money," had since received so much from Johnson—\$200 on October 17, \$500 on October 21, \$350 more on October 24 (and these, of course, are only the contributions of which there is a written record)—that he replied to Johnson's telegram of the 29th by thanking him for "your offer of further assistance" but adding, "However, I believe I have sufficient to see me through." Charles H. Leavy, of Washington, had written on his questionnaire that he didn't need money; "Think I will be able to handle situation without outside help," he had said. Johnson had sent him \$600 nonetheless. Now Johnson asked him how much more he needed—and Leavy replied by sending *him* a gift: a box of State of Washington apples.

ELECTION DAY. THE DAY ON WHICH INFORMATION—early information—was most precious, because a candidate, his fate riding on the ballots, is impatient for an early indication of a trend; because if he learns early enough that the vote is close, a last-minute effort to get out his voters can be mounted or intensified; and because, in states in which some portion of the vote is controlled (Illinois, with its controlled Republican votes in downstate counties and its controlled Democratic votes in Cook County, was a prime example), early information is

helpful in preparing for the necessary late adjustment in the figures.

Washington's new source of information had geared up for Election Day. Sending out on October 29 his request for information on their finances to 175 congressmen across the country, Lyndon Johnson had added a request for other information—early returns not only on their own races but on Franklin D. Roosevelt's—and (“if you do *everything* . . .”) had followed that up in later telegrams, including one on the day itself.

He had let the White House know he would have information for it. Rowe already knew, of course, but Johnson, as Rowe puts it, “never did anything through just one person.” He was not well acquainted with Missy LeHand, Roosevelt's personal secretary, and this was an excuse to communicate with her. He wired her that IF I FEEL THE INFORMATION IS OF SUFFICIENT INTEREST I WILL TAKE THE LIBERTY TO CALL THE PRESIDENT. FOR THAT REASON I AM LETTING YOU KNOW IN ADVANCE OF MY PLAN.

The information for which he had asked arrived—early, as he had asked. By 2:47 P.M. on Election Day, the first flash was in from Detroit. MICHIGAN FIRST DISTRICT VOTING HEAVY INDICATES BETTERING PREVIOUS DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY, Tenerowicz reported. By late afternoon, Western Union messengers were racing to the third floor of the Munsey Building in a steady stream. Other news came over the telephone; James Shanley, of Connecticut, telephoned at 6:45 because, as he was to write, “I certainly wanted to give you the first news in Washington.”

In the evening, the telegrams bore hard news. The first telegrams from other Detroit districts were less optimistic than Tenerowicz's: the figures in the initial communication from Representative George D. O'Brien were close—too close (104 PRECINCTS OUT OF 222 . . . O'BRIEN 28,700, MCLEOD 24,769), but just twenty-four minutes later, O'Brien could dictate another wire (140 DISTRICTS OUT OF 222 . . . O'BRIEN 39,797, MCLEOD 28,586). Some of the telegrams were tinged with jubilation as well as gratitude. Edouard Izac's last pre-election wire had told Johnson: ROOSEVELT SHOULD WIN BY 10,000 . . . MY PROSPECTS DOUBTFUL, but on election night, the wire from California said: APPARENTLY WINNING BY APPROXIMATELY 8,000. THANKS. . . . Some were not. John G. Green, of Wisconsin, who had thought up to the last minute that he might beat out incumbent Progressive Bernard J. Gehrmann, wired: GEHRMANN APPARENTLY REELECTED. DAMN TIRED. At 2:37 A.M., a single brief line arrived from Ernest M. Miller, in Harlan, Iowa: PRESENT PARTIAL RETURNS INDICATE MY DECISIVE DEFEAT. Jubilant or dejected, however, the telegrams, taken together, added up to a great deal of information.

On the evening of Election Day, Johnson wasn't at the Munsey Building but at the spacious Georgetown home of James Rowe's brother-in-law, Alfred Friendly, where a crowded election-night party was in progress. His staff, back at the Munsey Building, was taking the reports as

they came in, and telephoning them to Johnson there. Many more reports came in than Johnson had expected so early in the evening, and he telephoned Walter Jenkins and told him to come out to Friendly's house. Jenkins was installed in a bedroom, where he sat on the bed tabulating the incoming information.

Johnson and Rowe bantered back and forth throughout the evening in the easy and quite close camaraderie that existed between them. They had several wagers—twenty-five cents each, as befitted two young men with no money to spare—riding on the returns. Rowe, reflecting the prevalent Washington thinking on the likely outcome of the congressional elections, had bet that the Democrats would lose at least thirty seats in the House; Johnson had bet that the Democrats would lose less than thirty. And the two tall young men, both in their early thirties, also bet on several individual races while they waited for a call from Hyde Park.

For some hours, no call came.

In the house above the Hudson, crowded with family and friends, the President sat at the dining-room table, with news tickers clattering nearby and big tally sheets and a row of freshly sharpened pencils lined up in front of him.

“At first,” as James MacGregor Burns has written, in an unforgettable scene from *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox*, “the President was calm and businesslike. The early returns were mixed. Morgenthau, nervous and fussy, bustled in and out of the room. Suddenly Mike Reilly, the President's bodyguard, noticed that Roosevelt had broken into a heavy sweat. Something in the returns had upset him. It was the first time Reilly had ever seen him lose his nerve.”

“‘Mike,’ Roosevelt said suddenly, ‘I don't want to see anybody in here.’”

“‘Including your family, Mr. President?’”

“‘I said “anybody,”’ Roosevelt answered in a grim tone.”

As the news tickers clattered feverishly, Franklin Roosevelt sat before his charts with his jacket off, his tie pulled down, his shirt clinging damply to his big shoulders. “Was this the end of it all?” Burns writes. “Better by far not to have run for office again than to go down to defeat now.” Would his enemies beat him at last, “and write his epitaph in history as a power-grasping dictator rebuked by a free people? . . . In the little black numbers marching out of the ticker, not only Roosevelt but the whole New Deal was on trial. . . . Still Willkie ran strong. Disappointing first returns were coming in from New York. . . . The ash dropped from the cigarette; Mike Reilly stood stolidly outside the door. Was this the end. . . .?”

“Then there was a stir throughout the house. Slowly but with gathering force, the numbers on the charts started to shift their direction. Reports arrived of a great surge of Roosevelt strength. . . . By now Roosevelt was smiling again, the door was opened, and in came family and

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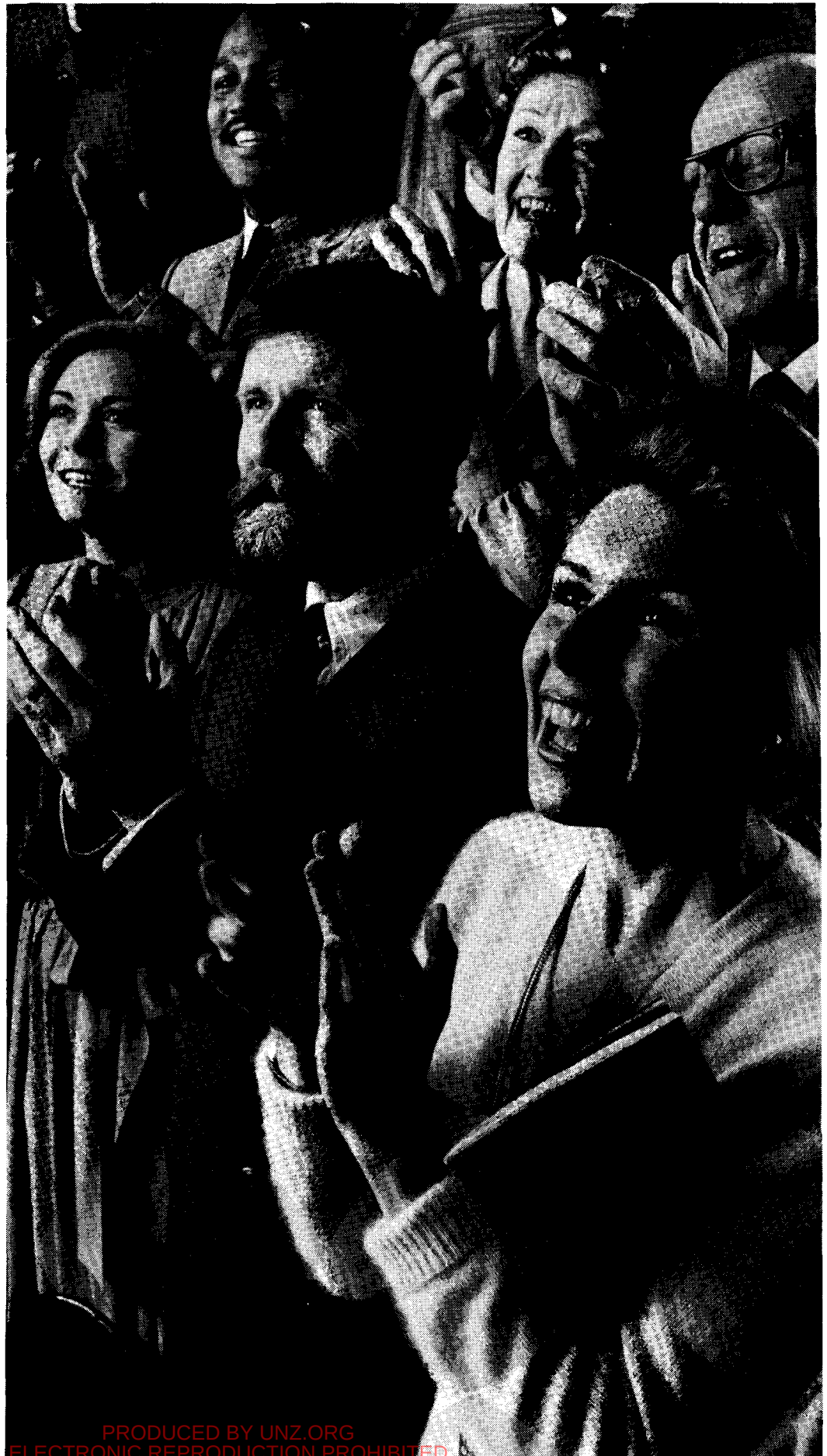
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friends. . . .” And the President made a number of telephone calls—including one to James Rowe and Lyndon Johnson.

The twenty-two-year-old Jenkins had been thrilled by other calls he had been taking. “It was the most exciting night of my life,” he would recall. “I thought I was in the high cotton. All those big shots, you know,” voices on the telephone that had previously been only names in a newspaper. And then the call from the biggest name of all. “Mr. Roosevelt called and asked how many seats we were going to lose, and Mr. Johnson said, ‘We’re not going to lose. We’re going to gain.’” He and Rowe got on extensions and talked to the President. Rowe recalls: “Johnson got good early counts and we both got on the telephone . . . and told him [Roosevelt] how many congressmen we had elected, and it *was* impressive—a helluva lot of congressmen. And it impressed the hell out of Roosevelt. I remember that.”

LESSER POLITICIANS WERE ALSO IMPRESSED. Knowledgeable Democrats in Washington had reluctantly reconciled themselves to the loss of a considerable number of seats in the House. Instead, they had gained eight (while losing three in the Senate). “My father expected to lose,” Ken Harding recalls. “We were the most surprised people in the world when we didn’t lose.”

Many of the men most directly affected—the Democratic candidates—gave considerable credit for the surprise to Lyndon Johnson. Despite the frenzy of the last days before the election, several candidates had taken time out from their campaigning to write to express appreciation for the help he had given them. “I want to thank you again from the very depth of my heart for the interest you have taken in me, because of the confidence you have manifested and the effort you have put forth,” Arthur Mitchell wrote. Said Nan Honeyman: “As darling as I think it was of you I still was a bit perturbed over your taking all the trouble to enlist the interest of the state of Texas in my welfare. Really, darling, that was too good of you and of them. How can I thank you? If I am elected I shall really owe the victory to your efforts.” After the election, similar letters were received at the Munsey Building from scores of men who remembered the yellow rectangles from Western Union that had arrived with the information or the promise of money they needed, and who wanted to thank the man who had sent them. “Before you came to my rescue, I was really getting discouraged,” John Kee, of West Virginia, wrote. Thanking Johnson for the money he sent, John F. Hunter, of Ohio, wrote, “We were able to put on some thirty short radio programs in the last two days.” Lansdale G. Sasscer, of Maryland, said, “I used it among our colored vote very effectively both for the President and myself.” “Certainly I never had such grand cooperation from the Congressional Committee before,” wrote Draper Allen, of Michigan. “This is . . . the first time I have ever received any finan-

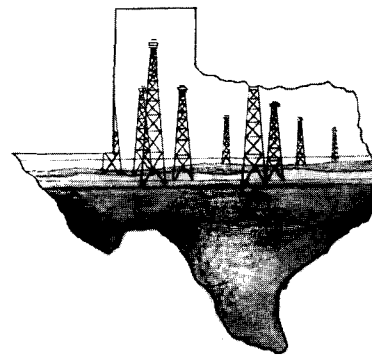
cial assistance from Washington, and I assure you I deeply appreciate it.” And some of the gratitude was expressed in a form that must have been particularly pleasing to a man looking ahead toward a great goal. “Congratulations on your fine and successful work in the campaign,” wrote Pat Morrison, of South Dakota. “We look forward to the date, not too far distant, when our delegation will be able to be of aid and assistance to you.” Walter Jenkins says there was a lot of gratitude among Johnson’s colleagues for what he had done. “I saw it in the phone calls and the letters. And the feeling of respect. It built him up from being just—he was barely a first-term congressman—to probably the most . . .” Here Jenkins pauses and searches for the right word; finally says, “He was *the* hero.” The same feeling was expressed by observers less impressionable than Jenkins. Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen wrote in their “Washington Merry-Go-Round” column:

To the boys on the Democratic side of the House of Representatives, many of them still nervously mopping their brows over narrow escapes, the hero of the hair-raising campaign was no big-shot party figure.

The big names got all the publicity, but in the House all the praise is for a youngster whose name was scarcely mentioned. But he left his mark on the battle—as GOP campaign managers will ruefully attest.

Their Nemesis and the Democrats’ unknown hero was Lyndon Baines Johnson, a rangy, 32-year-old, black-haired, handsome Texan who has been in Congress only three years but who has political magic at his fingertips and a way with him that is irresistible in action.

How Johnson took over the Democratic congressional campaign, when it looked as if the party was sure to lose the House, and without fanfare turned a rout into a cocky triumph, is one of the untold epics of the election.



GRATITUDE IS AN EMOTION AS EPHEMERAL IN WASHINGTON as elsewhere, but Lyndon Johnson obtained from his work with the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee a reward more lasting.

During those three weeks in the Munsey Building, his assistants had compiled lists of congressmen who had asked for money, and the amounts they had asked for. And then the lists had been placed before Lyndon Johnson for decisions. If Sam Rayburn or John McCormack requested

a specific amount of money for a specific congressman, Johnson would honor the request, but these requests were relatively infrequent. And except in those few cases, the decision as to which congressman got money, and how much he got, would be Lyndon Johnson's decision. His alone. O.K., he wrote next to some requests. *None*, he wrote next to others. "1,000 would be a lifesaver"—*None*. "An additional \$300 will, I am sure, get results"—*None*. *Out*. The words and numbers he wrote on those lists were a symbol of a power he now possessed—over the careers of his colleagues. The power was a limited one—it was the power of the purse, and the purse was not a large one. Small though it might be in comparison to the purse that financed a presidential campaign, however, it was not small to most of the men whose campaigns it *was* financing; it was substantial in terms both of their needs and of their expectations. They needed its contents, needed them badly. What Lyndon Johnson wrote beside their names had played a role in determining their fates.

Returning to Washington after the election, congressmen compared notes on their campaigns, and in these discussions the name of Lyndon Johnson kept coming up; when someone mentioned it to a freshman congressman, Augustine B. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, Kelley said: "Oh, Lyndon Johnson! He really had a lot to do with me getting elected. He sent money up to my campaign. He'd call up from Washington to see how we were getting along, and what we needed. 'Gus, what do you need?' And he sent me money, and kept up with my campaign." Listening to his colleagues talk, a congressman who had received campaign funds from Johnson—funds on a scale unprecedented for a central Democratic congressional financing source—would realize that Johnson had contributed funds, on a similar scale, to scores of congressmen. Through cloakrooms and Speaker's Lobby spread a realization that, in some way most of them did not understand, this young, junior, rather unpopular congressman, a scant three years on the Hill, had become a source—an important source—of campaign funds.

For some of the funds—the money from Texas—he had, moreover, become the sole source. The telegrams candidates had received from Johnson announcing that funds were on the way said they had been contributed by "my good Democratic friends in Texas." By *his* friends. The recipients did not know who those friends were, and even were they to find out, they could hardly ask these Texans with whom they were not even acquainted to contribute to their campaigns. Their only access to this new—and, apparently, substantial—source of money was through Lyndon Johnson. He controlled it. The money they needed could be obtained only through him.

They were going to need money again in 1942, of course, in less than two years. In 1942—and in succeeding years. Whether or not they liked Lyndon Johnson, they were going to need him. Not merely gratitude but an emotion perhaps somewhat stronger and more enduring

—self-interest—dictated that they be on good terms with him.

This realization, and the reality behind it, abruptly altered Johnson's status on Capitol Hill. When Congress had left Washington in October, he had been just one congressman among many. Within a short time after Congress returned in January, the word was out that he was a man to see, a man to cultivate. Harold E. Cole, of Boston, a friend of John McCormack, had lost a close race, but was planning to run again. Because he hadn't learned until late in the campaign of Johnson's role in campaign funding, he hadn't made full use of Johnson's help, and he didn't want to make the same mistake again. He wrote Johnson asking if he could come to Washington and drop in to see him. Working closely with Johnson, the perceptive Rowe had understood what he was trying to accomplish with the money from Texas. "He was really trying to build a power base as a new congressman," he says. And he succeeded. Ray Roberts, a Rayburn aide, says that Johnson had

made lots of enemies [in Congress]. . . . He was brash, he was eager. . . . and he wanted people to move out of the way. . . . The thing that really gave him his power was becoming chairman of the congressional campaign committee. . . . There were some thirty or forty people [after the 1940 election] that figured they owed their seat in the House to Lyndon Johnson. Whenever he called on them, he could count on this group being for whatever he wanted.

Roberts's remark is an exaggeration. Lyndon Johnson controlled no congressman that completely. As an analysis of the alteration in Johnson's status, however, Roberts's remark was in some respects an understatement. For it was not only junior congressmen with no influence whom Johnson had helped.

During the campaign, Majority Leader John McCormack had been asking Lyndon Johnson for funds for his Massachusetts delegation and for old friends from other states—and for credit for himself from those other congressmen for obtaining them. And Johnson had given the Majority Leader what he asked for. Now the Majority Leader owed him something. The situation was duplicated with other members of the House hierarchy. The William H. Sutphin, of New Jersey, who had pleaded with him for funds, and who had received in return \$1,500, was the assistant majority leader. Andrew J. May, of Kentucky ("I hope you can do something for me, and I will owe you an undying debt of gratitude"), was chairman of the Military Affairs Committee. Normally, young congressmen were supplicants to the majority leader, or the assistant whip, or committee chairmen, for favors. In the case of this young congressman, the situation had been reversed. The extent of the reversal was dramatized the first time the House Naval Affairs Committee met following the election. Normally, in a committee, seniority was the determining factor. When the Democrats moved into their seats

this time, Johnson was still five seats away from the chairmanship. But three of the five men ahead of him in seniority owed him favors because of his contributions to their campaigns. He had been not only dealing with the most senior members of his party in the House but dealing with them from a position of independent strength. When he asked Sam Rayburn and John McCormack to come to a luncheon meeting, they came.

Nor, during the campaign, had he dealt only with congressmen. When he had asked labor leaders in New York to intervene in a strike in the State of Washington, he had been playing a national political role. And his work with powerful political figures across the country had not consisted merely of liaison work. There had been a "Chicago line." Precisely what it was, how Johnson operated through it, or how much he gave through it cannot be determined. But it had a connection with Chicago boss Ed Kelly. By the end of the campaign, he had become acquainted with, had worked with—had funneled money through—some of the most powerful men in America. There was a New York connection, too. At first, the connection had been Tommy Corcoran; it was he who raised cash from New York garment-center leaders such as Sidney Hillman or Isador Lubin or David Dubinsky. But by the end of the campaign, Johnson was personally acquainted with these leaders; several, in fact, were to become strong Johnson allies and generous Johnson financial backers. Men such as Kelly and Lubin were not without influence on congressmen; after the 1940 campaign, Johnson was in a position to ask them to use that influence; a congressman who would not respond to a Johnson request might receive a telephone call from his own home town. He even had a potential ally—if a low-level one—on the staff of the Democratic National Committee. Paul Aiken wrote to Johnson, "One of your chief boosters, Swagar Sherley, has been spending a lot of time with me in the last few days—I want to meet you." All these things combined to radically alter Johnson's situation.

The alteration was apparent at Georgetown dinner parties, where he dozed off at the table less frequently. His need to be the center of attention at parties had been thwarted by the degree to which, in Washington, attention was a function of power, but now, as the lobbyist Dale Miller puts it, "because of his political power," he was more often the center of attention. The alteration was apparent in the House cloakrooms and dining room, where, before the 1940 campaign, some fellow representatives would snub Johnson, greeting other colleagues while ignoring him, because, as one says, "they wouldn't put up with him." He still acted the same way in the House dining room, strolling through it nodding to left and right as if he were a visiting celebrity, "head-huddling," talking loudly. But his colleagues "put up with him" now. Symbolically, the shrinking away was much less evident. The fellow congressman whose lapel he grasped while staring into his eyes and talking nose to nose was often a colleague who

had appealed to him for help, and who had received that help—a colleague, moreover, who not only had needed him once but would need him again. A congressman who was thinking about his next campaign didn't resent Lyndon Johnson's arm around his shoulders—he was all too happy to have it there. Before 1940, Johnson had never been shy about asking for favors, "irritating" colleagues by his insistence when he had no favors to do them in return. He was in a position now to return favors—in a big way. And if other representatives still felt irritated, they no longer allowed the irritation to show. One says: "A lot of guys still didn't like him, but, unlike before [the 1940 campaign], you tolerated his idiosyncrasies. Because you knew this guy was going somewhere. You knew—I don't think most of us knew how he had done it, but we knew he had done it—that he had already started going somewhere. A lot of guys still didn't like him, but they knew they might need him someday. Now he was a guy you couldn't deny any more."

THE NEW POWER HE POSSESSED DID NOT DERIVE from Roosevelt's friendship, or from Rayburn's. It did not derive from seniority in the House, nor even—despite the relationship that power in a democracy bears to the votes of the electorate—to his seat in it. His power was simply the power of money. To a considerable extent, the money was Herman Brown's. Lyndon Johnson had been attempting to use his work with the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee to, as Rowe puts it, "build a power base." He had succeeded. His power base wasn't his congressional district, it was Herman Brown's bank account. Although he was young, he had been seeking national power for years. Now the power of money had given him some.

Simultaneously, it had given a new kind of power to Texas—through him.

This was a significant aspect of his work in the 1940 campaign. Texas had had power in Washington for nine years—since Richard Kleberg's election to Congress had given the Democrats control of the House in November, 1931, and John Garner had taken the Speaker's chair. But that power had been somewhat personal, and therefore in constant danger of dissolving. Much of it had been embodied in, and exercised through, Garner, leader of the delegation and standard-bearer in Washington for the concerns of his state, not only because of his position but because of the power of his personality. The ephemeral nature of power based on individuals was vividly demonstrated by the fact that Cactus Jack, no longer Vice President, was, abruptly, no longer even going to be present in Washington. Sam Rayburn's ascension to the speakership and Texas's continuing hold on so many key committee chairmanships in the House meant that Texas still had power in the capital—in fact, more power than before, for in the intervening nine years, it had become significant on

the north as well as the south side of Capitol Hill, as the state's two senators, Tom Connally and Morris Sheppard, had advanced up the seniority ladder to committee chairmanships. Great as this power was, however, it could vanish in a day—Election Day. Because of Texas's predilection for keeping its congressmen in office indefinitely, there was little fear that they themselves would lose some November, but their power rested on an overall Democratic majority in the House and Senate that depended on less reliable states. A Democratic loss would cost them their chairmanships and their power. And a Republican victory was not the only way in which Texas could lose power: a chairmanship could be lost through death, as James P. Buchanan's death, in 1937, had cost Texas the key Appropriations post, and the key "Texas chairmanships" in the House were held by elderly men. In the world of the pork barrel and the log roll, Texas had a commanding position because of Rivers and Harbors Committee chairman Joseph Jefferson Mansfield; let that elderly, wheelchair-bound man die, and Texas's power over public works would vanish in the instant of his death. A chairmanship could be lost through individual ambitions; arrangements had, in fact, already been finalized for the Agriculture Committee's Marvin Jones to resign his House seat for a federal judgeship immediately after the election. In 1932, Texas had held not only the speakership but five key House chairmanships; Jones's departure would reduce the number to three.

Moreover, because personal relationships are so important in a legislative body, the effects of increased Republican strength would be for some period of years irreparable. A Republican victory would sweep out of office congressmen with whom Texans had long and close alliances. The Democrats might return to a majority—but they might be different Democrats.

The power of money was less ephemeral than power based on elections or individuals. It could last as long as the money lasted, exerting its effect not only on an incumbent but on his successors. And there was enough oil in Texas so that it would last, in political terms, a long time. Personnel might change, but it would endure. Lyndon Johnson had become the conduit for this cash. To the extent that he could remain the conduit, his power would endure.

And there was a lot more Texas money available than had been apparent in the 1940 campaign. Lyndon Johnson's base had been Herman Brown's money, but he had expanded that base, and the new base was infinitely further expandable. It could become a factor in campaigns other than those for members of the House of Representatives. It could exert more influence. To the extent that he remained in charge of its distribution, he could exert more influence. In terms of power in Washington, his power was still quite small, but if the amount of money at his command grew larger, his power might grow with it.

If journalists did not understand the reason for John-

son's new status, some of them were aware of that status. Alex Louis, a correspondent for a Texas newspaper chain, wrote:

When the United States Congress convenes for a new session in January, the familiar face of John Nance Garner will be missing for the first time in more than a third of a century. After a brilliant career as congressman, Speaker of the House, and Vice-President, the bushy-eyebrowed Westerner who rose to higher official position than any other Texan in history will be absent.

Yet one of the eternal charms of politics is that as the old political oaks fall before the axe of retirement or death, sturdy new ones are rising in the forest to take their place. To many a Washington and Austin observer this winter, it seems that one of the sturdiest saplings in the forest—a young one which may grow into a mighty pillar of strength not only for Texas but for the American nation—is 32-year-old Congressman Lyndon B. Johnson of Johnson City.

A member of Congress for the past three years, tall, dark-haired, handsome Lyndon Johnson already has won an enviable position in Democratic circles and national affairs.



LYNDON JOHNSON'S WORK WITH THE DEMOCRATIC Congressional Campaign Committee had, in effect, added a new factor to the equation of American politics. The concept of financing congressional races across the country from a single central source was not new, but it had never been actively implemented by the Democratic Party; the amounts of money raised by the committee in previous years had been as insignificant as the non-monetary assistance it provided for candidates. "No one before had ever worked at it," James Rowe says. "Johnson worked at it like hell. People running for Congress in those days never had much money; it had been that way for years, but Lyndon decided to do something about it; he got in it with both feet, the way he did everything, and he raised a hell of a lot of money." In effect, says Robert S. Allen, "he was being a one-man national committee." The scale of money he raised for congressional races was unprecedentedly large; his involvement in other aspects of scores of congressional races—liaison with the White House and, through the White House, with other

government departments; the furnishing to candidates of wholesale and specific information—was unprecedentedly active. As to the liaison between candidates and White House on approval of public works and other governmental projects, this had not been undertaken on a similar scale even by the better-organized Republicans, possibly because under Republican Presidents, in the pre-New Deal era, the federal government had not sponsored public-works projects on the broad-scale basis that existed in 1940. Nor had the liaison-in-reverse that Johnson undertook: the use of congressmen as sources of information, the rapid collection of their information, its collating and dispatch to the White House. By the 1980s, when Democratic and Republican committees would be large-scale operations, with scores of staffers furnishing services and money to candidates, it would be difficult to imagine an era in which most congressmen were left to fight their campaigns without significant help from their national party, but before Lyndon Johnson, that was, certainly in the case of the Democrats and to some extent in the case of Republicans, largely the practice. Discussing what Lyndon Johnson did in the campaign of 1940, James Rowe says flatly: "Nobody had ever done this before."

A HALLMARK OF JOHNSON'S CAREER HAD BEEN A lack of any consistent ideology or principle, in fact of any moral basis whatsoever—a willingness to march with any ally who would help his personal advancement. His work with the Congressional Campaign Committee brought this factor into sharper focus. Because Democratic congressional candidates in the one-party South had no opposition in the November elections, he was providing money only to Democrats in the North—who were primarily liberals. But the money came from men who were not liberals. Some of them, in fact, were arch-conservatives; among the "Texas friends" who had provided funds for Lyndon Johnson to distribute were men who would be bankrollers in 1944 of the "Texas Regulars," Texans who bolted the party rather than support Roosevelt. He was helping New Dealers with the money of men who hated the New Deal.

In dealing with these men, Johnson did not make the slightest effort to paper over this conflict in his fund-raising efforts. It was not necessary for him to do so. Political

philosophy played not the smallest role in his appeals for money. During the next congressional campaign, in 1942, after Ed Flynn had attempted to freeze him out but had been thwarted by Johnson's control over Texas money (oilman G. L. Rowsey replied to a Flynn plea for funds: "My delay in replying is due to the fact that I expected to be in contact with our congressman, Honorable Lyndon Johnson . . . I desire to know his wishes in this matter and to make my contribution to or through him"), Johnson, exasperated by Rayburn's continued failure to understand the new realities, wrote the Speaker that "these \$200 [contributions] will not get the job done." What was needed, Johnson said, was to "get a 'minute man' group of thirty men, each to raise \$5,000, or \$150,000. This should be done between now and Wednesday. There isn't any reason why, with the wealth and consideration that has been extended, we should fall down on this."

The logic behind that advice was the logic of Mark Hanna. Mobilizing the business community against the threat of Bryan and the Populist philosophy embodied in his candidacy, the Boss of Ohio raised political contributions to a new level in 1896, by transforming campaign financing, in the words of his biographer, "from a matter of political begging . . . into a matter of systematic assessment according to the means of the individual and institution," an assessment in which each great insurance company, railroad, and bank would "pay according to its stake in the general prosperity of the country. . . ." "Dollar Mark" made campaign financing, in other words, a political levy upon wealth based straightforwardly upon gratitude for past government help in acquiring that wealth and upon the hope of future government protection of that wealth, and of government assistance in adding to it. Johnson's fund-raising, not being for a presidential race, was on a much smaller scale than Hanna's. But it was based on the same philosophy: a philosophy, naked and unadorned, of pure self-interest—"the wealth and consideration that has been extended." And, as had been true in the case of Hanna, who raised millions more for a presidential campaign than had ever been raised before, Johnson's logic was irresistible to those—oilmen and contractors—to whom it was directed. He had been so confident that it would be that he assured Sam Rayburn that the \$150,000 could be raised in five days. It was, and it was distributed just as rapidly to candidates Johnson selected. □

*This is the fourth in a series of five articles about Lyndon Johnson.
The fifth will appear next month.*

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GRAVITY

BY GUY BILLOUT





HOLLOW

A SHORT STORY
BY BREECE D'J PANCAKE

HUNCHED ON HIS KNEES IN FRONT OF THE THREE-foot coal seam, Buddy was lost in the back-and-forth rhythm of the truck mine's relay: the glitter of coal and sandstone in his cap light, the setting and lifting and pouring into the cart that carried the stuff to the mouth of the mine. This was nothing like shaft mining, no deep tunnels or up-and-down man-trips, only the setting, lifting, pouring, only the rumbling of the relay cart and the light-flash from caps in the relay. In the pace of work, he daydreamed his father lowering him into the cistern: many summers ago he touched the cool tile walls, felt the moist

air from the water below, heard the pulley squeak in the circle of blue above. The tin of the well-pail buckled under his tiny feet, and he began to cry. His father hauled him up. "That's the way we do it," he said, laughing, and carried Buddy to the house.

But that came before everything; before they moved from the ridge, before the big mine closed, before welfare. Now, at the far end of the relay, the men were quiet, and Buddy wondered if they thought of stupid things. From where he squatted he could see the gray grin of light at the mouth of the truck mine, the March wind spraying dust

into little clouds. The half-ton relay cart was full now, and the last man in the relay shoved it toward the chute at the mine-mouth on two-by-four tracks.

"Take a break" came from the opening, and as he set his shovel aside to rise from where he knelt at the coal face, Buddy saw his cousin Curtis start through the mine-mouth. Curtis was dragging a poplar post behind him as he crawled past the relay cart toward the face. Buddy watched while Curtis worked the post upright from the floor to catch the weight of the ceiling. It was too short, and Curtis hammered wedges in to tighten the fit.

"Got it?" Buddy asked.

"Hell no, but she looks real pretty."

Estep, Buddy's sidekick, grunted a laugh. "Damn seam's gettin' too deep. Ain't nothin' but coal in this here hole. When we gonna hit gold?"

Buddy felt Estep's cap light on his face and turned toward it. Estep was grinning, a purple fight cut oozing through the dust and sweat on his cheek.

"Chew?" Estep held out his pouch, and Buddy took three fingers before they leaned against each other, back to back, stretching their legs, working their chews.

"Face is a-gettin' pretty tall," Estep said. Buddy could feel the voice in his back.

"Same thing's happenin' up Storm Creek," he said, pulling up his sagging kneepads.

"Curt," Buddy shouted, "when'd they make a core sample on this ridge?"

"Hell's bells, I don't know," Curtis said, trying to work in another wedge.

"Musta been sixty years ago," Estep said. "Recollect yer granddaddy shootin' at 'em. Thought they's Philadelfy law'ers."

"Yeah," Buddy said, laughing as he remembered the tales.

From near the opening, where the rest of the relay gathered for air, came a high-pitched laugh, and Buddy's muscles went tight.

"One a-these days I'm gonna wring that Fuller's neck," Buddy said, spitting out the sweet tobacco juice.

"What he said still eatin' at ya?"

"He ain't been worth a shit since he got that car."

"It's Sally, ain't it?"

"Sally?" Buddy said. "Naw, let'er go. Worthless . . ."

The group laughed again, and a voice said, "Ask Buddy."

"Ask 'im what?" Buddy shined his light along the row of dirty faces; only Fuller's was wide with a grin.

"Is Sal goin' back to whorin'?" Fuller said, smiling.

"God damn you," Buddy said, but before he could get up, Estep hooked both his elbows in Buddy's, and Fuller

laughed at his struggle. Curtis scrambled back and grabbed Buddy's collar.

"I reckon you all rested 'nough," Curtis shouted, and when they heard coal rattling down from the bin to the truck at the mine-mouth, they picked up their shovels, got into line.

Buddy loosened, giving in to Curtis and Estep. "Tonight at Tiny's," he shouted at Fuller.

Fuller laughed.

"Shut up," Curtis said. "You and Estep work the face."

Estep let go, and they crawled to the coal face and picked up the short-handled spades. The face had already heightened to four feet, and both men could now work on their knees, stretching up to knock sparkling chunks into the pile, pushing it back for the relay.

"Bet this whole damn ridge is a high seam."

"Make it worth more than ten swats a day."

"By God," Buddy said, and as he dug, wondered if the extra money would make Sally stay. Remembering Fuller, he hit the face harder, spraying coal splinters into the air.

Estep stopped digging, and ran a dirty sleeve across one eye. Buddy was coughing in a raspy wheeze, flogging coal to his feet. "Stop killin' snakes—throwin' stuff in my eyes," Estep called out.

Buddy stopped digging. Estep's voice washed over his anger, leaving him small and cold in the glint of the coal face, yet bold and better than Estep or Fuller.

"Sorry, it's just I'm mad," he said between coughs.

"Get yer chance tonight. C'mon, pace off—one two . . ."

Together they added speed and threw the relay back into rhythm. The chink of spades and scrape of shovels slipped into their muscles until only the rumble of the return truck could slow them. The seam continued to rise where it should have faulted, and they could rise to their feet while they dug toward the thin gray line of ceiling.

"Get some picks," Buddy said, grinning.

"Naw, needs shorin' yet."

Curtis slipped through the relay to the face, his light showing through the dust in up-down streams. When he got down to Buddy and Estep, they leaned against the sidewalls to give him room, and he stuck a pocket level to the ceiling, watching as the bubble rose toward the face.

"Knock off till Monday," he said. "We ain't got the timers fer this here."

AS THE OTHER MEN CRAWLED OUT TOWARD THE coal-waste pile, a whisper of laughter seeped back through the mine to the face, and Buddy dropped to his belly to slink outside, unhurried. Even a clam crawl had winded him, and he waited by the chute for Estep and Curtis as the cold air dried his sweat, sealing the dirt to his skin. Beneath the whining low gears of the coal truck, he could hear a dog barking up from the hollow. He sat down hard, and leaned against the chute.

From the entrance to the hilltop was a wold of twenty

At the age of twenty-seven, Breece D'J Pancake, of West Virginia, took his own life. This is the last of his stories to appear in The Atlantic, but his collected work, with a foreword by James Alan McPherson and an afterword by John Casey, will be published early next year by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

yards where the dead stalks of broom sedge rippled in the wind. Buddy figured the overburden of dirt could be moved in a month, the coal harvested in less than a year. He knew Sally would not wait, was not sure he wanted her.

He remembered a time when the price of her makeup and fancy habits would have fed his mother and sisters something besides the mauve bags of commodities the state handed out.

Estep emerged, and Buddy offered him a smoke as they watched the truck shimmy under the bin, leveling its load.

"Goddamned cherry picker," Estep grunted.

"Gonna be lots more cherry—all that goddamned coal." Buddy looked to the western ridges, where the sun set a cold strip of fire.

Curtis came up behind them, smiling. "I'm gon' home an' get all drunked up."

"Last time I done that," Estep said, "got me a new baby. Gonna watch ol' Mad Man here so's he don't tear up Tiny's."

"That's where I'll be, by God," Buddy said.

"Just leave 'nough of Fuller to crawl in that doghole on Monday," Curtis said, taking off his cap. Buddy stared at the lines of gray in his hair where the coal dust had not settled.

"I ain't makin' no promises," Buddy said as he started down the path toward the road.

"Pick ya up about eight tonight," Estep yelled, watching Buddy wave his lunch bucket from the trail.

Night rose up from the hollow, and as he came to the dusty access road, Buddy could feel the cold air washing

up around him, bringing back the cough. Patches of clouds gathered over the hollow and glowed pink. He turned onto the blacktop road, banging his lunch box against his leg as he walked, and remembered hating Fuller as a boy because Fuller had called him a ridge-runner.

He laughed again at the thought of the coal. He would have a car by fall, and a new trailer—maybe even a double-wide. He tried to think of ways to get Curtis to give up dogholing, and for a moment thought of asking Sally to go into Chelyan with him to look at trailers, but remembered all her talk of leaving.

Through the half-light, he could make out the rotting tipple where his father was crushed only ten days before they shut it down, leaving the miners to scab-work and welfare. The tipple crackled in the cold as the sun's heat left it, and on a pole beside it an unused transformer still hummed. No more coal, the engineers had said, but Buddy had always laughed at engineers—even when he was in an engineer company in the Army. At the foot of the smoldering bone pile where the shale waste had been dumped, Estep's little boy wandered, searching.

"What ya doin' there, Andy?"

"Rocks," the boy said. "They's pitchers on 'em." He handed Buddy a piece of shale.

"Fossils. Ol' dead stuff."

"I'm collectin' 'em."

"What ya wanna save ol' dead stuff for?" he said, handing the shale back.

The boy looked down and shrugged.

"You get on home, hear?" Buddy said, watching as Andy



STREET CRIES

New lamps. New imports in the wineshop windows.
Three Tommies halfway window-shopping (Whores).
Pitiful damndest bunch of merchandisers
Trying to do some business in the stores.

Two sizes of inflated Santa Clauses.
Poor Ireland, with these cheeky ruddy blimps
Elbowing for your five-year-olds' attention.
The five-year-olds hang back. They ape their elders.
The seven-year-olds stand around in clumps.

The cuddly cult of darling Baby Jesus
Seeps wordlessly around them and replaces
The Saints, the Mariolatry, the gore.
The priests are gentler than they were before.
I'm not against American improvements.

In daylight, down a side street, not an alley,
A bunch of little men is making cocktails.
Huddled around like nine-year-olds at marbles.
High holiday. Old bottles for old scores.
One holds a rag in readiness. One pours.

The eldest could be going on eleven.
He lines the bottles up to get them even.
Only a stranger to this Bible scene
Would think to look for children of thirteen.

—George Starbuck

disappeared down the secondary road, leaving him to the hum of the transformer. He wondered why the boy looked so old.

As he started up the road, he could hear the dogs packing up, their howls echoing from the slopes, funneling through the empty tipple. The clouds had thickened, and Buddy felt the first fine drops of a misty rain soak through the dirt on his face. When the trees thinned, he saw his trailer, rust from the bolts already streaking the white paint of last summer. The dogs were just up the road, and he wondered if they could smell Lindy, his bluetick bitch, in the trailer. Sally sat by the window, looking, waiting, but he knew it was not for him.

LINDY SMILED AT SALLY, WAGGED AT THE SOUND OF Buddy's footsteps from the bedroom and down the hall. Sally walked away from the door window, and set the plates by the stove.

"Estep's stoppin' 'round eight," Buddy said, frowning at the turnips and beans beneath the pot-lids of supper. "No meat?"

Sally said nothing, but took up her plate and dolloped out her food, leaving the sidemeat for Buddy. She watched him serve himself, and found herself staring at the freckles of black dust embedded in his face. A dog bark broke her stare, and she went to the table. She could hear them sniffing under the floor.

"They bother hell outa me," she said when Buddy sat.

"Well, she stays in. I don't need no litter of mutts." Buddy mashed fat between his fork prongs, fishing the lean from the mess, and watched Sally eat. "They's gonna be money, Sal."

"Don't start up. They's al's gonna, but they ain't never any."

"This time's for sure. Estep an' me, we worked that stuff today. A D-9 dozer an' steamshovel'd a-fixed us real quick. Curt's got the deed an' all."

"Thought yer folks settled these here ridges."

He remembered standing in the sun at a funeral—he could not say whose, but the scent of Vitalis from his father's hands had turned his stomach, and his new shoes pinched his feet.

"Never had a pot to piss in, neither. Stick 'round, Sal."

With her fork, Sally drew lazy curves in her bean-soup, and shook her head. "Naw, I'm tired of livin' on talk."

"This ain't talk. What made ya stay with me this long?"

"Talk."

"Love? Love ain't talk."

"Whore's talk," she said.

His hand flashed across the table, knocking her head askance, and she flushed. She got up slowly, put her plate in the sink, and walked down the hall to the bedroom. Buddy heard her turn on the TV, but the sound died down, leaving only the whimper of the dogs. He watched his plate turn cold, grease crusting the edges.

Getting bourbon for his coffee, he set his plate on the floor for the bitch, and went to the window. With lamplight shining green in their eyes, the pack circled the trailer, talking, waiting. He turned off the lamp, and looked for the thing Sally stared after, but only the light-gray sky and near-black ghost of the road touched the hollow.

In the darkness he found his 30-30 rifle and his flashlight, opened the slatted window, and shoved them out. Passing over two strong-boned hounds, his light landed on a ragged spitz and he fired, the shot singing through the washes and gullies.

The dogs scattered into the brush beyond the road, leaving the thrashing spitz to die in the yard. Lindy paced the trailer's length to the sound of the whines, but, when they stopped, she leaped up and lay on the couch, her tail flapping each time Buddy moved.

The shot jerked Sally from her half-sleep, but she settled back again, watching the blue TV light play against the rusty flowers of ceiling leaks as the last grains of cocaine soaked into her head. She stretched, felt afloat in an ocean of blue light rippling around her body, and relaxed. She knew she was prettier than the girls in the Thunderball Club, or the girl on the TV, and lots more fun.

"Lotsss," she whispered, over and over.

Buddy's silhouette appeared in the doorway. "They won't be back," he said.

"Who?" Sally sat up, letting the sheets slide away from her breasts.

"The dogs."

"Oh, yeah."

"Ya can't make any money at it, Sal. Too much free stuff floatin' 'round."

"Yeah? An' all this money yer makin's gonna keep me here?"

He turned back down the hall.

"Buddy," she said, and heard him stop. "C'mon."

As he shed his shoes, she noticed the slope in his back more than usual, but when he turned to her, his chest swelled as he unbuttoned his shirt. From where he stood, the hall light mixed with the TV, flashing her eyes white and pink as she moved in the blanket-wave to make room for him.

He climbed in, and his cold hands stroked her waist, and she felt the little tremors in his muscles. She dragged a single finger down his spine to make him shiver.

"When ya leavin'?"

"Pretty soon," she said, pulling him closer.

ESTEP HONKED HIS HORN AGAIN, AND LINDY danced by the door, howling.

"I'm comin', dammit," Buddy muttered, buttoning his shirt. The clock on the nightstand glowed ten after eight.

Sally propped her pillow against the headboard and lit another cigarette. As she watched Buddy dress, her jaw

tightened, and she rolled ashes from the tip of her cigarette until the fire came to a point. "See ya," she said as he started down the hall.

"Yeah. See ya," he answered, as he closed the door quickly to keep the dog inside.

Outside, the mist mingled with snow, and water beaded on the fur of the spitz. Buddy left it to warn the pack, and walked toward the clicking of Estep's engine and the soft clupping of wipers. Before he could open the door, a pain jabbed his lungs, but he held his breath against it, then tried to forget it in the blare of the car's radio.

"Whadya know, Mad Man?" Estep said as Buddy climbed in, coughing.

"Answer me this—Why'd ya reckon Curt wants props for?"

"To shore the damn face, dumbshit."

"An' doghole that goddamn seam, too. He's a ol'-time miner. He loves doin' all that ol'-time shit," Buddy said.

"Whadya drivin' at?"

"How many ya reckon'd walk out if I's to dump the water Monday?"

"Buddy, don't go callin' strike. I got family."

"C'mon—how many ya reckon?"

"Most," Estep said. "Maybe not Fuller."

Buddy nodded. "I'd say so, too."

"Yer talkin' weird. Curt's kin—ya can't go callin' strike on yer kin."

"I like Curt fine," Buddy said, coughing. "But I'm tellin' ya they's a easy way to run that coal."

"Won't work, Buddy. Operation like that'd put ever'body outa work. 'Sides, land ain't good fer nothin' after ya strip it."

"That land," Buddy said, "that land ain't no good noway, and we could so use work. We'd use ever'body in our hole. An' Storm Creek. An' that piddlin' of Johnson's. Fair an' equal. Know how much that'd be?"

"Can't be much with all the fellers in the line."

"Try on fifty thou. Does it fit?" Buddy slapped Estep's arm. "Well, does it?"

"Where'd we get the machines?"

"Borrow on the coal. Curt's got the deed—just needs some new thinkin' put in his head's all. You with me?"

"I reckon."

They rode, watching the snow curve in toward the lights, melting on the windshield before the wiper struck it. Through the trees, Buddy could see the string of yellow light bulbs above the door and windows of Tiny's.

"Johnson found out who's stealin' his coal," Estep said, letting the car slow up. "Old Man Cox."

"How's he know for sure?"

"Drilled a chunk an' put in a .410 shell. Sealed 'er over with dust an' glue."

"Jesus H. Christ."

"Aw, didn't hurt 'im none. Just scared 'im," Estep said, guiding the car between chugholes in the parking lot.

Buddy opened his door. "Man alive, that's bad," he mumbled.

Inside Tiny's, Buddy nodded and waved to friends through the smoke and laughter, but he did not see Fuller. He asked Tiny, but the one-eared man only shrugged, setting up two beers as Buddy paid. He walked to the pool table, placed his quarter beside four others, and returned to lean against the bar with Estep.

"Slop," Buddy yelled to one of Johnson's shots.

"Slop you too," Johnson said, smiling. "Them quarters go fast."

Fuller came in, walked to the bar, and shook his head when Tiny came up.

"'Bout time ya got here," Buddy said.

"Sal's out yonder. Wants to talk to ya."

"Whadya got? Carload of goons?"

"See fer yerself," Fuller said, waving toward the window. Sally sat with Lindy in the front seat of Fuller's car. Buddy went out and motioned for Sally to roll down the window, but she opened the door, letting Lindy out.

"You babysat for a while," she said.

Fuller laughed as he started the car.

Buddy bent to collar Lindy, but the bitch stayed by him. Straightening himself, Buddy saw, through the rear window as the car turned, his TV bobbing in the back seat.

"C'mon," Estep said from behind him. "Let's get drunk on an' shoot pool."

"Yer on," Buddy said, leading the dog into the bar.

BUDDY LAY ON THE TRAILER'S CARPET, A LITTLE boll of rayon batting against his nostril as he breathed, and tried to remember how he got there, but Sally's smile in his mind jumbled him. He remembered Estep driving him back, and he remembered falling down in the parking lot, and hitting Fred Johnson, but he did not know why.

He stood up, shook himself, and supported himself down the hall to the bathroom. The blood flow from his head and the shock of the light turned the room purple for a moment, and he ran water from the shower on his head to clear the veil. Looking into the mirror, he saw the imprints of the carpet pattern on his cheek, the poison hanging beneath his eyes. He wanted to throw up, but could not.

"Ol' dead stuff," he muttered, and heaved dryly.

Atop the commode sat a half-finished bourbon and coke. He tossed it down and waited for it to settle or come up again. Leaning against the wall, he remembered the dog and called to her, but she did not come. He looked at his watch: it was five-thirty.

He went into the living room and opened the door—the wet snow was collecting in patches. He called Lindy, and she came to him from behind the trailer with a hound close behind her. He shut the door between the dogs and sat on the couch. Lindy hopped up beside him. "Poor ol' girl," he said, patting her wet side. "Yer in fer the works now." His

knuckles were split, and blood flaked from his fingers, but he could not feel them.

"Sal's gone, yes, she is. Yes, she is. Couple of months, an' we'll show her, yes we will." He saw himself in Charleston, in the Club, then taking Sally home in his new car . . .

"Hungry, ol' girl? C'mon, I'll fix ya up."

In the kitchen, he looked for fresh meat to treat her, and, finding none, opened a can of sardines. Watching her lap them up, he poured himself a bourbon and leaned back against the counter. Sally's plate lay skinned with bean-soup in the sink, and for a moment he missed her. He laughed to himself: he would show her.

Lindy walked under the table and coughed up her sardines.

"Don't blame ya a damn bit," he said, but in the roil of sardines and saliva, he saw himself cleaning it up, knew the smell would always be there. There was no reason he should have to clean up, no reason he could not have meat, or anything he wanted. He took up his rifle, which was leaning where he had left it, and Lindy barked around his heels. "No," he shouted, hanging her by the collar with his forefinger until he could shut the door.

Outside the snow fell harder and in thick, wet lumps, making patterns in the darkness. The climb up the hill to the ridge behind the trailer stirred his lungs to bleeding, and he stopped to spit and breathe. Rested, he walked again in a quiet rhythm with the rustle of snow on the dead leaves.

In the brush by the trail, a bobcat crouched and waited for the man to clump by, its muscles tight in the snow and mist. Claws unsheathed, it moved only slightly with the sounds of his steps until he was far up the trail, out of sight and hearing. The cat moved down the trail and stopped to sniff the blood-spit the man had left behind.

By the time he crested the ridge, Buddy could feel the pain of trailer heat leave his head, and he stopped short of the salt blocks he had laid out last fall. He held in a breath to slow the wheezing, and when it stopped, sat on his old stump while the first mild light of the sky glowed brown. He loaded his gun, and watched a low trail in the brush, a trail he saw through outlines of snow in the ghost-light. From the hollow, dog yelps carried to the ridge. The trail was empty.

Behind him, something rattled in the leaves, and he turned his head slowly, hearing the bones in his neck click. In the brown light he made out the rotted ribs of an old log barn he had played in before they sold the land and moved to the hollow. Something scurried past the barn and ran away from him and up the ridge. From the baying of the dogs below, he was sure it was a fox.

Between the clouds and the hills hung the sun, moving fast enough to track, making the snow glisten on the branches. When he looked away from the sun, his eyes were drawn to the cool shadow of a deer standing against the yellow ribbon of sunlight.

He moved slowly, lifting the gun to his face, aiming into the shadow, and before the noise splintered into the hollow, he saw a flash of movement. He ran to the place where the deer had stood, but there was no blood. He tracked the animal only ten yards to the spot where it had fallen. It was a doe with a pink bloodless lip of wound near her shoulder.

Working quickly, he split her hind tendons, threaded them with a stringer, and hoisted her from a low limb. He cut across the throat, and blood dripped into the snow, but as he ran the knife up the belly, something inside the carcass jolted, moved against the knife point. He kept cutting, and when the guts sagged out, a squirming lump fell at his feet.

He kicked the unborn fawn aside, disconnected the doe's guts, sliced off the hindquarters, and let the rest of the carcass fall for the scavengers to find. He laid three small slices of liver aside in the snow to cool.

Warm doe blood burned his split knuckles, and he washed them with snow, remembering, now that the feeling had returned, why he had hit Fred Johnson—for spiking Old Man Cox's coal. He began to laugh. He could see Old Man Cox screaming his head off. "Shit," he said, laughing and shaking his head.

He bit off a piece of the cool, raw liver and, as it juiced between his teeth, watched the final throes of the fawn in the steamy snow. He could not wait to dump the water at the mine tomorrow, and laughed as he imagined the look on Curtis's face. "Strike," he muttered over and over.

On a knoll in the ridge, run there by the dogs, the bobcat watched, waiting for the man to leave. □



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YOGA FOR MASOCHISTS

BY DON LESSEM



WHAT IS LIFE if not a few spins on the wheel of pain? Our only hope of ennobling that experience is to grasp the eternal. And what do we find there? An intensification of worldly suffering. Life is pain, therefore eternal life means eternal pain. To be at one with the universe, to experience eternal life, and in so doing avoid probate, one must follow the path of pain—Maso-yoga.

Maso-yoga teaches us to confront the pain of daily living. By embracing and welcoming it, we turn the most unpleasant moments of our lives into the most sensual. Activities that provoke fear of injury are welcomed; Maso-yogis are among the nation's leading hang-gliderists, bear-wrestlers, and strike arbitrators.

But the truly enlightened Maso-yogi need not court hazard; there are ample opportunities to experience transcendental pain in daily life. A foot left in a revolving door, a fork thrust into a toaster, or a thorough dental examination can bring an instant glimpse of the divine. Among devotees, a feeling like boredom can be honed to the razor's edge of pain. So we see legions of Maso-yogis engaged in actuarial work, bus-conducting, and local government.

Maso-yoga originated in the East, where a life of pain and physical hardship comes easily. But what about us unfortunate Westerners, for whom pain is traditionally unwelcome?

The process of enlightening the West has been ongoing for centuries. A number of gurus have sacrificed their lives to teach the ways of Maso-yoga to the masses. We know them as sadists. In the East, as in the West, it is a greater virtue to give than to receive, and so the sadist is celebrated by Maso-yogis the world over.

The best-known of all Maso-yogis, Indra

Venus, has devoted her life to educating Westerners in the art of Maso-yoga. She is renowned as the author of *Yoga to the Death* and *Yoga for Imperialist Swine*. Born of a low-caste Delhi family in 1901, Ms. Venus is descended from a Sepoy captain, who introduced the ways of Maso-yoga to his family and his superiors. Ms. Venus's grandfather died a penniless exporter of beds of nails, and her father, a tone-deaf snake charmer, died before her birth. She was weaned by her mother, a typist for Rudyard Kipling, who, on Kipling's advice, sent the girl to live with his cruel aunt in England. Indra suffered corporal punishment silently throughout childhood, but pledged her life to inflicting pain on Westerners (*honkiis*).

It is not clear at what age Ms. Venus became a Maso-yoga instructor, but it is known that in 1931 she was arrested in Piccadilly for distributing anti-British tracts and administering prescribed beatings to followers. In the years preceding World War II, she supported herself by working as a shopgirl by day and robbing drunken sailors at night. It was during this period that she met Mahatma Gandhi, when he journeyed to London for the Round Table Conference. Ms. Venus is thought to be responsible for enhancing Gandhi's theories about passive resistance and self-denial by burning his breakfast and pouring ice water on his bedsheets.

These happy moments of her life with Gandhi reveal a lighter side of a woman too often looked on as a stern and violent shrew. Ms. Venus is not only an accomplished practical joker but a talented singer of light opera with an upper register capable of shattering the eardrum of a Great Dane.

After World War II, Ms. Venus returned to India to lead the fight



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEN RINCIARI

October report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS



The year 1982 marks the fiftieth anniversary of our first publication of Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall's *Mutiny on the Bounty*. It marks as well the publication of the first full-length biography of Fletcher Christian, **GLYNN CHRISTIAN'S FRAGILE PARADISE: Fletcher Christian of HMS Bounty**.

When **GLYNN CHRISTIAN** was nine years old, he discovered that he was directly descended from the notorious mutineer, and his curiosity has not flagged since. His quest for the real Fletcher Christian has taken him from his native New Zealand to Christian family seats in Cumberland, England, and the Isle of Man, from the Mitchell Library in Sydney, Australia, to whaling archives on the east and west coasts of the United States. Finally, Christian sailed to Pitcairn Island, still one of the most inaccessible places in the world, to get the feel of the place, to meet his cousins, to see at first hand today's living result of that moment when Fletcher Christian broke into his captain's cabin with drawn cutlass and said: "Bligh, you are my prisoner."

The story of Glynn Christian's search is fully as exciting as the life and times here constructs, and **FRAGILE PARADISE**, handsomely produced and profusely illustrated in color and black and white, is as adventurous a biography in both subject and author as we have read in a long time.

FRAGILE PARADISE:
Fletcher Christian of HMS Bounty
by Glynn Christian

\$19.95 at your bookstore
LITTLE, BROWN

for independence. She accumulated a fortune through Maso-yoga-derived interrogation techniques used against maharajahs and British industrialists. Since 1950, Ms. Venus has lived in seclusion at her Ranchipur estate, tended by 2,000 British manservants. She spends her days writing books for Western audiences and investing royalties and contributions from followers in commercial ventures designed to increase the trade deficit of Western nations.

In her declining years Ms. Venus derives considerable satisfaction (in two senses) from the currency of the Maso-yoga movement. Maso-yoga's appeal is now pandemic, spurred on by the training of thousands of devoted instructors who now occupy positions of authority in universities, day-care centers, geriatric hospitals, and the fashion industry.

When asked what he thought of Western civilization, Gandhi is said to have responded, "It would be a good idea." To which Ms. Venus would add only, "if it hurts." □

Don Lessem is a reporter for Worcester magazine and a reviewer for The Boston Globe.

MUSIC

JAZZ RECORDS: GIL EVANS

BY MICHAEL ULLMAN



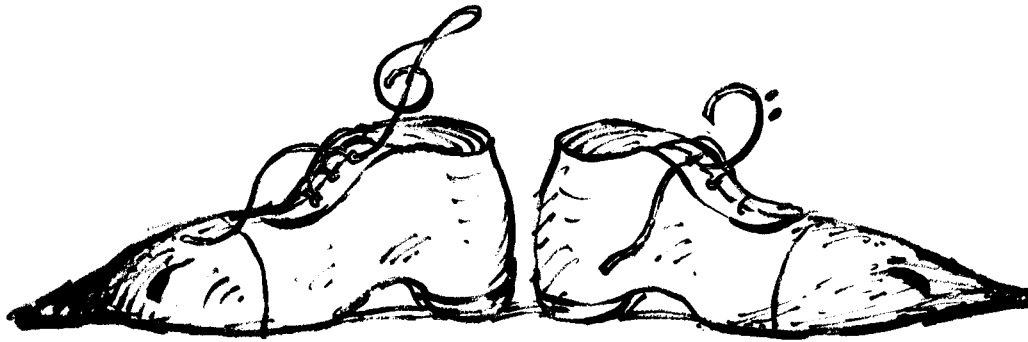
GIL EVANS, the pianist, composer, and arranger, who is now seventy, has been called an elder statesman of jazz for at least twenty-five years. He is best known for his collaborations two decades ago with Miles Davis on records such as *Miles Ahead*, *Porgy and Bess*, and the stately *Sketches of Spain*. Evans led his first band in the mid-thirties, in Stockton, California, where he taught himself enough about music to transcribe for a small group Red Nichols's "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider." (The trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell was in that band, and he remembers that even then Evans was interested in unusual tonal colors, asking the reeds to double on oboes and flutes.) In the forties, he worked with the innovative Claude Thornhill band, producing cool, elegant arrangements of bop hits such as Charlie Parker's "Anthropology" and "Yarbird Suite." He

wrote moody counter-melodies to Thornhill's sparse piano solo on "Lover Man," and showed himself adept at orchestrating up-tempo bop tunes ("Donna Lee") as well as flag-waving swingers such as his own "Buster's Last Stand." He was concerned with tone at a time when most young jazz musicians were concentrating on speed.

The Miles Davis "Birth of the Cool" sessions of 1949 and 1950 first brought Evans's music to a substantial audience. (Evans shared the arranging-composing duties on these sessions with Gerry Mulligan, Johnny Carisi, and John Lewis.) The collaboration was helpful to Davis as well, for the trumpeter had by that time proven to most listeners' satisfaction that he was not a virtuoso in the Dizzy Gillespie tradition. He needed a new genre. The Birth of the Cool sessions brought out his tense lyricism, in arrangements that seemed, in their gravity and understated depth, to signal a new direction in jazz. Even the instrumentation was unique: a trombone, a tuba, and a French horn were added to the usual rhythm section. Gerry Mulligan's baritone sax was offset by Lee Konitz's shrill alto, but the band—"Miles's tuba band," as some called it—was bottom-heavy, given to impassively rounded tones.

In the Davis-Evans works that followed a decade later, Evans provided Davis with exotic material in introspective arrangements. Often they were Spanish-influenced: Evans's peerless version of Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez" is more focused than the composer's own. On *Quiet Nights* (recorded in 1963), Evans and Davis introduced several bossa nova pieces, including the famous "Corcovado," before the bossa nova fad established itself here. Much of the music Evans wrote for Davis had the buttoned-up dignity of Spanish music, a quality typified by the carefully written-out drum parts, the castanet rhythms, and the "tissue paper" snare-drum rolls on *Sketches of Spain*. Starting in the late sixties, though, Evans's music opened up, showing that he had absorbed what was valuable in rock (he made an entire record of Jimi Hendrix songs), free jazz, and electronics. Evans's development has been steady since then, but it has been difficult to follow, because he performs rarely and his recordings have often been made in Europe or have rapidly gone out of print.

Recently the situation has improved.



Blues in Orbit (Inner City 3041) contains complete 1969 big-band sessions and part of a similar session from 1971. Artists House has issued the rest of the 1971 session in *Where Flamingos Fly* (Artists House 14). Inner City has also released *Little Wing* (Inner City 1110), a live recording made in Germany in 1978, while a complete concert in London during the same year has been made available on two albums (*At the Royal Festival Hall*, RCA PL 25209 and *The Rest of Gil Evans Live*, on Mole 3). Finally, Trio Records, a Japanese company, has issued six pieces on *Gil Evans Live at the Public Theater* (Trio PAP-9233).

Listeners familiar with Evans's Miles Davis material will be comfortable with "Zee Zee," the opening performance of the Artists House LP. This stately piece in 5/4, "the first half of the traditional blues," as Evans describes his structure, moves slowly over the bottom laid down by Howard Johnson's tuba, and it has the contained, brassy sound of earlier recordings. The Artists House record also includes a zestful performance of "Nana," a Brazilian song with overdubbed vocals; a short ballad by tenor saxophonist Billy Harper; and "Hotel Me," a rambunctious, good-time piece based on a blues riff by Muddy Waters (on his own record, Muddy Waters sang "I Just Want to Make Love to You" over this riff). The record ends with John Benson Brooks's "Where Flamingos Fly" and a long, loose version of Kenny Dorham's 5/4 composition "El Matador," a performance sustained by Herb Bushler's electric bass. The record is full of effective Evans touches, such as the brass scale in the background of the solos on "El Matador." The record is notable for its variety and its accurate sound.

Blues in Orbit is occasionally too

loose: after its vibrant version of the title tune (its theme stated in one place by piccolo and baritone sax), there is a fragmentary version of a piece called "Proclamation." "Spaced," appropriately titled, seems wholly improvised—it is interesting but inconsequential—while the agonized dirge "Variations on the Misery," one of Evans's greatest compositions, receives a cursory performance. Nevertheless, the record shows Evans's new directions—his willingness to swing openly, to improvise freely, and to use synthesizers in both serious and witty ways.

For the past ten years or so, the personnel of Evans's bands has been remarkably stable. The trumpeter Hannibal Peterson, the tenor saxophonist Billy Harper, and the tuba player/baritone saxophonist Howard Johnson have been regulars, and there have been others as well: the lead trumpeter Lew Soloff, the percussionist Sue Evans, the synthesists Pete Levin and Masabumi Kikuchi. These musicians are young and yet well enough schooled in Evans's music to play his concerts at short notice and with little preparation. Evans allows them considerable freedom; he seems dedicated to creating an unpackaged feeling. Typically, a concert will start with a free improvisation that seems to evolve casually from the sounds of the musicians tuning up. After a bit of this fooling around, Evans will cue "Well, You Needn't" or another one of his arrangements. He draws on his own compositions, on pieces by band members, and on jazz classics by Thelonious Monk or Charlie Parker, and generally he features one or two Jimi Hendrix tunes. The concerts often end with the loose-limbed shuffle of Hendrix's "Up From the Skies." He still might hire a French horn, but the real sign of the times is his use of synthesizer players: sometimes there are two of them, providing weird and intriguing new sounds, anything from volcanic

grumblings to wobbling whistles, in counterpoint to written parts in the orchestra or in solo. Notably, Evans's recent soloists—Peterson, Howard, Johnson, Arthur Blythe—are all extroverted, cheerful, showy. (Peterson's solos tend to climax with some gut-busting high notes, which he delivers bent over like a pretzel. He also sings a funny parody of the blues.)

Little Wing consists of three long performances by a nine-piece band. The London and New York concerts are more typical of Evans's recent work. The RCA recording moves easily from a wide-open, rocking performance of Hendrix's "Stone Free," which features percussion parts worthy of a Latin band, to a clever medley of Charlie Parker tunes introduced by a brief statement of John Lewis's "Concorde." *The Rest of Gil Evans Live* has two Hendrix tunes, and Monk's "Rhythm-a-Ning," which begins with an inventive conversation among electronic instruments—one gruff and the other pre-adolescent—and it has a stirring version of "Variations on the Misery," featuring Hannibal Peterson. But this version is surpassed by Arthur Blythe's solo on the beautifully recorded New York concert.

Blythe begins with a whisper, and manages to use his enormous range on the alto in a solo that is virtuosic and controlled at the same time. The Public Theater concert has another version of the Muddy Waters riff and several Evans compositions, and introduces "Gone, Gone, Gone" from *Porgy and Bess*. The record ends with "Up From the Skies." "Gone, Gone, Gone" begins with the trombonist George Lewis puffing eccentrically over a walking bass in a hyperactive but harmonically free solo. Evans reduces the piece to a series of chords—an effective riff that he suspends over a drum solo.

If *Gil Evans Live at the Public Theater* is the best of the recent albums, it is

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partially because it is recorded most clearly, but also because at the Public Theater Evans and his band demonstrate most effectively their tightrope-walking balance between free, vigorous soloing and interesting writing. The recordings show that Evans remains one of the best writers in jazz—and one of the most inspiring bandleaders as well. (He prefers that we not talk about his piano playing.) He emerges annually from his apartment in lower Manhattan to demonstrate that it is possible to make inventive, contemporary big-band music. He does it on a shoestring, and his musicians love it.

(Artists House records are available through the mail, from Artists House, 440 East 62nd St., New York, New York, 10021.) □

BETTER PLAYED THAN SUNG

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN



PIERRE BOULEZ'S RECENT complete recording of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (Philips 6769 074), assembled from tapes of performances at the 1979 and 1980 Bayreuth festivals, poses with striking clarity a problem posed by virtually all recent recordings of Wagner operas. The dramatic pacing and shaping are almost flawless, the orchestral playing is tonally refined and subtly inflected, but the singing exists in another world altogether. Occasionally very good (though never great), it is mostly mediocre and often downright execrable.

Peter Hofmann and Jeannine Altmeyer are a fine Siegmund and Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*, and Altmeyer is equally fine as Gutrune in *Götterdämmerung*; Siegfried Jerusalem is a powerful, pure-voiced Froh, and Heinz Zednik a light, clear Loge in *Das Rheingold*; Zednik sings Mime's music in *Siegfried* without the usual dreadful posturing and caricaturing. But Manfred Jung is only a middling Siegfried, clear and powerful but not weighty enough to be heroic; indeed, his voice is so close in quality to Zednik's that the Siegfried-Mime scenes in *Siegfried* lack the tonal contrast needed to make them effective. Fritz Hübner is an

impressive, darkly brooding Hagen, but Hermann Becht, Matti Salminen, and Franz Mazura often sing coarsely as Alberich, Hunding, and Gunther. Hanna Schwarz, as Fricka, and Ortrun Wenkel, as Erda, are heavy and lugubrious rather than commanding and majestic. But the worst of the lot are the most important—the Wotan and Brünnhilde of Donald McIntyre and Gwyneth Jones.

McIntyre is hollow, inexpressive, and insecure. In the great Wotan-Brünnhilde scene that concludes *Die Walküre*, he has no power or majesty or rage but sounds constricted and mumblingly inward, not a god in despair but just another ordinary, troubled father with a rebellious daughter. Jones is even worse. Though she has power throughout her range, and occasionally gets a good sound in her middle register, her low notes are coarse and fishwifely, and in her upper register she often not only sounds indescribably ugly but also, as in the concluding duet from *Siegfried*, sings so far off pitch that one actually mishears the music's harmony.

As I say, this is an extreme example, but it represents a general difficulty. In the late thirties and early forties, when I was first listening to Wagner, those of us who could not go regularly to a major opera house had access to more or less complete performances of Wagner's operas through the Saturday afternoon broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera. Almost every year, one could hear *Tristan und Isolde* with the title roles splendidly sung by Lauritz Melchior and Kirsten Flagstad or Helen Traubel. But the orchestral playing, under the undistinguished Artur Bodanzky and the young Erich Leinsdorf, was slack and inaccurate. On the two recent Met Wagner broadcasts I have attempted—of *Tristan* and *Tannhäuser*—the situation, as on the Boulez *Ring*, was exactly reversed: the orchestra played dazzlingly, but the singers sounded, as Chekhov's Charlotta says, like jackals. Each time, I could bear only a few minutes. Standards of orchestral playing, as any orchestral musician over sixty will tell you, are far higher than they were thirty-five years ago. And there are at least as many good Wagner conductors now as there were before World War II. But where are the great Wagner singers? In the years since the war, no one has come along to take the places of Melchior, Flagstad, Traubel, and a host of others who were active from about 1920 to 1950.

The best of the postwar Wagner sopranos, Birgit Nilsson, was capable of a gripping, steely brilliance, but never matched her predecessors in either tonal beauty or dramatic understanding. The most famous of the tenors, Wolfgang Windgassen and Hans Hopf, were unimpressive at best. Except for the late Paul Schoeffler and for Hans Hotter and George London, both long since retired, the baritones and basses have mostly been coarse-voiced and inaccurate. Occasionally a fine singer not usually associated with the Wagner repertoire, Jon Vickers or Regine Crespin, for example, has undertaken Wagner with notable results, but no group of first-rate singers firmly committed to Wagner has evolved. An important area of our musical life has thus been seriously impoverished.

ONE CAN ALSO note the effects of this impoverishment in two other recent Wagner recordings. Herbert von Karajan's *Parsifal* (Deutsche Grammophon 2741 002) is less satisfying than his earlier *Ring* and *Tristan*, but, like them, it features the sumptuous, flawless playing of the Berlin Philharmonic. The performance is rather cool and understated, often lacking in rhythmic vitality and more successful in the quieter portion of the work—the flower maidens' music in Act II and the first half of Act III—than in the grander and more ceremonial Good Friday music and Grail Temple scenes.

Peter Hofmann as Parsifal is light-voiced and characterless, far less effective than he is as Boulez's Siegmund. Siegmund Nimsgern and Dunja Vejzovic are more adequate dramatically as Klingsor and Kundry, but neither has an especially beautiful voice and both lack power at the climaxes. As Gurnemanz, Kurt Moll lacks the weight and gravity his role demands, half singing many of his lines in an intimate, excited stage whisper that is completely out of character. Only José van Dam as Amfortas—sonorous, eloquent, with every phrase falling securely into place rhythmically and every word making perfect sense—convincingly projects the character Wagner created, the pain-wracked and grieving keeper of the Grail.

The recent *Tristan und Isolde*, conducted by the much-acclaimed English Wagnerian Reginald Goodall (London LDR 75001), has the added defect that Goodall's Welsh National Opera Orches-

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tra is not quite a first-rate ensemble. Though the playing is tonally beautiful and intelligently phrased, the strings, and especially the all-important violas, are often ragged and uncertain. All of Goodall's other Wagner recordings have, I believe, been sung in English, and because I do not like Wagner in English, I have not listened to them. But if this *Tristan* is a fair sample, he is a slow conductor—he takes a full half-hour longer than Felix Mottl (traditionally reported to have been on the slow side) did with the first Bayreuth *Tristan* in 1886. There is certainly nothing wrong with taking Wagner slowly, as the recordings of Toscanini and Furtwängler prove, and Goodall's reading is often very effective. But in his overriding eagerness to stress the music's gradual, cumulative growth, Goodall minimizes its frequent sudden

tensity of the Act II love duet; and his great monologue in Act III is forceless and labored. Worst of all is the creaky, halfhearted Kurwenal of Philip Joll, who wobbles badly, sings off pitch much of the time, and has a voice so light that he often sounds like a tenor. The surprise is the King Marke of Gwynne Howell. As with van Dam's Amfortas, a rich, sonorous voice is deployed with perfect dramatic understanding to project a wholly convincing character—in this case, one of the most difficult of Wagner's characters to bring alive. Like most listeners, I usually yawn my way through Marke's long Act II monologue, an unrelieved orgy of self-pity; but this time, for once, Howell and Goodall made me believe in the "hell" of shame into which Marke proclaims that Tristan's betrayal has plunged him.



eruptions and abrupt dynamic contrasts, robbing it of force and bite and variety. Again and again, crescendos and sforzandos and accelerandos indicated in the score go unheeded. Too much of this *Tristan* is merely tender and caressing when it should be intensely passionate, lumbering when it should move with inexorable drive.

Linda Esther Gray is a young and engaging Isolde, but she lacks grandeur and radiance, and often screams out her high notes without regard for their pitch. Anne Wilkens is better as Brangäne, full-voiced and immediate. But John Mitchinson, as Tristan, does not have a beautiful voice and seems at home only when he has a recognizable tune to sing—which is not often. In the Act I drinking of the potion, he is neither noble nor decisive; he misses the rapt in-

HOW CAN ONE account for the low overall quality of the singing—especially when contrasted with the high quality of orchestral playing and general dramatic conception—on these and other recent Wagner recordings? There are plenty of fine singers of the Italian operatic repertoire, and plenty of fine recent recordings of Mozart, Verdi, Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti to prove it. James Levine's recording of Verdi's *Otello* (RCA CRL3-2951), made only a few years ago with Plácido Domingo, Renata Scotto, and Sherrill Milnes in the principal roles, is as fine a performance vocally as one could ask for. I know of no recent Wagner recording of which one could say the same. Why should this be so?

We have always heard a great deal about the technical difficulties of Wag-

ner's vocal writing, but singers who have been exposed to the twentieth-century repertoire should have no trouble with his often odd and awkward intervals, and endurance is not a problem in the recording studio. The real difficulties, I suspect, are psychological and musical rather than technical.

As Wagner made clear in the rambling, interminable prose tracts that he wrote during his years of exile in Switzerland, the "music dramas" he planned to compose were to be different from traditional operas, in that he would be primarily concerned not with the actions and the conscious motives of his characters but rather with their inner lives, the ebb and flow of their half-conscious or wholly unconscious emotions and desires. His primary means for communicating this flow of inner life, and for suggesting its universal, timeless significance, would be not the voices of the characters themselves but rather the orchestra. The human voice tied to the enunciation of particular words by a particular person in a particular situation Wagner saw as "circumscribed in character, but also specific and clear." Orchestral music, on the other hand, had been shown by Beethoven to be capable of articulating "primal feeling itself, emergent from the chaos of the first creation, when there may even have been no human beings to take it into their hearts." Thus for Wagner the orchestra would not function merely as an accompanist nor even, as so often in Mozart, as a witty, ironic commentator. Following the path opened by Beethoven in the choral finale of his Ninth Symphony, Wagner would "set the clear, specific emotion of the human heart, represented by the voice, against the wild primal feelings, with their ungovernable urge towards infinitude, represented by the instruments." As Freudian commentators have often—though perhaps too neatly and somewhat misleadingly—put it, the voice in Wagner represents the ego while the orchestra represents the id.

One important consequence is that Wagner's vocal lines are usually not the primary locus of musical interest, as of course they are in most other opera. The singers are often not given real melodies that make immediate musical (and hence psychological) sense, and what they are given often seems puzzlingly at variance, or even at war, with what the orchestra is doing. Wagner's vocal writing thus provides far fewer direct clues to

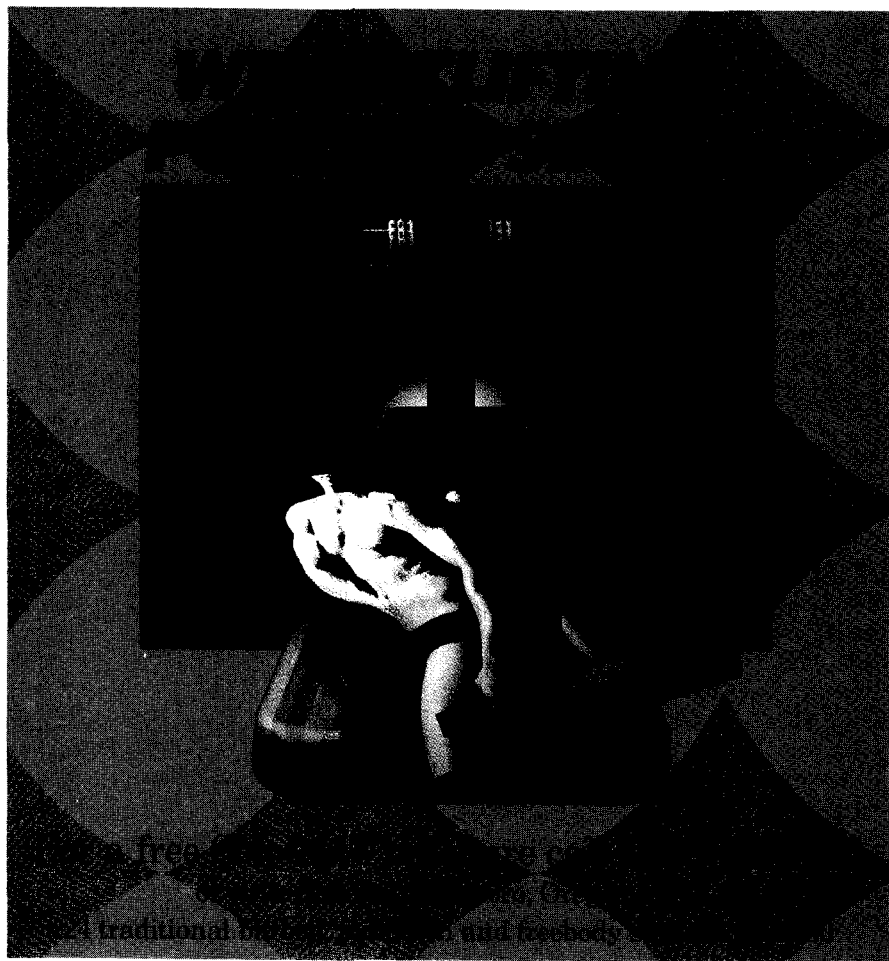
the characters' attitudes and emotions than does either Mozart's or Verdi's.

For such clues we must look to the orchestra, and to the complex, ever-shifting relation between voices and orchestra. Therefore, a great deal more psychological penetration and a more pervasive understanding of the whole work is required of the singers by Wagner than by most other operatic composers. I hasten to add that this is in no way a value judgment: Wagner's works are not better than Mozart's or Verdi's because more complex in this way. Indeed, Wagner composed no work so perfect as *The Marriage of Figaro* or *Falstaff*; yet these operas are simpler than his in that the vocal writing tells the singer a great deal more about the thoughts and feelings of the Countess or Falstaff than Wagner's does about those of Sachs or Wotan or Isolde.

Almost from the beginning, therefore, Wagner singers, often finding themselves at a loss as to how to interpret their roles, have fallen back on unmusical, attention-getting, superficially "dramatic" vocal mannerisms. This is surely the origin of the infamous "Bayreuth bark" style of singing (or not singing) Wagner that was so castigated by George Bernard Shaw in the dispatches he sent back from Bayreuth in the nineties. Today we are psychologically more sophisticated. But what our psychological sophistication has led us to see is that Wagner's characters, like those in most great twentieth-century literature, are essentially passive, mastered by forces larger than themselves, forces both external and internal—and in Wagner it is often not possible to say which. Therefore our singers are, like McIntyre and Moll, more likely to mumble or to whisper than to bark. As a friend of mine who has done a great deal of vocal coaching puts it, modern Wagner singers tend to be "fatally reticent," self-effacing to the point of abdicating the opera singer's duty to create a character who is continuously and thrillingly alive.

NOTHING COULD BE further from what Wagner intended. Though the orchestra has the dominant role in his mature works, his characters are still powerful, larger-than-life creations, just like characters in other opera. The ego may not have the last word, but it puts up a glorious battle.

Moreover, Wagner wanted his music to be beautifully sung. That a Gwyneth



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Jones can attain international fame as a Wagner soprano shows that we do not expect beautiful, accurate singing (let alone psychological understanding) in performances of Wagner. But his writings about singers and singing, particularly his warm praise of Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient (the original Senta in *The Flying Dutchman* and Venus in *Tannhäuser*) and Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld (the original Tristan), make it clear that the dramatic intensity Wagner sought in his singers was never to be gained at the price of musicality. Indeed, his whole aim in erecting music drama as the ideal work of art of the future, the *Gesamtkunstwerk* (total or complete artwork), was to unite all the arts as they had once been united in Greek tragedy.

The three recordings reviewed here do not give us that unity, though they do give us a great deal. We will probably never hear the whole *Ring* more insightfully and effectively shaped than it is by Boulez, surely the greatest of present-day Wagner conductors. And if Karajan does not make *Parsifal* come alive quite so successfully as Boulez did in his 1970 Bayreuth recording (Deutsche Grammophon 2713 004), he still gives a memorable account of the score. Even Goodall's *Tristan*, though no match for the 1952 Flagstad-Furtwängler monaural version (available on imported EMI-Electrola 147-00899-903), is very much worth hearing.

The supreme authority and conviction with which the greatest pre-war Wagner singers interpreted their roles led those of us who were dependent on recordings for our view of Wagner to think of him primarily as a singer's composer. Now that LP recordings have given us the opportunity to study and compare different conductors' interpretations of entire Wagner operas, we think of him more as a conductor's composer. This has been illuminating, but it is not mere nostalgia-mongering to say that a great deal has been lost through the de-emphasizing of the singer's role in performances of Wagner.

To redress the balance, to gain a fuller idea of the unity Wagner intended to effect in his works, it is necessary to return to the recordings of the great Wagner singers of the past. Many of these are now available, though with some difficulty, on LP reissues. In a future report, I will review the best of them and tell how they may be obtained. □

MOVIES

CHILD'S EYE, ADULT'S HAND

BY LLOYD ROSE



THERE DOESN'T SEEM to be any dark side to Steven Spielberg's sensibility—he's a sunny, sane moviemaker. His films are peopled with loving families, delightful children, heroic adventurers, well-intentioned authority figures. There is a scene in his latest movie, *E.T.—The Extra-Terrestrial*, in which the mother, Mary (Dee Wallace), is reading *Peter Pan* to her small daughter, Gertie (Drew Barrymore), with E.T. eavesdropping. It's the passage in which Peter appeals to all listening or reading children to clap their hands if they believe in fairies, that Tinkerbell's life may be saved. Spielberg believes in things most of us feel we have to abandon once we're adults, and he has audiences all over the country clapping their hands.

It's almost as interesting to watch the reactions of an audience, particularly a large one, to a Spielberg movie as it is to watch the picture itself. There are no laughs out of place, no bored shifts and murmurs. Spielberg has a sense of the audience so delicate that he is sometimes able to do what only live performers can: play to us as skillfully as if sensing and acting on our reactions and mood. This gives an oddly personal touch to his movies, and it's extremely unifying. Not only do audience members laugh, scream, and cry (and then laugh at their own reactions) together, but strangers lean across seats to be told lines they missed, or reassure each other that the scare is over, or volunteer information ("Reese's pieces," they corrected one another about a sequence in *E.T.*, "not M & Ms").

Audiences know they can trust Spielberg. He plays fair, and there are no nasty surprises in his movies. After each scare comes a laugh. He is continually reminding us that it's all in fun, it's only a movie. This reassuring aspect of his work is probably why he's so widely popular: he's safe. The thrills are fun and you never have to take them seriously.

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His movies are almost the exact entertainment equivalent of a roller coaster, and at their worst they are no more than that.

Spielberg loves mechanical toys—it's obvious from the affection he shows them in his films—so it's hardly surprising that he puts a movie together as if he were assembling one. That vise-grip on our responses doesn't just indicate that he knows his audience; he knows his mechanics, too. There's love in his craftsmanship, and this infuses even his most mechanistic movies (*Raiders of the Lost Ark*; 1941) with some pleasure. It's impossible, I would think, for anyone to tour the Haunted Mansion in Disney World and not feel the sheer joy that went into the creation of its ingenious effects. This sense of the designers' pleasure, of the terrific time they had, accounts for the larger part of any adult's enjoyment of the ride. There is much of this in Spielberg, and I think it's his true link to Disney, to whom he's so often compared: joy in technique and love of craft in the service of nothing more than the desire to entertain.

For all their frequent mawkishness and kitsch, Disney's cartoon features of the late thirties and early forties have never been surpassed in the technical achievement and beauty of their animation, nor, given the financial realities of making animated films today, are they ever likely to be. Disney's other great achievement, of course, was the state-of-the-art amusement park. Both the animated movies and the amusement park are wonderful. They are also aimed at doing nothing greater than pleasing children, and are consequently self-limiting and unsatisfying to an adult—like a meal in which the main course is candy bars.

It's uncertain whether this is going to be true for Spielberg as well (as it seems to be for his friend and producer George Lucas, whose work concentrates on adolescent, rather than childhood, fantasies). He's aware of his position. In an interview with *Rolling Stone*, he cheerfully conceded to Mike Sragow that movies made by "the Scorsese-Coppola school" were "more adult" than his and Lucas's: "George and I have fun with our films. We don't take them as seriously. And I think that our movies are about things that we think will appeal to other people, not just to ourselves."

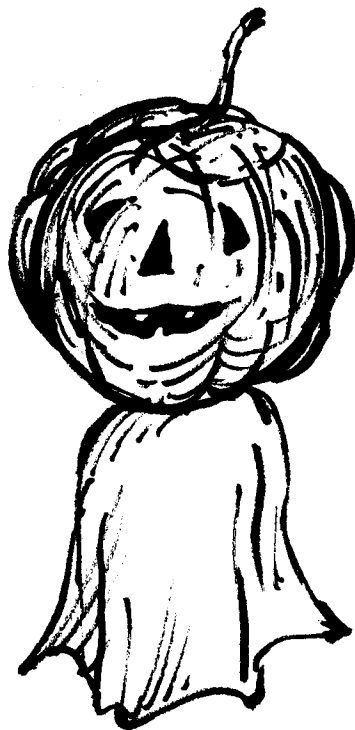
However, in the same interview, he made a distinction within his own body of work between impersonal, audience-

pleasing movies in which he was “giving out, giving off things before I would bring something in,” such as *Jaws*, 1941, and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and the films closer to him, such as *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *E.T.* He also linked *E.T.* with *Poltergeist*: “*E.T.* is my personal resurrection and *Poltergeist* is my personal nightmare. A lot of things in both movies really come from my growing up.”

THE THREE FILMS are a family. *E.T.* could be called *Son of Close Encounters* not only because it appears to have been inspired by the earlier film but because it gives the children’s-story version of the same dramatic event: the first meeting of human and alien. *Poltergeist* is *E.T.*’s dark twin, a movie of childhood fears to mirror *E.T.*’s childhood dreams, limited and slightly ridiculous where its brother is expansive and affecting. *Close Encounters* and *E.T.* are nominally science fiction, and *Poltergeist* is a horror movie. Of the three, *Poltergeist* stays the most firmly within the boundaries of its genre—though not as soulless as 1941 or *Raiders*, it’s essentially one of Spielberg’s carnival-ride movies, all thrills and chills.

The common ground of the three films is the middle-class, suburban family. In *Poltergeist*, with its threatening ghosts, the family is lovingly, solidly knit. In the other two films, in which the beneficent aliens touch the humans they meet with wonder, the families are broken, in need of healing. Spielberg is from a broken home himself, and his reworkings of this personal misfortune are instructive. In the final scene of *E.T.*, Mary, watching her children say farewell to *E.T.*, stands beside a sympathetic NASA scientist (Peter Coyote), who glances at her with the kind of concern that is the beginning of affection: Mommy will have a new husband. In *Close Encounters*, Daddy is gone, but he’s on a spaceship where he’ll be happy. These are the pathetic, moving happy endings a deserted child dreams to himself, and the poignancy arises from the audience’s recognition of their real-world impossibility. It is only a movie.

The dreams and nightmares of American childhood are Spielberg’s special province. In *E.T.*, the imaginary friend of so many introverted children is made flesh, and has magical powers besides—it is *E.T.*’s telepathic link with Elliot that enables Elliot to act out his fanta-



sies of setting free the frogs in biology class and kissing the pretty girl who has a crush on him. *E.T.* is not so much a pet as the toy a lonely child hugs and confides in come wondrously alive. The toys in *Poltergeist*, on the other hand, come alive demonically, particularly an ominous-looking clown doll. The movie is at heart a simple proof of what every child knows: there’s something awful in the closet.

But there is something wonderful in the sky: friendly, comforting beings who descend to earth on missions of good will. In a recent article in *Esquire*, Paul Schrader (who wrote *Taxi Driver* and *Obsession* and most recently directed *Cat People*) talked about his first draft of the screenplay for *Close Encounters* (Spielberg wrote the final draft) and claimed credit for the “idea of flying saucers as a religious experience.” There is

no way of knowing what form the revelation of the aliens as filmed from Schrader’s screenplay would have taken, but it could hardly have been much like the harmonious encounter that is the climax of the movie. Schrader’s God comes not with peace but with a sword; the religious overtones of *Close Encounters*, with its tree-ornament spaceships and aliens who want us to fear not, are Christmas-pageant stuff. The movie evokes not the religious but the secular implications of Christmas, just as *E.T.*, in which the spaceship is a jack-o’-lantern and the hero a goblin, evokes Halloween. The movies are celebrations of the two American holidays nearest to the hearts of children.

It is the child’s heart hidden in each member of his audience that Spielberg reaches. What saves his work from sentimentality is that he is not looking back at childhood with misty-eyed longing; he still lives there. The women in *Close Encounters*, *E.T.*, and *Poltergeist* are all (with the exception of the frazzled wife in *Close Encounters*) strong and supportive mothers or mother-figures. The men are largely boys, wise children all, with a child’s easy, willing acceptance of the fantastic. In *Close Encounters*, François Truffaut not only brings his innate decency to the character of Lacombe but evokes for many moviegoers his own wonderful films about childhood. Roy Neary (Richard Dreyfuss), the bewildered hero of *Close Encounters*, is less an Everyman than an Everyboy, free of adult skepticism and doubt. Peter Coyote, as the NASA scientist in *E.T.*, combines a midwestern-looking lankiness reminiscent of the down-home western heroes of earlier movies with a dreamer’s slightly moonstruck face. All of these men are on a quest, and, being pure of heart, they are all rewarded.

Spielberg has a healthy affection for elements of American culture that are generally despised: our technology and our suburbs. Technology works for Spielberg. The human reception for the alien landing in *Close Encounters* goes off without a hitch. The doctors in *E.T.* who appear to fail to save *E.T.*’s life have simply not understood that he was lost in a telepathic trance, astrally communing with his fellows in space. The recording devices in *Poltergeist* register the spooks beautifully. It’s true that the television set in *Poltergeist* serves as a doorway for ghosts, but this can be avoided if one just remembers to turn off the set

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when not watching it. Spielberg loves the suburbs, because he remembers their values for children: the space, the trees, the secret places, the exciting terrain of new construction. His attitude toward look-alike housing seems akin to that of J. D. Salinger's Zooey Glass, who thought it would be nice to mistake strangers' houses for your own and find a new family inside each one. (He can even manage, in *Poltergeist*, to present a Holiday Inn as a place of refuge.)

Spielberg trusts authority. His parents are loving. His scientists are competent and well-intentioned. Even the military, though its outlook may be limited, means well. (I was never disturbed for a minute by the ominous, faceless men who tramp through the beginning of *E.T.*; I knew they would turn out to be good guys.)

On the surface, Spielberg appears to be similar to Frank Capra, the director, who also respects authority and the family, and is resolutely upbeat. But there's a preachy, shrill tone to Capra's work; he's always telling us how good life could be if we would only return to old-fashioned ideals. He wants us back on the path of righteousness, whereas it never seems to occur to Spielberg that we've left it. Capra manipulates those self-pitying parts of us that feel the loss of childhood's innocence; Spielberg speaks to whatever innocence is left.

SPIELBERG'S OPTIMISTIC VIEW of our modern way of life is anomalous and somewhat archaic. It's reminiscent not so much of the American past as of Victorian England, with its trust in technology and satisfaction with the status quo. (It is not perhaps, coincidental that the Victorians produced so much of the great children's literature written in English.) It was the Romantics, the sons of Rousseau, who revered the pure state of childhood, but they had a political consciousness Spielberg lacks. His buoyant good nature brings him nearer to Robert Browning—*E.T.*'s in his heaven, all's right with the world—but he has produced as yet no equivalent to "My Last Duchess" or "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." Browning knew the cupidity of the human heart, and despair.

As a friend of mine commented after seeing *E.T.*, Spielberg doesn't appear to have a mean bone in his body. A strength in *E.T.* and *Close Encounters*, this dearth of malice fatally weakens *Polter-*

geist. It's impossible to be a good-hearted satirist, and the chief disappointment of *Poltergeist*, even more than the garbled plot, is the way the satirical elements—the ghosts entering through the television set, the real-estate developer being the villain—never quite attach to the story. Its moments of real fear again derive from childhood, from our memories of the way our nighttime rooms frightened us when we were small, and our fears that something was going to "get" us.

A sense of terror and a sense of loss, both of which Spielberg has, are not the same as a sense of evil. The avaricious real-estate man in *Poltergeist* is ludicrous rather than threatening. Ghosts of various sorts drift and dart through the movie, but it is not the family's fault that they are there, as is so often the case in horror movies—no guilt or sin on their part caused the haunting, and they resist it successfully and with courage. The ghosts are an accident that befalls the family, not evidence of their corruption. In the broken home in *E.T.*, none of the ugliness of separation is present. Mary misses her husband, but we are not told why he left, and there is no bitterness or recrimination in her or the children, only sorrow. The hero of *Close Encounters* drives his family from him by his obsession with a mystical quest, as valid an excuse as one can have for leaving one's loved ones.

This appears to be not avoidance on Spielberg's part but a genuine lack, and it does limit his artistic scope. It's impossible to imagine him dealing with real political issues or an adult love affair. But since he's shown no interest in expanding his range, and since he does what he does so extraordinarily well, it seems ungrateful and foolish to ask or expect more of him. (He is in danger only occasionally—his benign view of the military, for example, is just a hair's breadth from being dishonest or ridiculous.)

And his movies aren't childish, in the sense of being immature and self-centered. They embody the virtues of childhood: trust, optimism, affection, innocence, a spontaneous desire for the good. It takes a special kind of sanity to carry these virtues into adult life, and Spielberg's artistic achievement lies in having done it. Unlike Lucas, he has not set up a fantastic neverland and escaped into it. He's stayed here, and infused the real world with his sweet, affirming spirit. □

BOOKS

LANGUID, BUT NEVER DULL

BY JAMES ATLAS

BECH IS BACK

by John Updike. Knopf, \$13.95.



WHEN LAST HEARD from, Henry Bech, the author of two novels, a novella, and a miscellaneous collection entitled *When the Saints*, was loitering through his middle years, still a bachelor living in a "shabby large apartment" on Riverside Drive, in New York. Bogged down in a novel, susceptible to spiritual crises and bouts of angst, he was going nowhere at a leisurely pace. "His working day was brief, his living day was long"—long enough for trips to Russia and Romania, summers on the Vineyard, visits to college campuses, unsatisfactory love affairs, and desultory correspondence with a few stubbornly loyal fans. Still, he had acquired enough of a reputation to be invited to join a venerable institution, never named but clearly identifiable as the American Academy of Arts and Letters. "He had made it, he was here, in Heaven," concluded *Bech: A Book*. "Now what?"

For Bech's creator, that has never been a problem. With zealous, even compulsive, industry, John Updike has kept to his stated goal of producing a book a year, and we now possess twenty-six volumes in honor of his rigorous contract with himself (though some of them—collections of light verse and a volume feebly entitled *Assorted Prose*—barely qualify). Whereas other novelists remind the world of their existence every few years with another installment of autobiography, Updike is always on the scene, reviewing books in *The New Yorker* one week, publishing a story there the next, scribbling occasional verse, or weighing in, as he did last May, in his "Reflections" on Melville, with the sort of ambitious scholarly reappraisal not seen in this country since the death of Edmund Wilson. Whatever the individual merits of these contributions—and very few of them are minor or dashed off—collectively, they have made Updike, at fifty, a dominant presence in American literary life, the public em-

bodiment of the tradition to which he has apprenticed himself.

The reputation of Updike's dilatory Jewish hero is more problematic. "Though Henry Bech, the author, in his middle years had all but ceased to write," begins the sequel to *Bech: A Book*, "his books continued, as if ironically, to live, to cast shuddering shadows toward the center of his life, where that thing called his reputation cowered." Strangers call Bech in the middle of the night to discuss his work; colleges besiege him with invitations; the State Department sends him all over the world. But his new novel, *Think Big*, remains hopelessly stalled. The plot is vague, the characters elude him, the "tiny hints" offered up by the novelist's unconscious are not getting through. Idling in his apartment, a "bored bachelor" waiting for inspiration, Bech hears only a hum, a faint intimation of his theme: "The hum, the background radiation to the universe he was trying to create, was, if not the meaning of life, the tenor of meaninglessness in our late-twentieth-century, post-numinous, industrial-consumeristic civilization, North American branch, Middle Atlantic subdivision."

But meaninglessness is a subject for philosophers, not novelists, and it is only when Bech succumbs tardily to marriage and moves to suburban Ossining that the novel gets written. Convinced that he has lost his freedom, he recovers it in his imagination, dwelling on memories of his early days in New York, his erotic adventures, his Brooklyn relatives—the familiar lore of certain postwar American novelists. In conformance with the Zeitgeist, he changes the book's title to *Easy Money* and sends it off to his publishers, who flack it (a new verb I've been hearing) into a big best seller.

UPDIKE HAS A GENIUS for making the most of his experience by recycling it through several characters whom he uses over and over. Rabbit is the author's ordinary, Middle American persona; the Maples, a more sophisticated,

suburban replica of his life; and Bech, out of stock since 1970, the novelist's literary version of himself. That Bech is a Jew is largely incidental. Though Updike gets off some good satire on the type of the Jewish intellectual, with his wiry "blob" of "frizzing" hair and heavy jowls, "testimonial to companionable bourbon taken in midnight discourse with Philip Rahv," there is little feeling here for the nervous, bantering, claustrophobic sensibility characteristic of Updike's Jewish confreres in the novel business. And Bech's marital problems have nothing to do with the fact that his wife is a shikse. In the Holy Land, in the suburbs, in bed, they bicker about religion, but their disputes are lackluster, contrived; they have none of the "energy and irony" Bech identifies as Jewish traits—only a sit-com heavy-handedness.

Bech is Updike, just as Malamud's Dubin is Malamud, Bellow's Herzog is Bellow, Roth's Zuckerman is Roth. A taciturn, bemused aloofness, a melancholy awareness of aging, and a susceptibility to theological crises belong to every Updike protagonist, from Piet Hanema in *Couples* to Richard Maple and Harry ("Rabbit") Angstroom. What distinguishes Bech from Updike's other fictional incarnations is his experience of life as farce. There is nothing solemn or tragic about this rumpled caricature, a buffoonish version of his creator. *Bech Is Back* makes fun of a world that Updike elsewhere finds ominous or sad. The dark suburbia of *Couples* and *Rabbit Is Rich* is nowhere evident in this frothy portrait of Ossining ways; the children—his wife's by an earlier marriage—are innocent, giggly shadows of the guilty, furtive, troubled adolescents who usually lurk in Updike's novels. Sex, that disturbing, ambiguous event brooded over with such obsessive fervor in his work, is depicted here as a casual, faintly comic pastime. Bech's women are a source more of annoyance than of grief.

Updike has always managed to display his sensitivity without having to write about characters who are artists or writers. Rabbit is limited, ignorant, even dull, a linotypist who graduates to a Toyota dealership; Piet Hanema is a building contractor; Richard Maple doesn't seem to do much of anything. Yet they are graced with a capacity for deep feeling and subtle insight that we associate with the literary imagination. Why is it, then, that Updike's only novelist is

such a boor? On a world tour, Bech mocks Korean poets and African scholars with philistine xenophobia, getting a cheap laugh out of their accents and poor English; he baits his wife with surly persistence, alert for signs of anti-Semitism; he condescends to a gallery of implausible New York types. It's as if Updike hoped to avoid the charge of solipsism by refusing to take his own protagonist seriously.

This sullen, deprecating manner pervades the novel, which shuffles from episode to episode at a lazy, insouciant pace. Bech's travels to Ghana and Tanzania, Australia and Venezuela, are the barest vignettes; there is an impression of haste about them, and none of the close observation that made Bech's earlier journeys, behind the Iron Curtain, so memorable. Only his visit to the Holy Land

... When Bech finally wins a literary prize, it is the Melville Medal, "awarded every five years to that American author who has maintained the most meaningful silence." Updike's prose is still a marvel of ingenious accuracy. Bech remarks upon the "sudden dry death of ballpoints"; a Lexington Avenue highrise reminds him of "the lacteal white of ersatz-ivory piano keys"; getting off the train in Ossining, he notices "the grudging wattage of the station platform." An awkward image that comes to Bech as he imagines a scene for his novel—"Taxi horns twinkle far below"—is amended some twenty pages later (lest anyone suppose Updike has been careless), so that "car horns—don't say 'twinkle'—bleat ever more urgently ten stories below."

Yet what comes through this intermit-

market of literary reputation, who pronounce on Bech's long-awaited novel, are clever but mean. Success is predictable, this rude satire of the literary life implies, and I can imagine (though not without some effort) how tedious it would become to have one's novels receive the same dreary, platitudinous praise year after year. But it's a little arrogant for Updike to invoke the names of actual reviewers, flattering them even as he puts them down.

If only Updike had really addressed the issue of celebrity in America. Our uncontrollable curiosity and longing for intimacy with the great compel us to discover all we can about their lives, yet for the novelist who wants only to be read, such invasions of privacy are intolerable. Perhaps this is why our best novelists aren't out sampling life but are off in Connecticut or somewhere writing about themselves. Once his novel has made a splash, Bech can't even take a publicist to lunch without being asked for his autograph. "The world, by one of those economic balancings whereby it steers, had at the same time given him success and taken from him the writer's chief asset, his privacy." Short of holing up in the woods like Salinger or going incognito like Thomas Pynchon, novelists have no choice but to ride out their fame, exposing themselves to their voracious audience and suffering the consequences. Now that would have made a good novel!

Yet despite the distractions of celebrity, Updike has managed to get substantial work done—and without going fifteen years between books, like his blocked protagonist. Indeed, his sense of literary purpose has deepened over the years. Almost without our noticing it, he has become perhaps the most serious, hardworking reviewer we have in this country, and his essays on Hawthorne and Melville are masterly, erudite summations of American literary careers that he must in some conscious way be measuring against his own. (The essay on Melville balances a thorough discussion of the work with a worldly, shrewd appraisal of Melville's earnings and how they would have compared with those of a contemporary novelist.) By design no less than talent, Updike has made himself a man of letters in the tradition of his great nineteenth-century precursors, so we might as well forgive him the indulgence of *Bech Is Back*. Besides, one does continue to wonder about Bech: What next? □



inspires Bech's sardonic eye, and even there the best he can manage is a cursory glance, disparaging the commercialism of Jerusalem—"Kodachrome where Christ stumbled, bottled Fanta where He thirsted"—and noting the tough, unsentimental scrappiness of the Israelis. Bech may be back, but the decade he was away has told on him, made him saturnine, world-weary, cold.

Still, even this modest offering has its joys. However languid, Updike is never dull. Time and again, his sly, superior wit breaks through the torpor of his narrative. Interrogating his wife about why her first husband sent their children to an Episcopal church, Bech quips: "Rodney wanted the kids brought up in the upper middle class." Reading his work at the New School, he gazes out at "the terrible tide of the up-and-coming, in their thuggish denims and bristling beards, all their boyhood misdemeanors and girlhood grievances still to unpack into print

tently inspired prose is a feeling of boredom. Bech has lost interest in his career, in the vicissitudes of his reputation—and so, one suspects, has Bech's creator. Updike's chapters on the New York literary world (or publishing industry, to identify it for what it is) have a querulous tone; his portraits of editors, publicists, minor novelists, and hangers-on are drawn with ponderous contempt. The dialogue is breezy, forced, full of archaic idioms that even vulgar Manhattan types wouldn't use: "You're top of the line"; "The public is a conservative animal. . . . They like the tried and true"; "Gad, it's good to press your flesh."

Of course, the publishing world *is* inbred, self-important, parochial, smug. But there is something of a private joke about Updike's references to names well known in New York as harbingers of literary celebrity. The parody quotations from Alfred Kazin, John Leonard, and other influential brokers in the stock

SHORT REVIEWS



ENTERTAINING SATAN by John Putnam Demos. Oxford, \$25.00. Professor Demos examines "Witchcraft and the Culture of Early New England," deliberately slighting the Salem affair. Salem, with its hysterical findings of universal guilt, was an aberration. The usual witchcraft trial (and there were numbers of them) was conducted with decency and, allowing for the legal reality of witchcraft, good sense. Evidence was carefully collected, the reliability of witnesses was seriously considered, and the accused were sometimes acquitted. Even when convicted, they were not always executed. Professor Demos has combined a general discussion of the belief in witchcraft and the reasons for the persistence of that belief with case histories of individual witches, who prove to have been, on the whole, the sort of people that still make annoying neighbors. They also make interesting reading.

A MIDNIGHT CLEAR by William Wharton. Knopf, \$12.95. Mr. Wharton's novel describes the misadventures of a half-dozen American soldiers posted to an abandoned chateau in the Ardennes forest at Christmastime in 1944. Four of the group, including the sergeant narrator, are still in their teens. All of them are inappropriately intelligent, sent to the front by snafu. They have neither taste nor talent for warfare, and their attempts to introduce a few civilized arrangements into their situation produce results that are semi-fantastic, grimly funny, and ultimately horrifying.

OLD POSSUM'S BOOK OF PRACTICAL CATS by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$8.95/\$4.95 paper. Edward Gorey's drawings of Eliot's deservedly notorious cats—Mungojerrie, Skimble-shanks, Growltiger, and all—have the perfect combination of humanoid absurdity and delicate satire.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON by Noemie Emery. Putnam's, \$14.95. The great puzzle about Hamilton has always been, What possessed that extremely intelligent man to undertake the lunacy of a

duel with Aaron Burr? By combining a study of Hamilton's plainly stated beliefs about heroic patriotism with a clear account of the bitter political animosities of the time, Ms. Emery has constructed a plausible explanation of his suicidal folly. Her terse, well-written "intimate portrait" is frankly pro-Hamilton and acidly disrespectful of any Founding Fathers who disagreed with him, but enthusiasm is not a bad thing in a biographer. It makes for enthusiastic readers.

FLAMBARD'S CONFESSION by Marilyn Durham. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$17.95. King William Rufus (1056?-1100) always needed money, and his loyal servant Flambard, a primeval workaholic bureaucrat, knew how to extract it from everybody, including the Church. The monkish historians of the time gave the pair a bad name. Ms. Durham has used the limited facts and a great deal of ingenious invention to reconstruct the doings of Flambard and his master. The novel is long, full of action, and supplied with tart modern dialogue and what seems at times like a cast of thousands. It requires a certain tolerance for bloodshed, since it describes a society in which the only serious business of great men was claim-jumping each other's real estate. Their hobby was insurrection against the crown. Alas, poor Rufus.

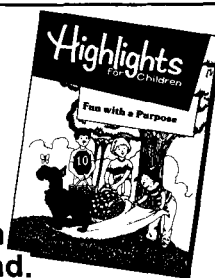
THE FOUR WISE MEN by Michael Tournier. Doubleday, \$14.95. Mr. Tournier has imagined a fourth king at Bethlehem, and this fellow, a silly, spoiled, frivolous Indian princeling, becomes an unexpectedly moving creation, a surrogate for all well-intentioned sufferers and blunderers. There is a real touch of magic in this novel.

MARIENBAD by Sholom Aleichem. Putnam's, \$13.95. Aliza Shevrin, the translator, modestly explains that his English cannot reproduce the hilarious trilingual wit of Aleichem's original text. He has, however, reproduced the novel's mischievous comedy of gossip, jealousy, and deceit, revealed through the idiosyncratic letters of prosperous Warsaw Jews romping about turn-of-the-century Marienbad. It is all very funny indeed.

ABUSING SCIENCE by Philip Kitcher. MIT, \$15.00. The recent attempts by religious fundamentalists to sneak Adam and Eve into school science courses under the alias of "creationism" have im-

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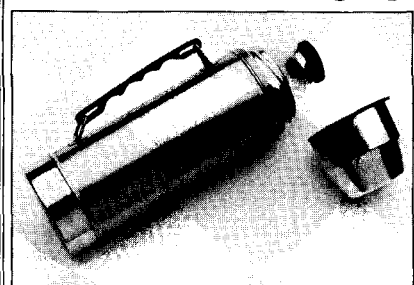
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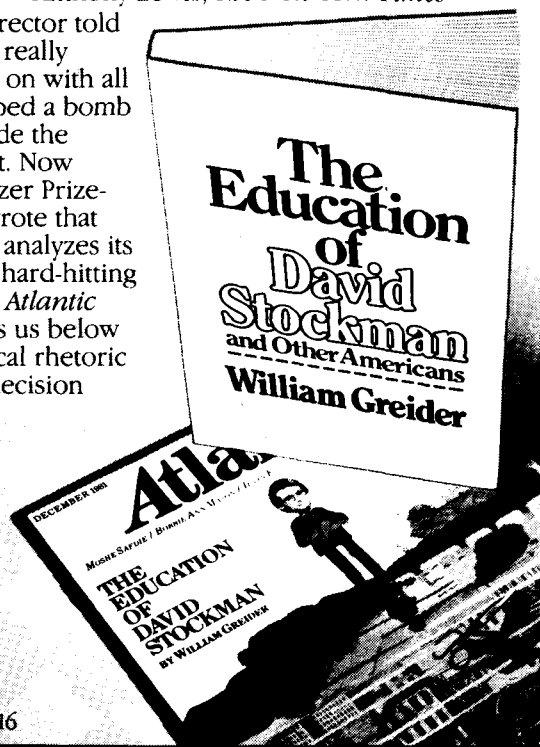
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pelled Mr. Kitcher to write this "manual for intellectual self-defense." It is designed as a weapon for teachers, school administrators, or plain citizens confronted with the argument that the biblical tale and Darwin's reasoning are both "theories" and therefore deserve equal consideration. Mr. Kitcher proves firmly that this is not the case, in the process demolishing the creationists with their own muddle-headed texts.

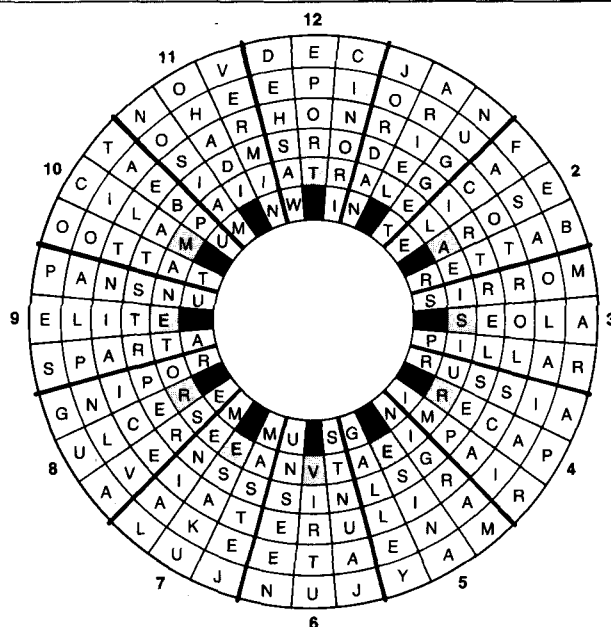
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF CHILDHOOD

by Neil Postman. Delacorte, \$13.95. Mr. Postman believes that the concept of childhood as a distinct period of life requiring specific types of supervision and instruction arose with the printing press, which made vast amounts of information available to those capable of reading and judging a book, a skill that takes time to acquire. His evidence on this point is a bit shaky. He is on firmer ground when he argues that childhood is disappearing because television makes vast amounts of pseudo-information available to anyone who watches it, and watching takes no time to learn and discourages the exercise of judgment. He foresees a return to medieval conditions, with a sophisticated elite controlling a mass of citizens incapable of patient consideration of a subject or even of connecting one aspect of a subject with another. It is a dismal prospect, which the author sees little chance of avoiding. The optimistic reader can only reflect that since the Middle Ages eventually ended, the TV age may not be eternal.

NEWPORT MANSIONS by Thomas Gannon with photographs by Richard Cheek. Foremost, \$20.00. Short of going to Newport, one cannot ask for a better view of the Gilded Age than Mr. Cheek's fine color photographs provide. His pictures of ornate rooms, decorative details, and landscaped grounds give a real sense of what that extravagant summer colony was like as a whole. Mr. Gannon's text is full of information on architects, building materials, and the suppliers of furnishings and art works. It is also slyly humorous whenever the opportunity arises. All that is lacking is a peek backstage; where and how did Alva Vanderbilt's nine French chefs operate? This charming book has been published with the cooperation of the Preservation Society of Newport County, which maintains the eight properties displayed.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the September Puzzler, "SPINNING WHEEL"



a. RO(L)LE-R; M(OR)R-IS; P(ILL)AR; AL(O)ES b. UN(SEE)N (*nun* anag.); VIRTU (hidden rev.); IN(U)RES (anag. + *u*); J(AUNT)'S c. ULCER (anag.); AVER-SE; R(OP)ING; RECIPE (anag.) d. IMP-AIR; PACER (rev.); RUSSIA (homophone); S(CAPE)S e. T(R)OPE (anag. + *r*); I(R)ONIC; W(ASH)ED; H(ON)ORS(e) f. UPB-EAT (*pub* anag.); BATTLE (anag.); MALIC (anag.); TATTOO (double def.) g. BATTER (double def.); F(AC)ILE; T(RIC)OT; A-ROSE h. I-D(AH)O; DISAR-M (anag. + *m*); MA(I)SON; VE(RM)IN i. RI(GGE)D (*egg* anag.); JO(RD)AN; NUG-GET (*gun* rev.); ARIEL (homophone) j. JET-S-AM; STAINS (anag.); UK-ASE (*sea* anag.); ME(NI)AL (*in* rev.) k. UNSNAP (anag.); STRAIN (double def.); SP(ART)A; ELITE (hidden) l. G-ALLEY; ANISE (hidden); G(R)ILLS; MAR-GIN

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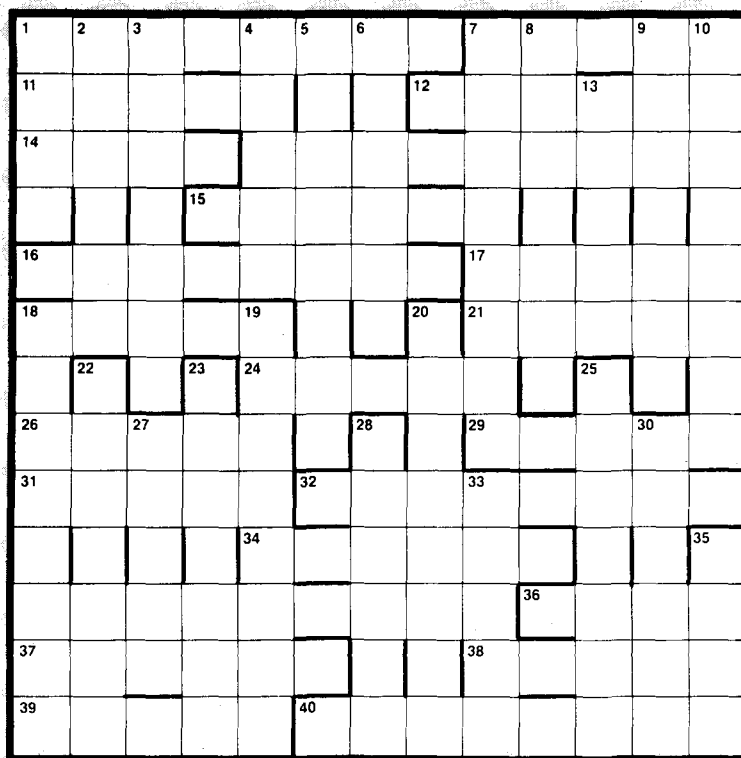
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DUAL COMMITMENT

There are two unclued entries in this puzzle, which solvers would be wise to heed.

Answers include five proper nouns.

*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 106.*



ACROSS

1. Catching public transportation, American man had jumped (8)
7. Run away from canine, turning north (5)
11. Perch in kangaroo's tummy (5)
12. Attack teen's unlimited growth of hair (6)
14. Sound of Frenchman's rancor (4)
15. Let oil corrupt a man's name (6)
16. Tasseled shifts from an unknown era (8)
17. Herb Black is back in the Cotton State (5)
18. Will Shakespeare's first passage (5)
21. One large in any way (5) (2 words)
24. Friend from VT or NH country? (5)
26. Held a meeting again about college exam (5)
29. Listen to a king's expressions of malice (5)
31. A sort of exclamation that's imitative (5)

32. Organ pipe expert has to fold, almost (8)
34. Put in some more track carrying a certain train (6)
36. Corn bread cooked? Nope (4)
37. What a grammarian might teach some younger underclassmen (6)
38. Support almost all of the law (5)
39. Commercial led off with rot (5)
40. Snatches whips, gives punishment (8)

DOWN

1. Travel behind a royal old ship (4)
2. Returned two rings with 1000 dollars (6)
3. Fish I caught in Boston after a struggle (7)
4. Rock and roll notes (5)
5. He rolled, rocked, and shouted (8)
6. Sign on Chou's missing a "T" (6)

7. Skeletal part of Ben—too horrible (8) (2 words)
8. Coastal city steps up with some western swingers? (7)
9. Moving west, with finality (7)
10. Tease bodyguards, having no particular reason (8)
13. Trunk is damaged, so we hear (5)
18. Long story about sailor returning love to a town (8)
19. He'll rant, strangely, with charm (8)
20. Tree's main goal: spreading (8)
22. Peg, in a rush, was unhappy (7)
23. Retiring, like a badly beaten boxer? (7)
25. Note book in part shows a kind of infiltration (7)
27. King is aspiring to be a Philly ballplayer (5)
28. Collision involving a carriage (6)
30. Overcoat for kid—large one (6)
33. Clown's face—funny nose shapes (5)
35. Forty-nine to fifty small aches and pains (4)

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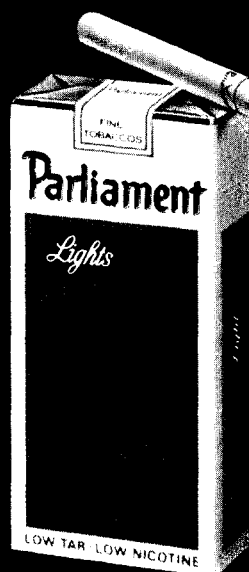
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And that's nothing to make light of.



Only Parliament Lights has the famous recessed filter.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec '81.